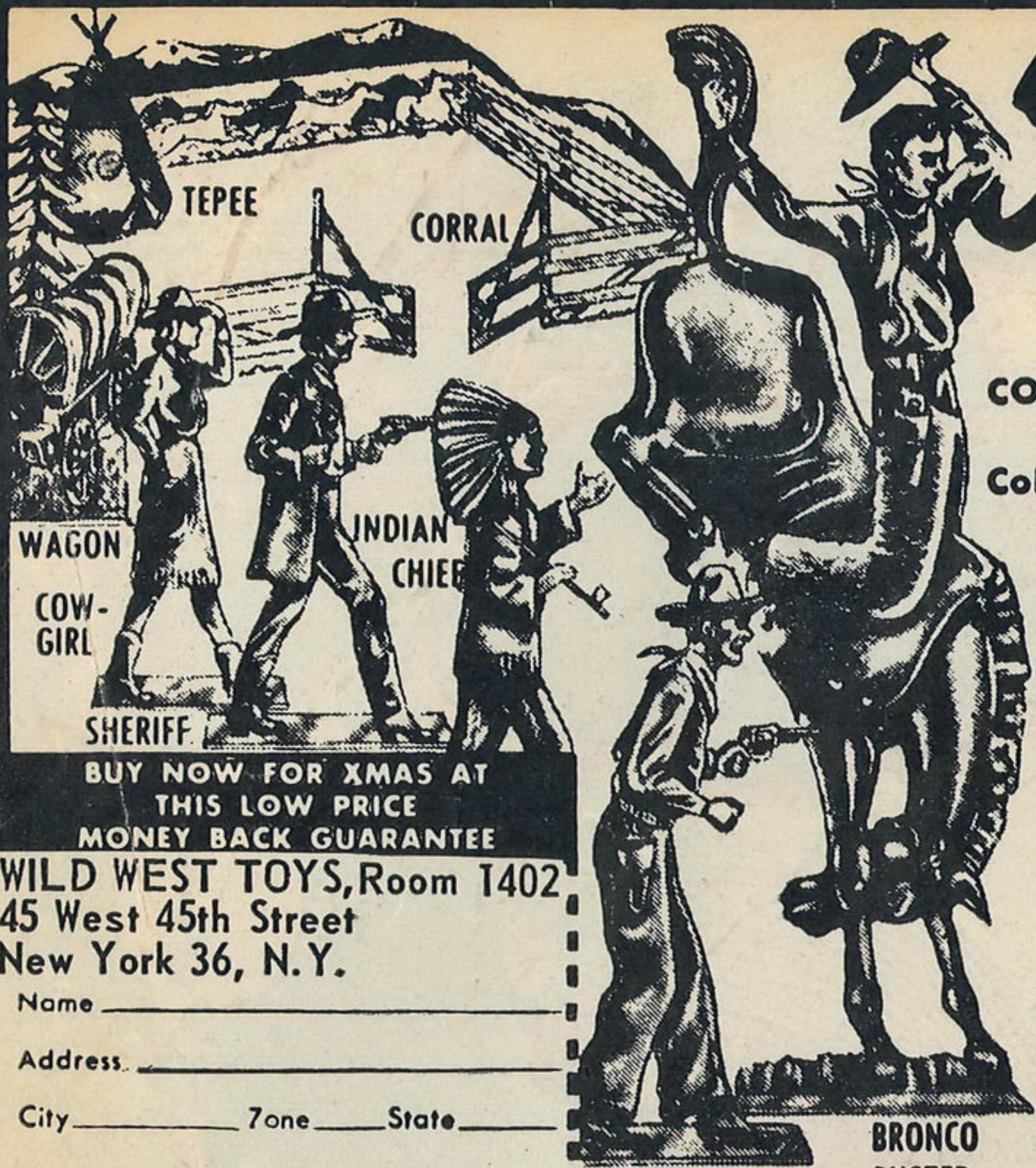


NO 4
MARCH-
APRIL

10¢

NO, NO, MORONICA!
THE COWS ARE
THE ONES WITH
HORNS!





50 COWBOYS & INDIANS

FOR ONLY \$1
COMPLETE RODEO
Packed in Colorful GIFT BOX

YES, ALL 50 FOR ONLY \$1
POST PAID

Kids have hours of fun with these 50 Wild West toys. Authentic details make these finest quality durable plastic toys educational as well as amusing. Each brightly colored toy on an individual base. Set contains BUCKING BRONCOS, RODEO RIDERS, HOLD-UP MEN, SHERIFFS, COWGIRLS, CHUCK WAGONS, LOG CABINS, INDIANS, SQUAWS, WARRIORS, etc. Children will re-enact TV movies, set up complete rodeos and Western scenes. Order several sets now at this very low introductory price.

FREE a gaily decorated tepee, a fenced corral, and a genuine WILD WEST humming lariat over 9½ feet long!

SPECIAL 6 SETS FOR \$5.00

BUY NOW FOR XMAS AT
THIS LOW PRICE
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

WILD WEST TOYS, Room 1402
45 West 45th Street
New York 36, N.Y.

Name _____
Address _____
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Enclosed is \$ _____ for _____ Set(s)

COWBOY BRONCO BUSTER

41 CIRCUS TOYS

(YES, ALL 41 TOYS FOR
ONLY \$1. INCLUDES 3-FT.
BIG TOP, SIDE SHOW,
CLOWNS, ACROBATS, DUR-
ABLE PLASTIC ANIMALS,
CIRCUS PERFORMERS.

\$1

FREE!
Spinning
Merry-Go-Round FREE
If You Order
your Circus NOW!



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Kids'll have hours of fun with this complete circus. There're animals and circus performers of strong durable PLASTIC, a Big Top 3 feet around, Super Side Show, Animal Cages, even a daring tight-rope walker! There're also tumbling clowns, skating bears, bike-riding monkeys, dancing elephants, etc. Yes, a complete set of 41 toys for only \$1.00 so order several sets NOW at this amazing low introductory price.

CIRCUS TOYS, Room 1402
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NAME _____

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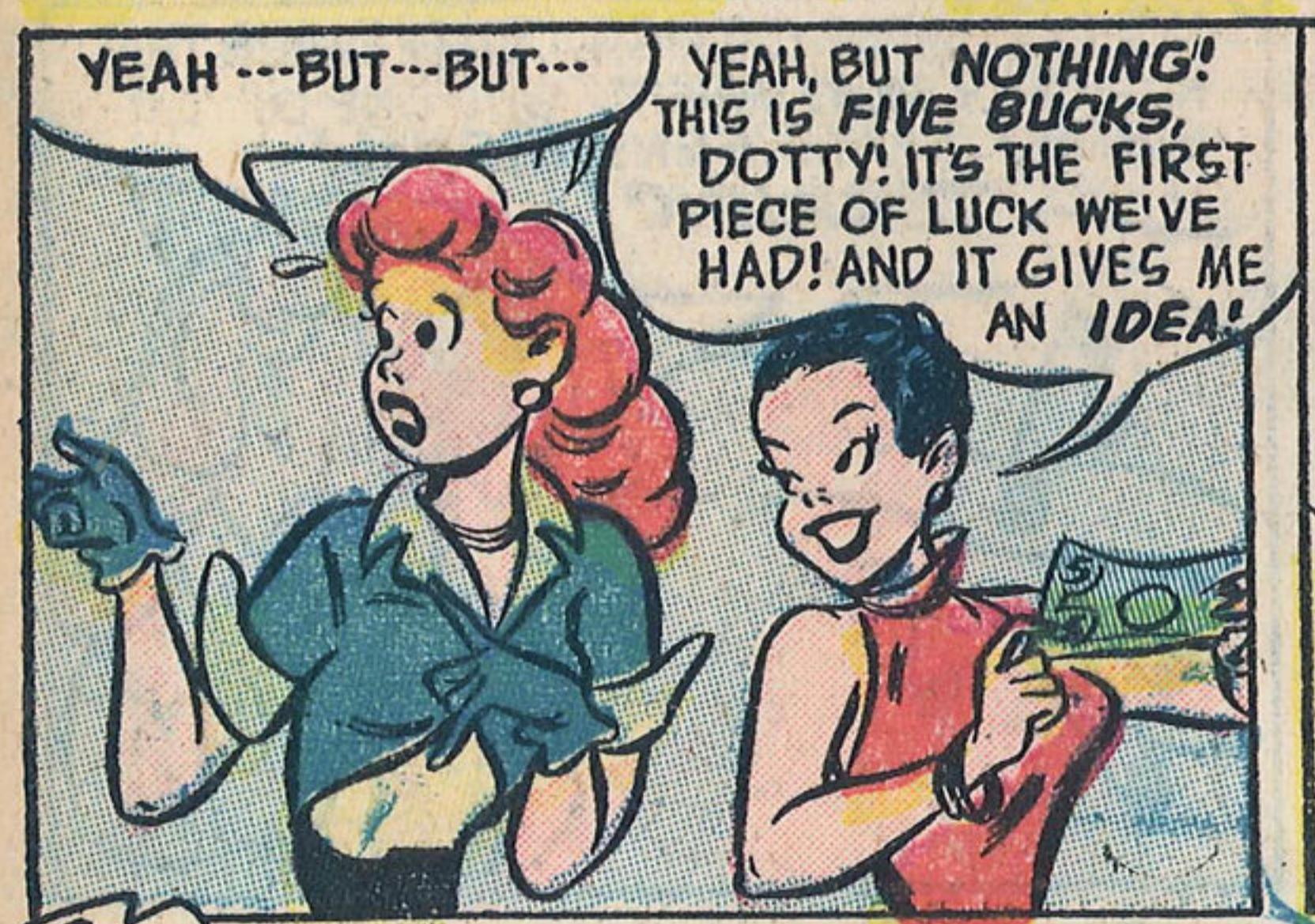
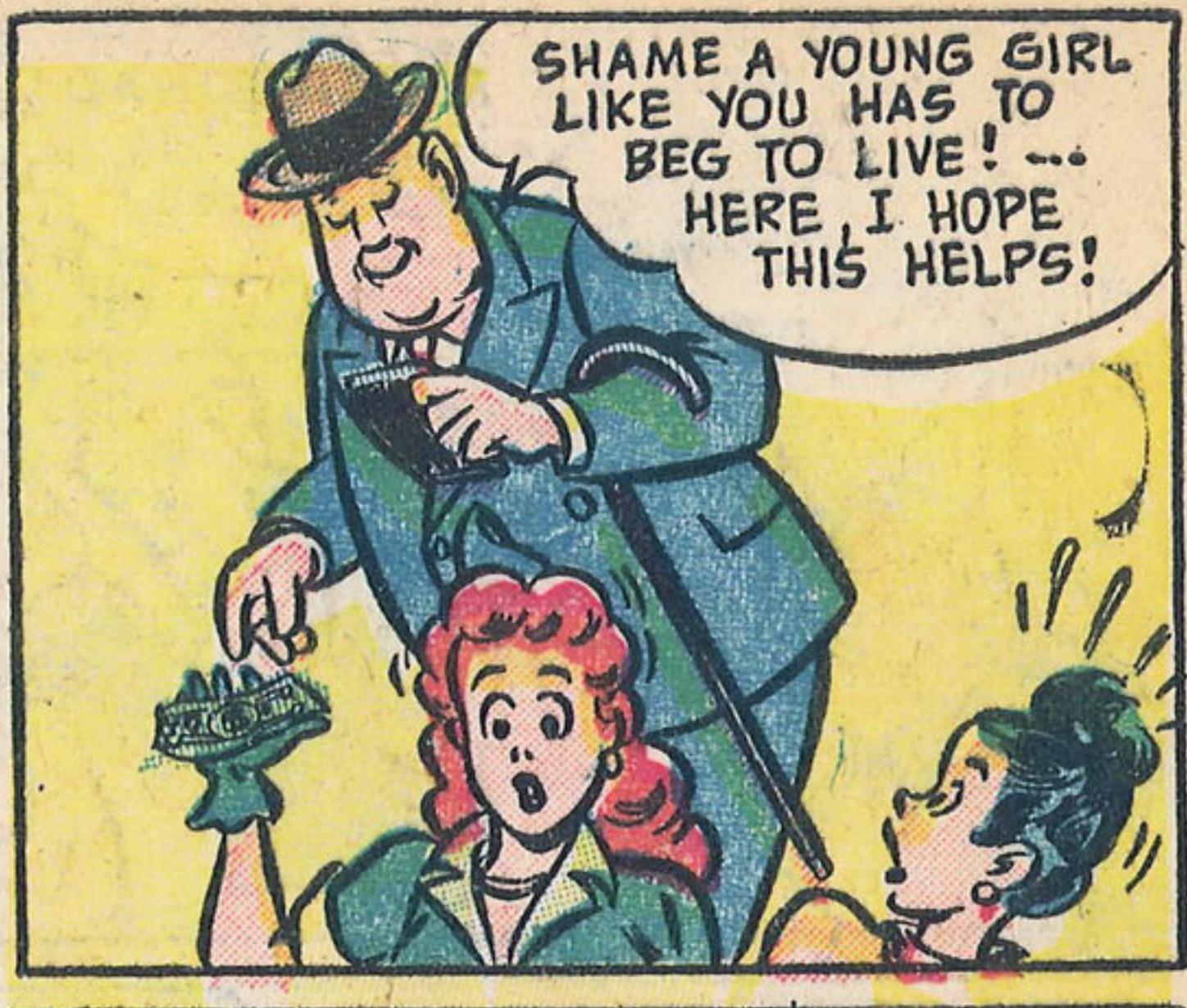
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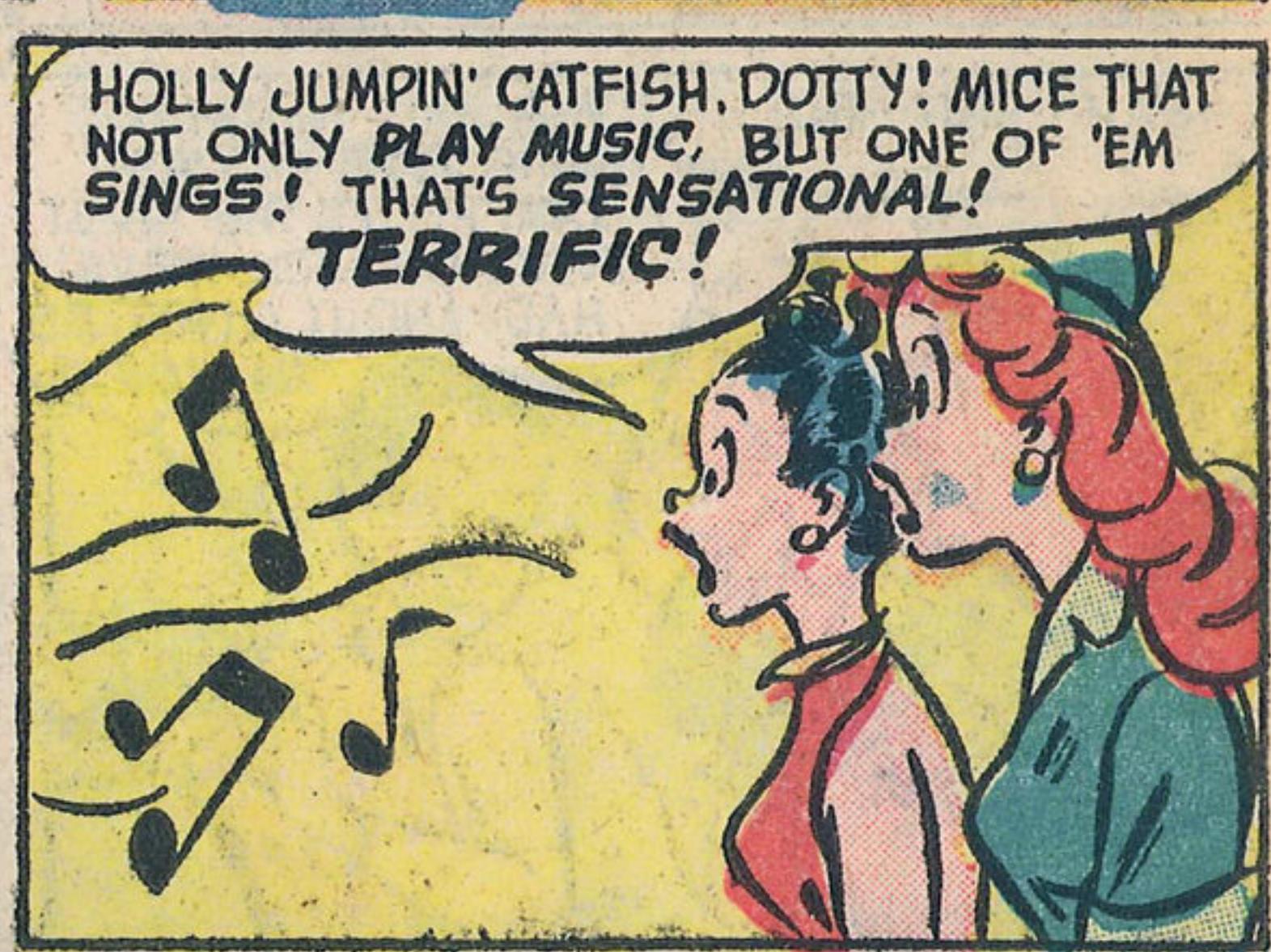
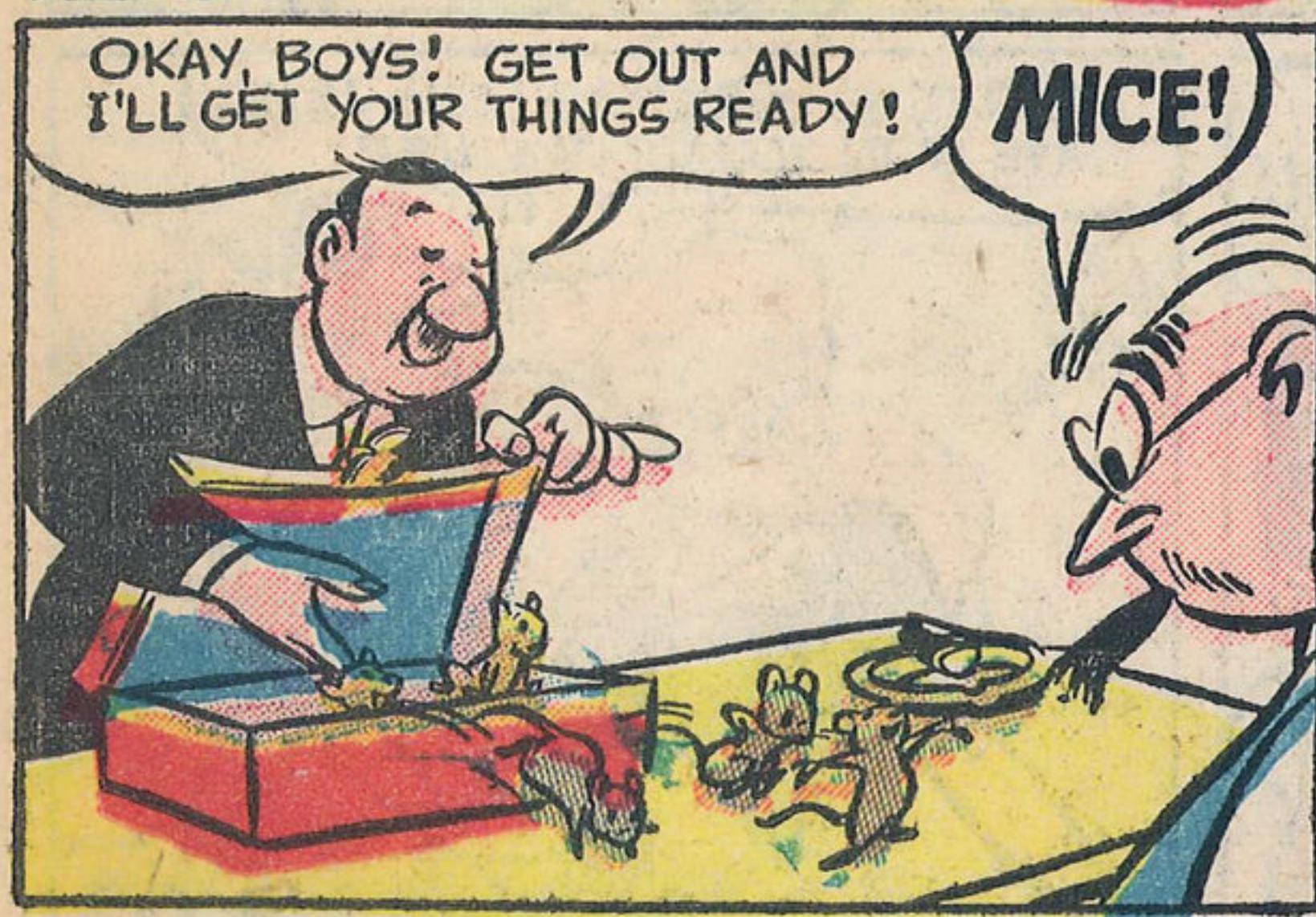
Enclosed \$ _____ for _____ Sets

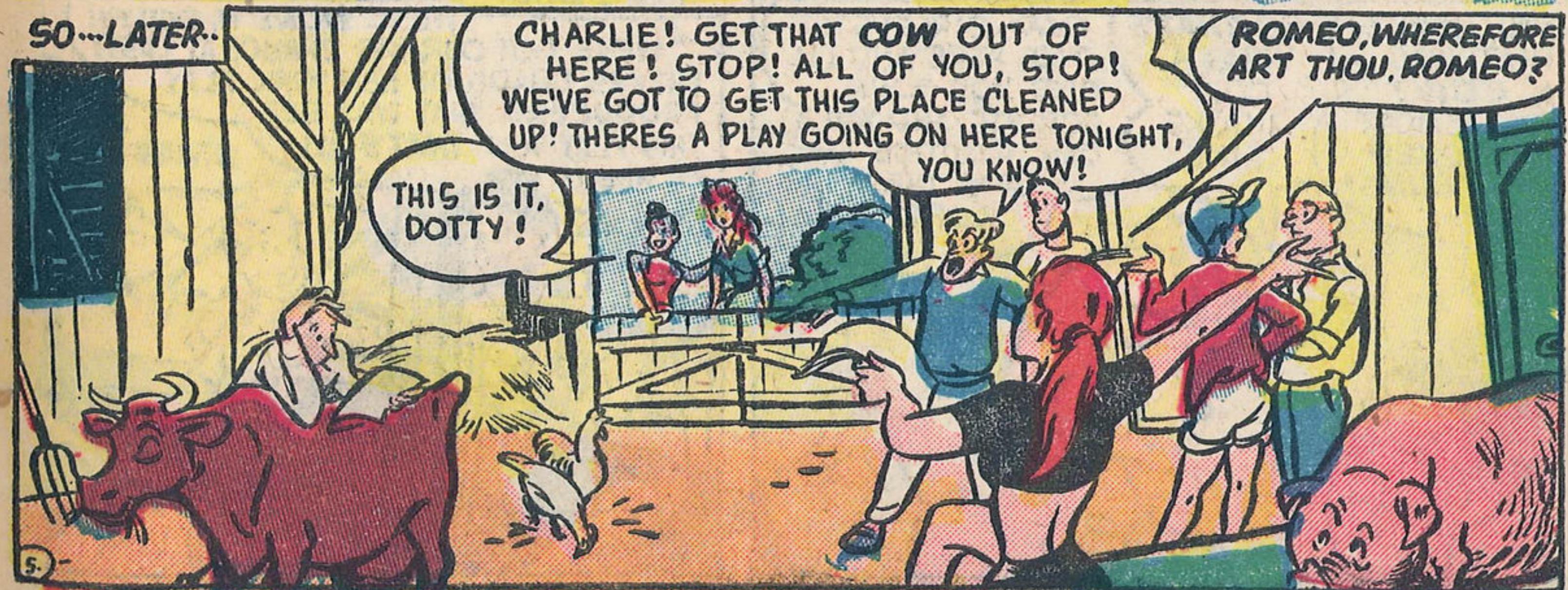
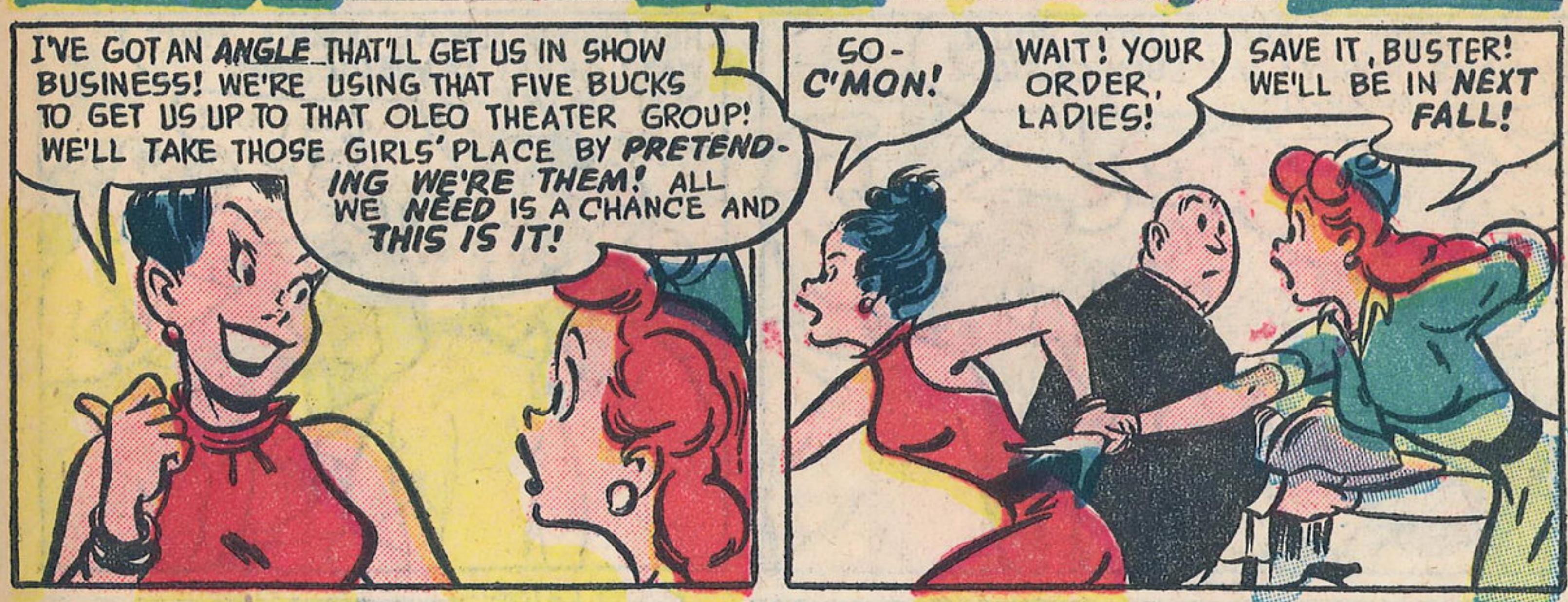
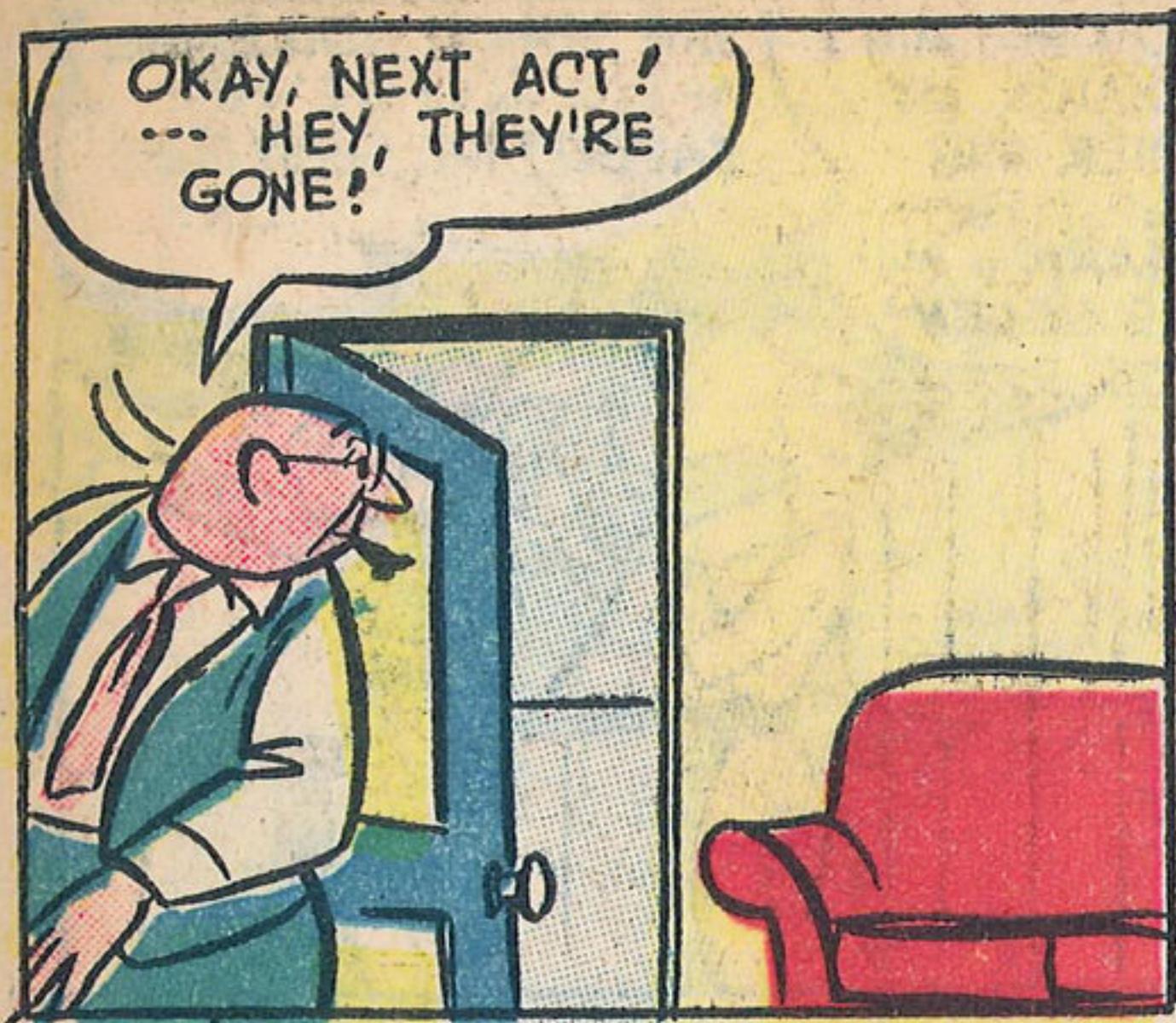
BROADWAY BABES

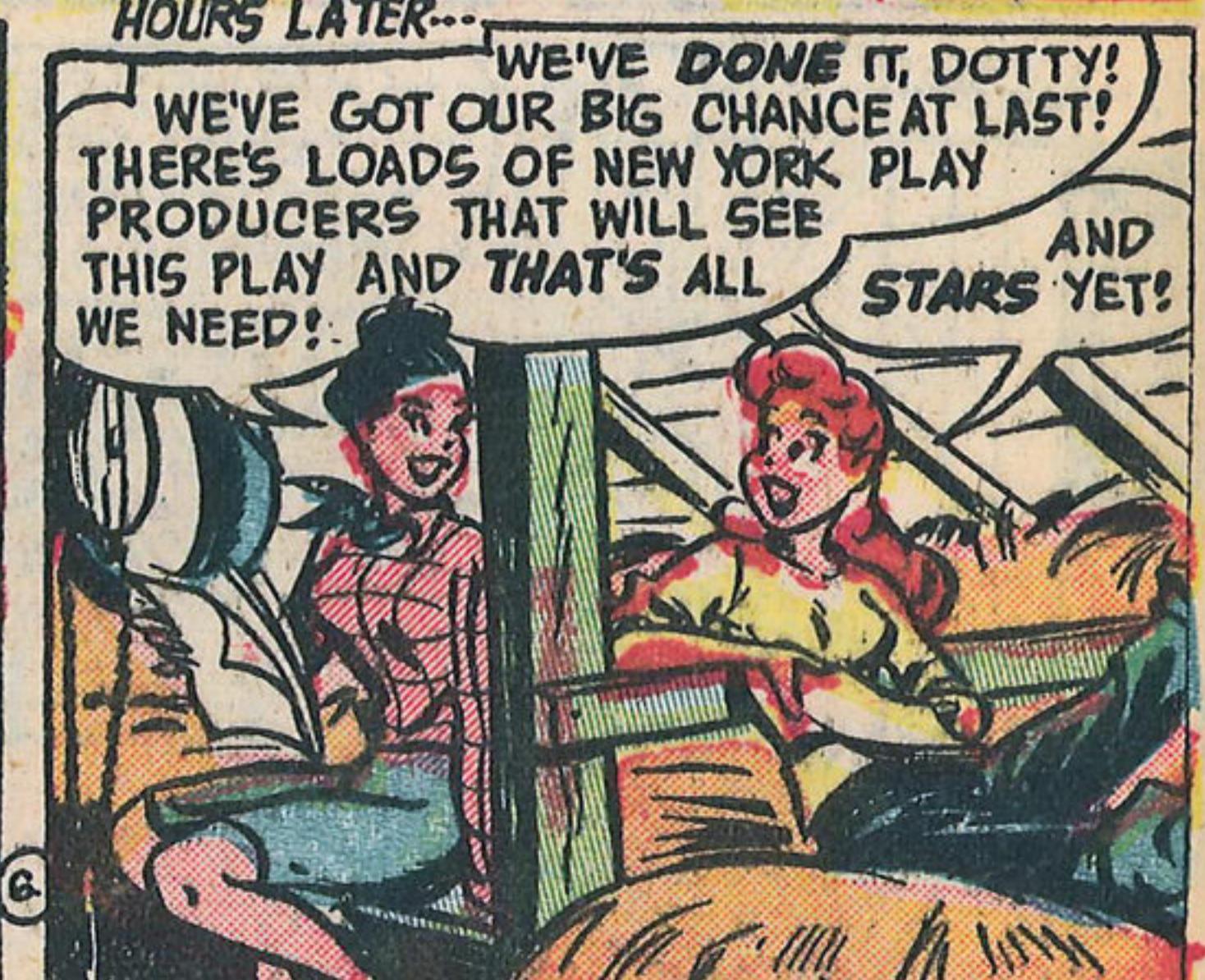
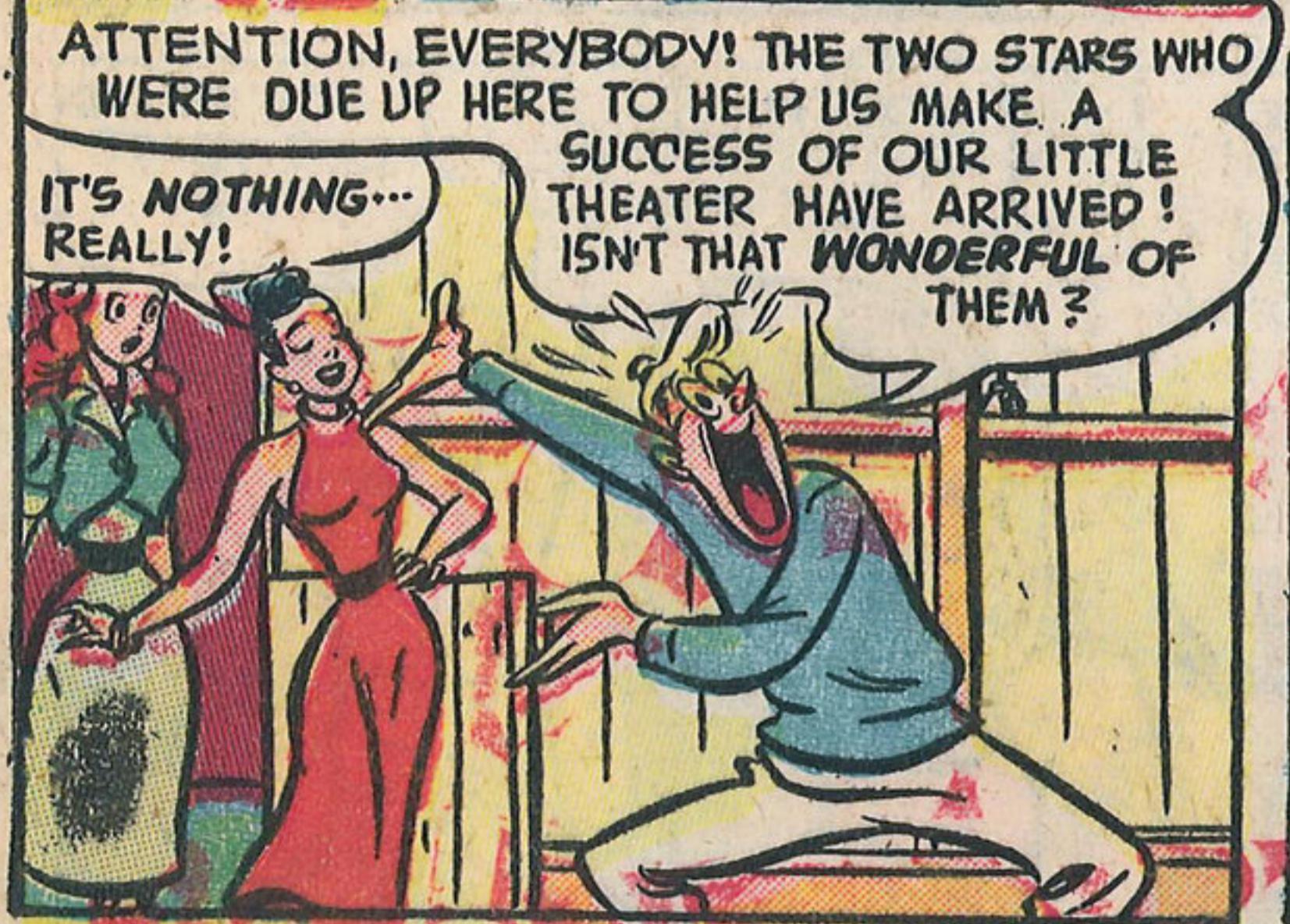
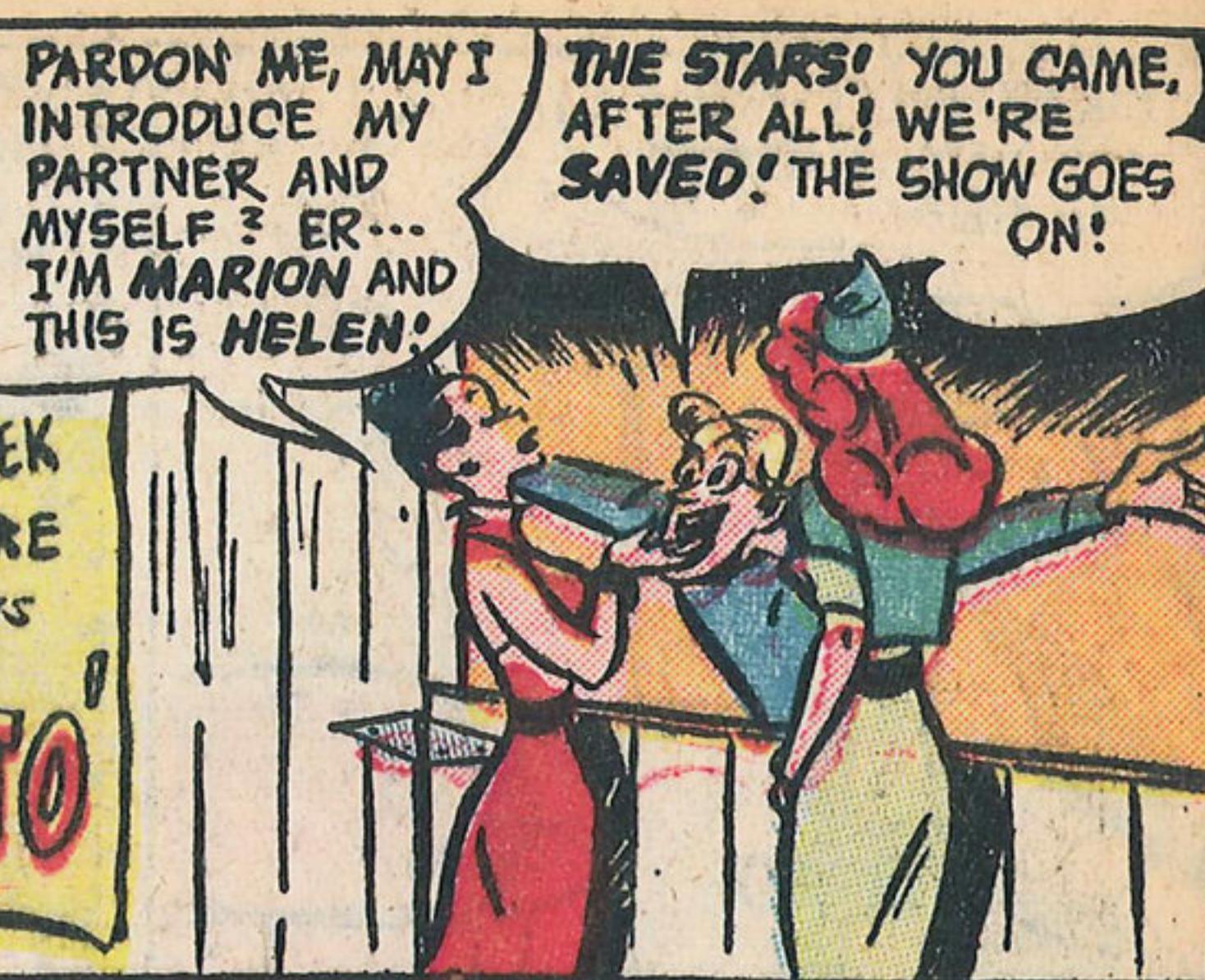
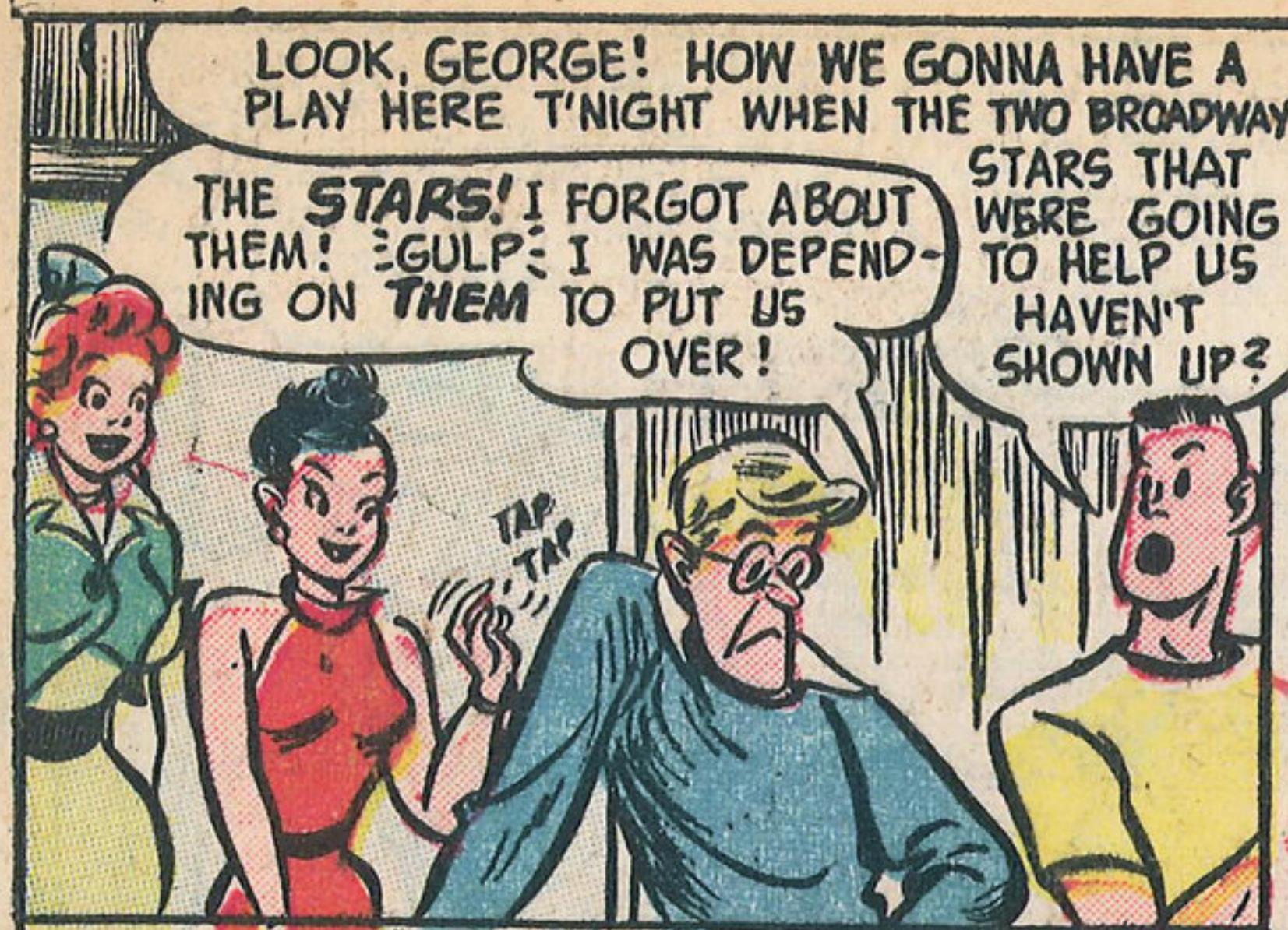












SO, THAT NIGHT...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE LITTLE OLEO
THEATRE NOW PRESENTS AN 18TH CENTURY

DRAMA IN THREE ACTS!
THE STORY OPENS IN
VERSALLES, WHERE
LOUIS XVI AWAITS
MARIE ANTOINETTE,
HIS QUEEN! THE
REVOLUTION IS
BREWING...

GET READY,
DOTTY! THAT'S
YOUR
CUE!

FRANCE SHALL NOT
FALL TO RABBLE!
I'M THE KING AND I
SHALL RUN THE
COUNTRY AS I WISH!

LACKEY, SEND
THE QUEEN TO ME
IMMEDIATELY!

OUI,
YOUR
HIGHNESS!

HERE COMES
THE QUEEN
NOW!

THAT'S IT! GET OUT
THERE!

I CAN'T!
I'M
SCARED!

GET
OUT THERE!

NO! NO! I CAN'T!
I CAN'T!

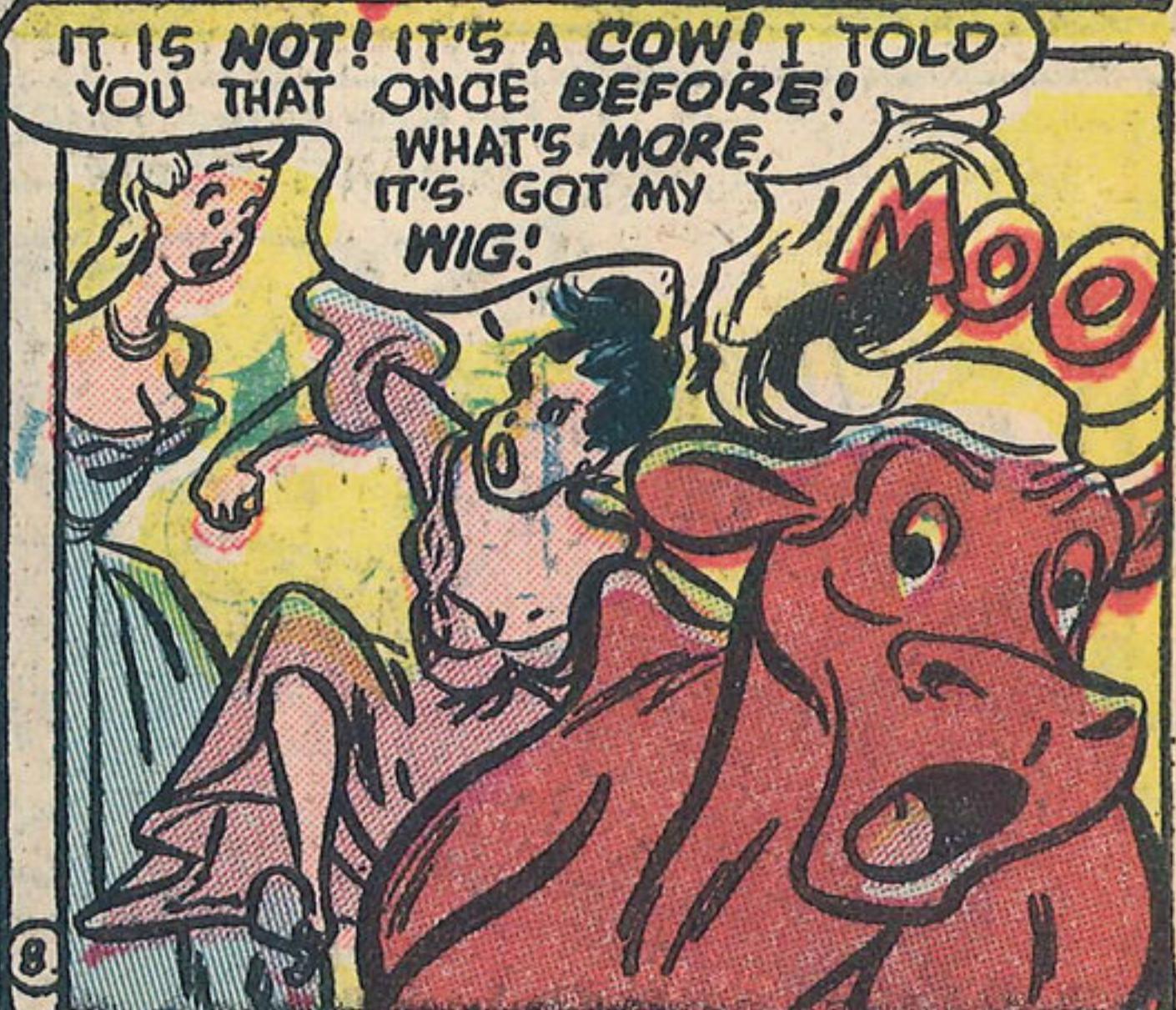
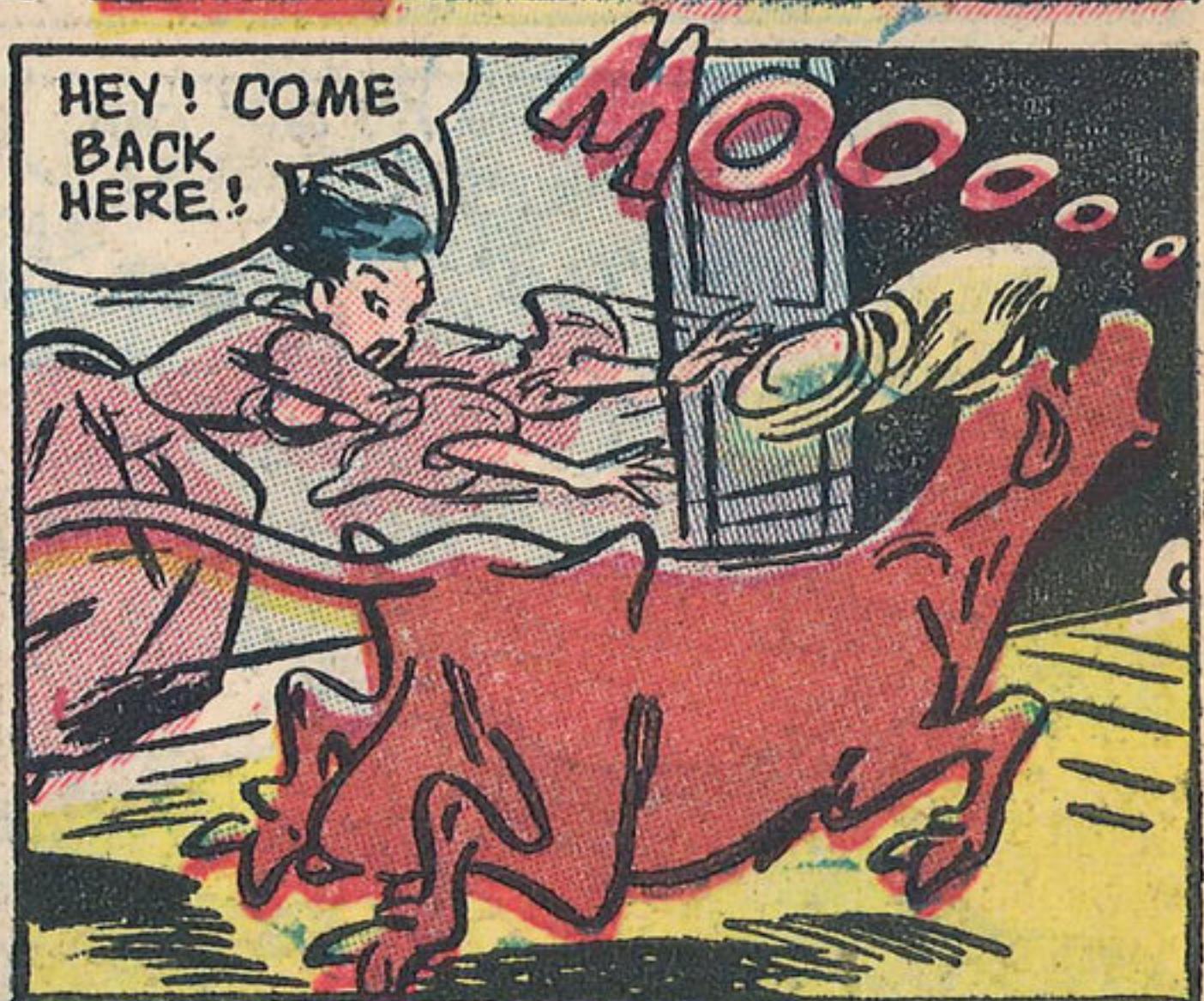
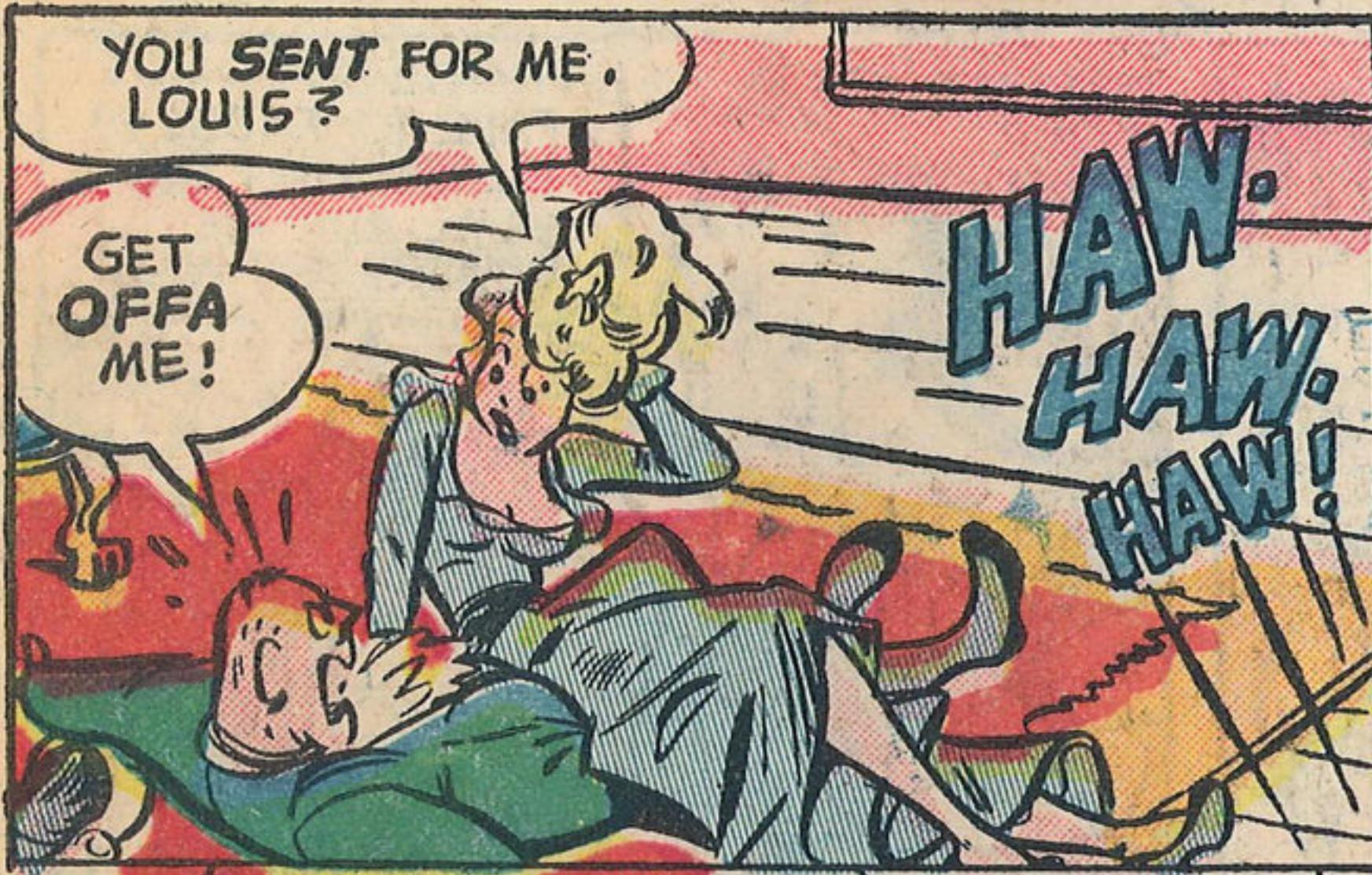
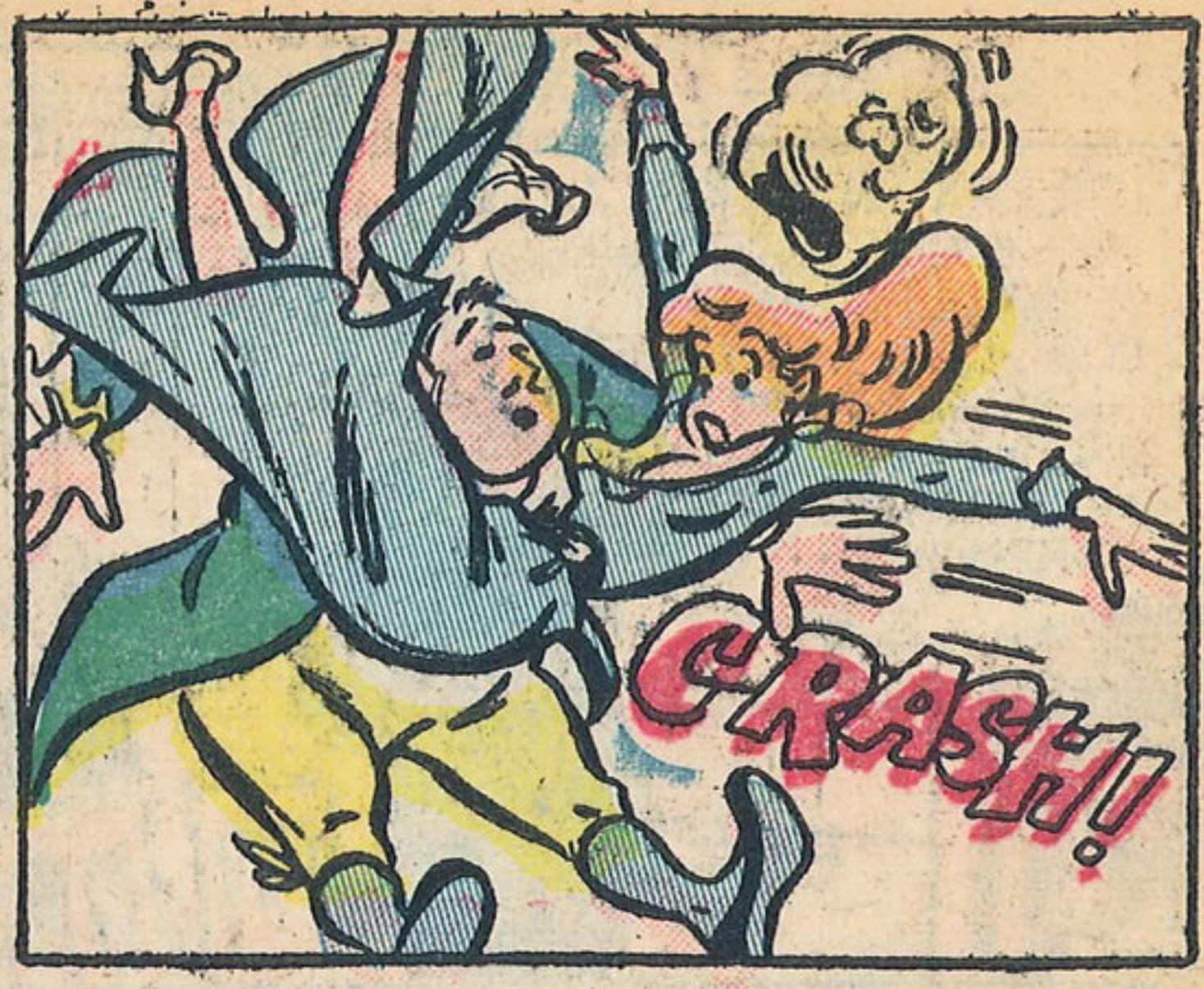
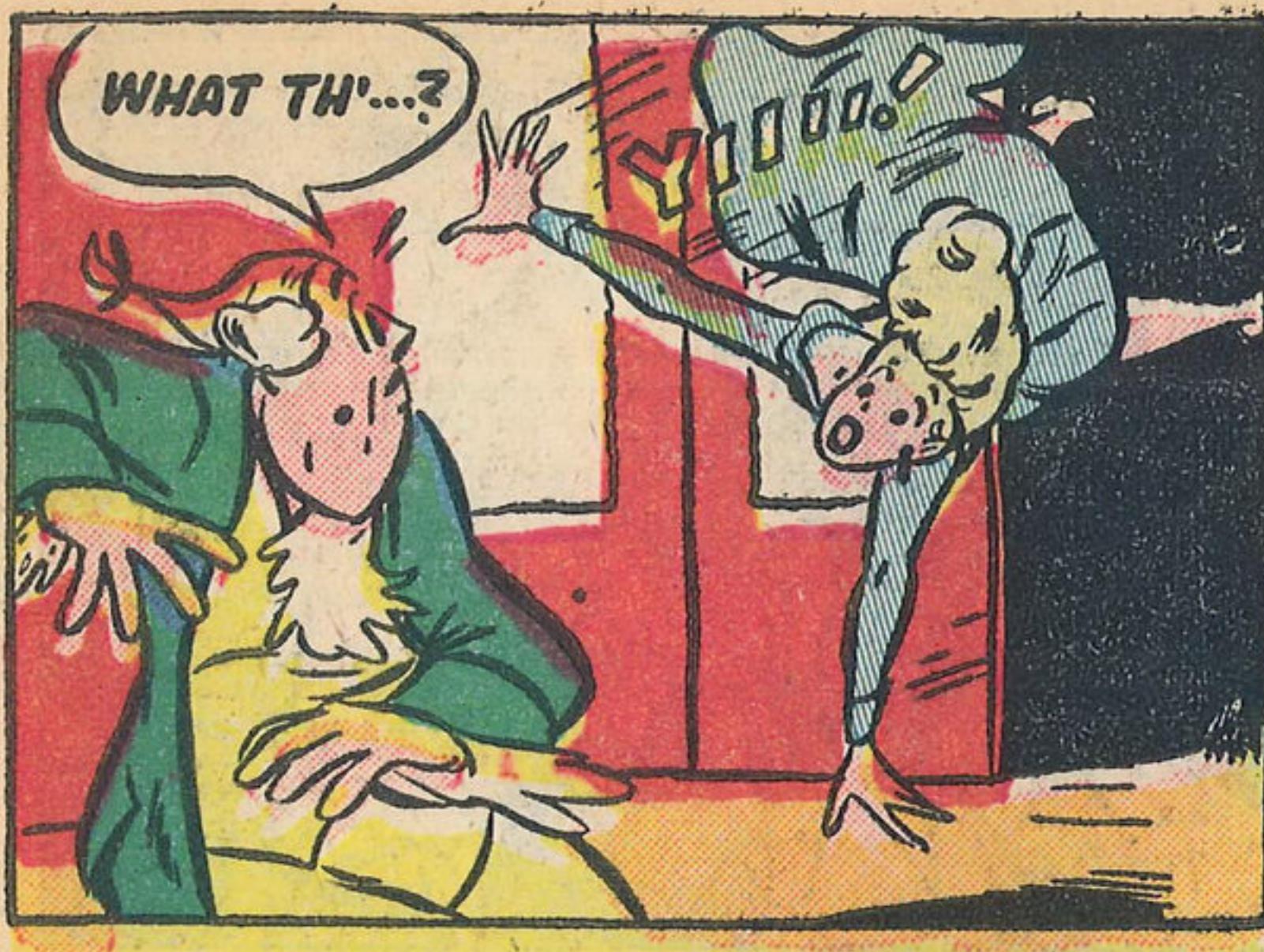
HMM!

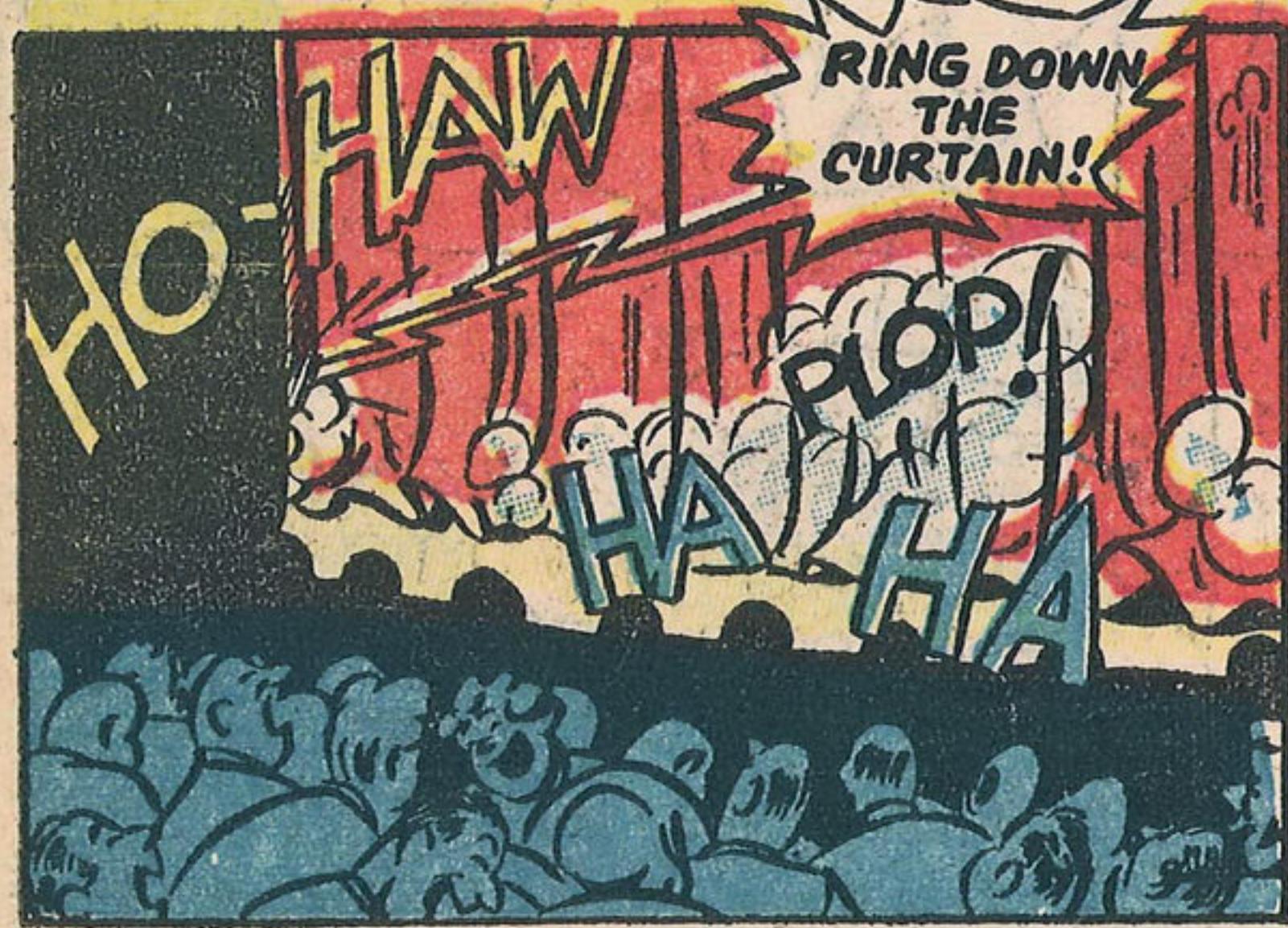
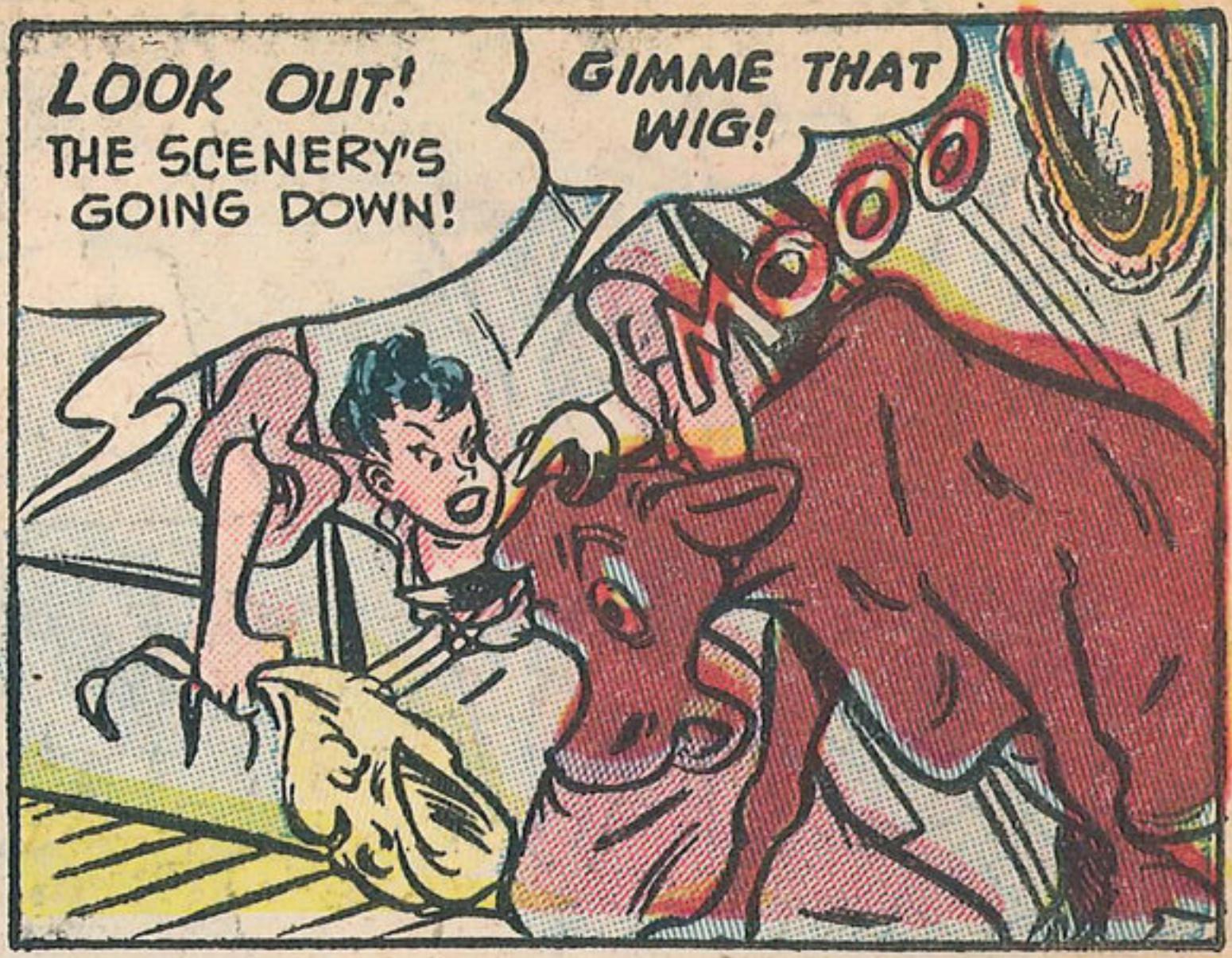
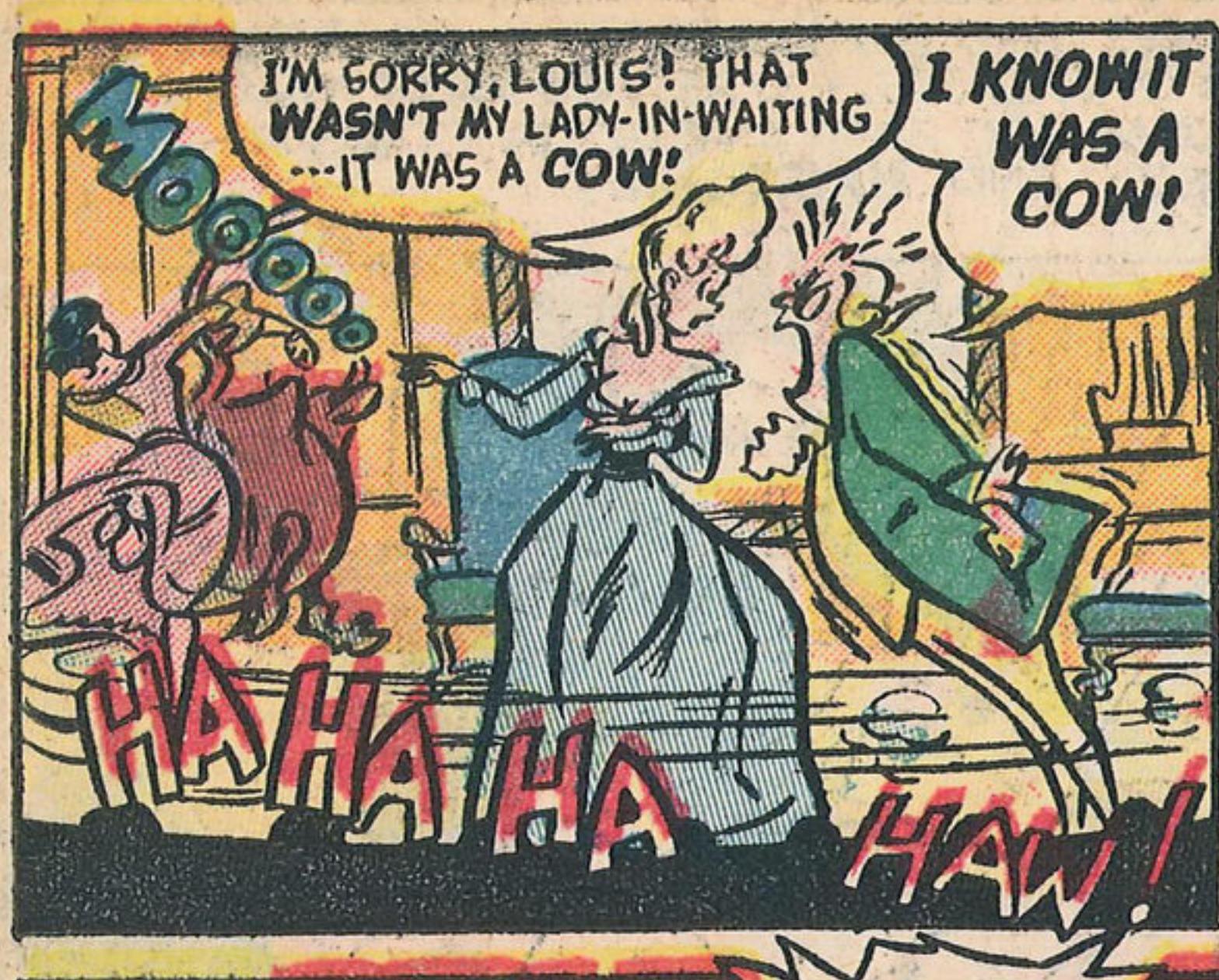
I'M SURE THE QUEEN IS
COMING NOW!

YEOW!

WAAR







DAFFY DOTTY

OH, GOLLY! THIS IS AWFUL! IT SAYS IF YOU CAN'T TIE YOUR OWN SHOES, YOU'RE TOO FAT! THAT MEANS I'M TOO FAT! I'VE GOTTA GO ON A DIET AND EXERCISE!

So, for two weeks---

:PUFF;
:PUFF;

THIS MAKES 3
CRACKERS I'VE
HAD TODAY!
MAYBE I BETTER
CUT DOWN
A LITTLE!

Finally...

GOOD GRIEF!
I'VE LOST 20
POUNDS AND I
STILL CAN'T
TIE MY OWN
SHOES! THAT
BOOK'S A **FAKE**!
I'M GOING TO GET
MY MONEY
BACK!

So---

YOU LOST 20 POUNDS
AND YOU **STILL** CAN'T TIE
YOUR OWN SHOES? THAT'S
RIDICULOUS! YOU CAN
BEND OVER AND TAKE
HOLD OF YOUR SHOE
LACES AS EASY
AS I CAN!

OF COURSE
I CAN BEND
OVER AND
TAKE HOLD
OF MY SHOE
LACES!

ACME
BOOK
STORE

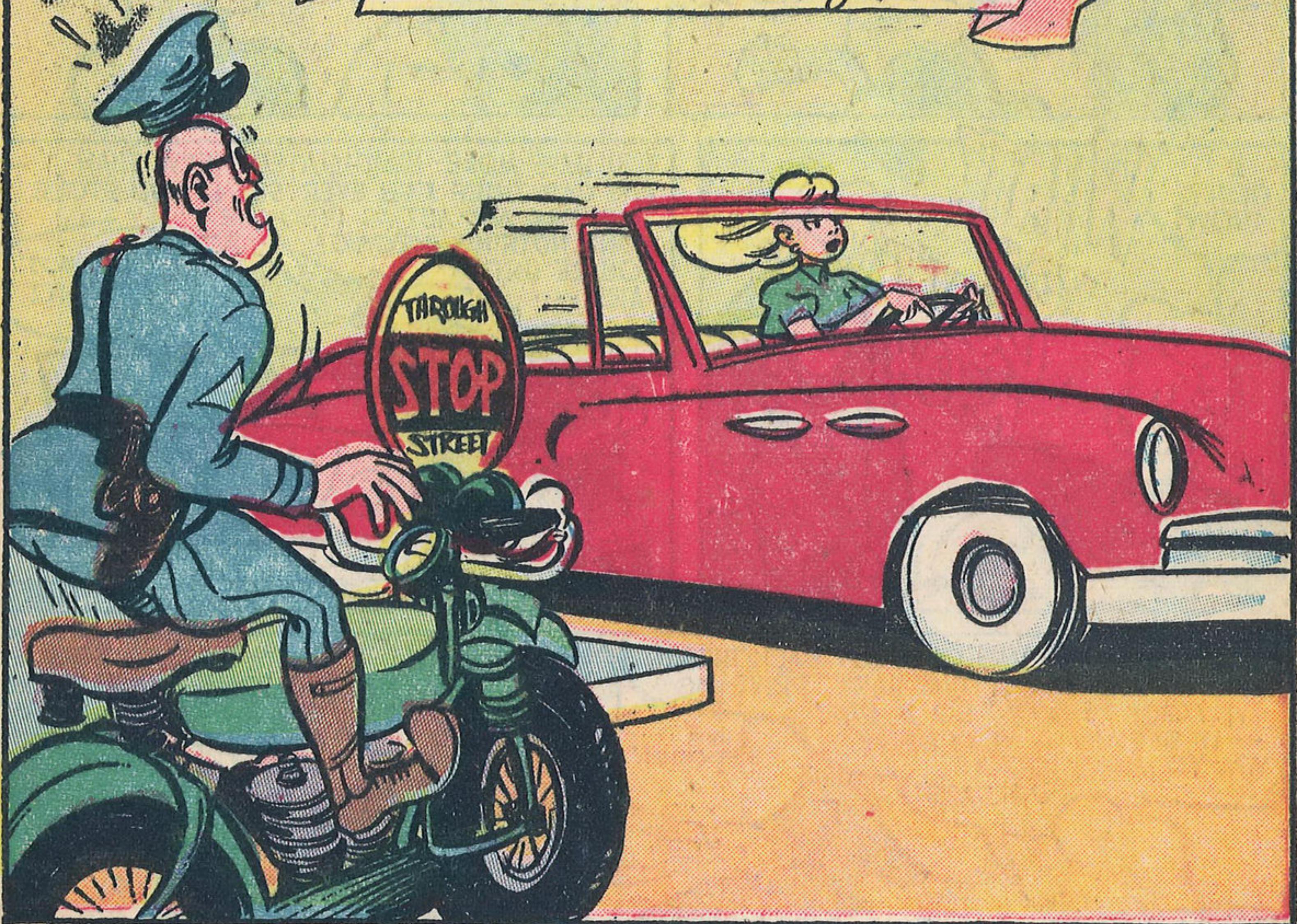
BUT I CAN'T TIE 'EM!
I DON'T KNOW HOW!

ACME
BOOK
STORE

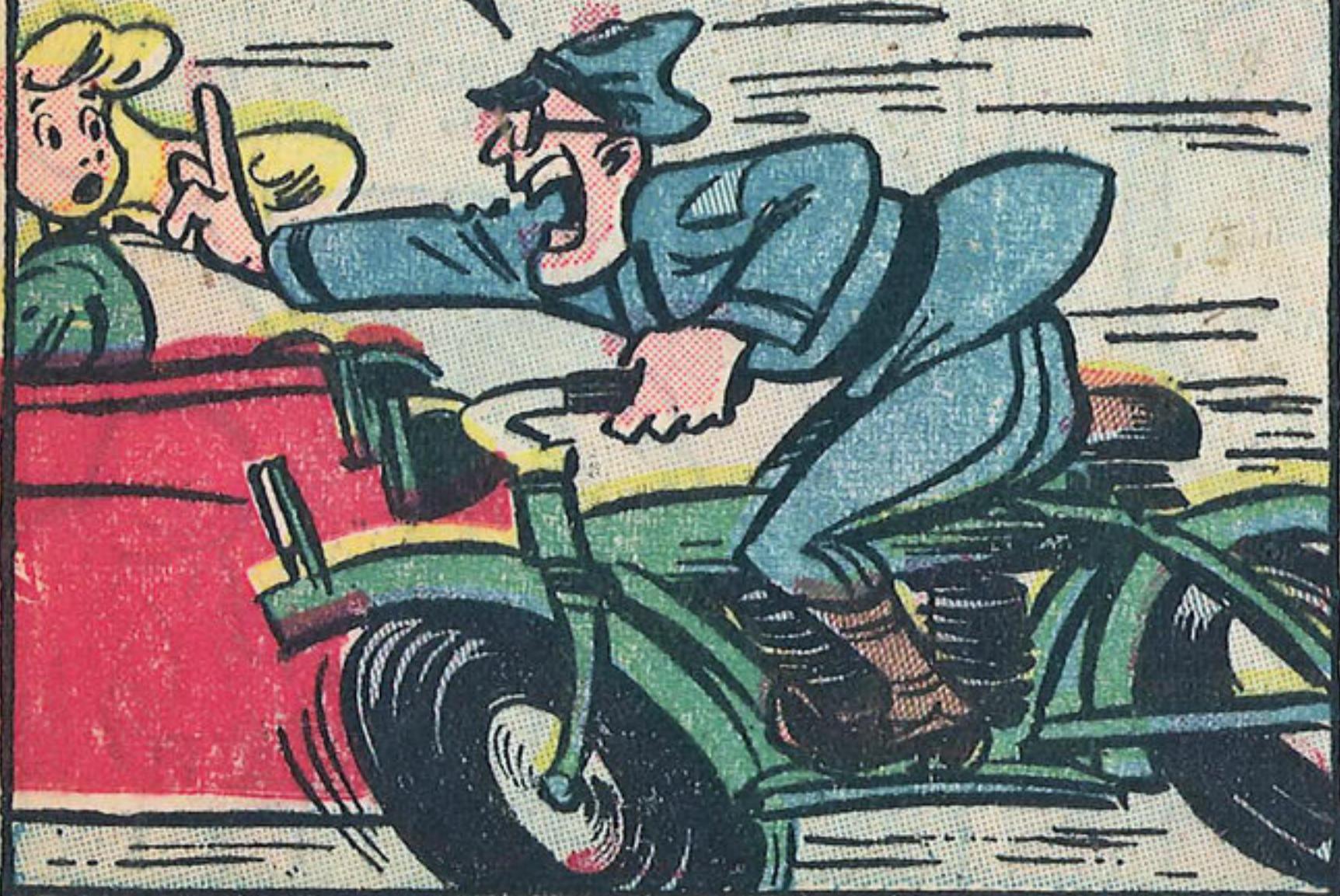
The
End

MORONICA

MISS NIT-WIT of 1953



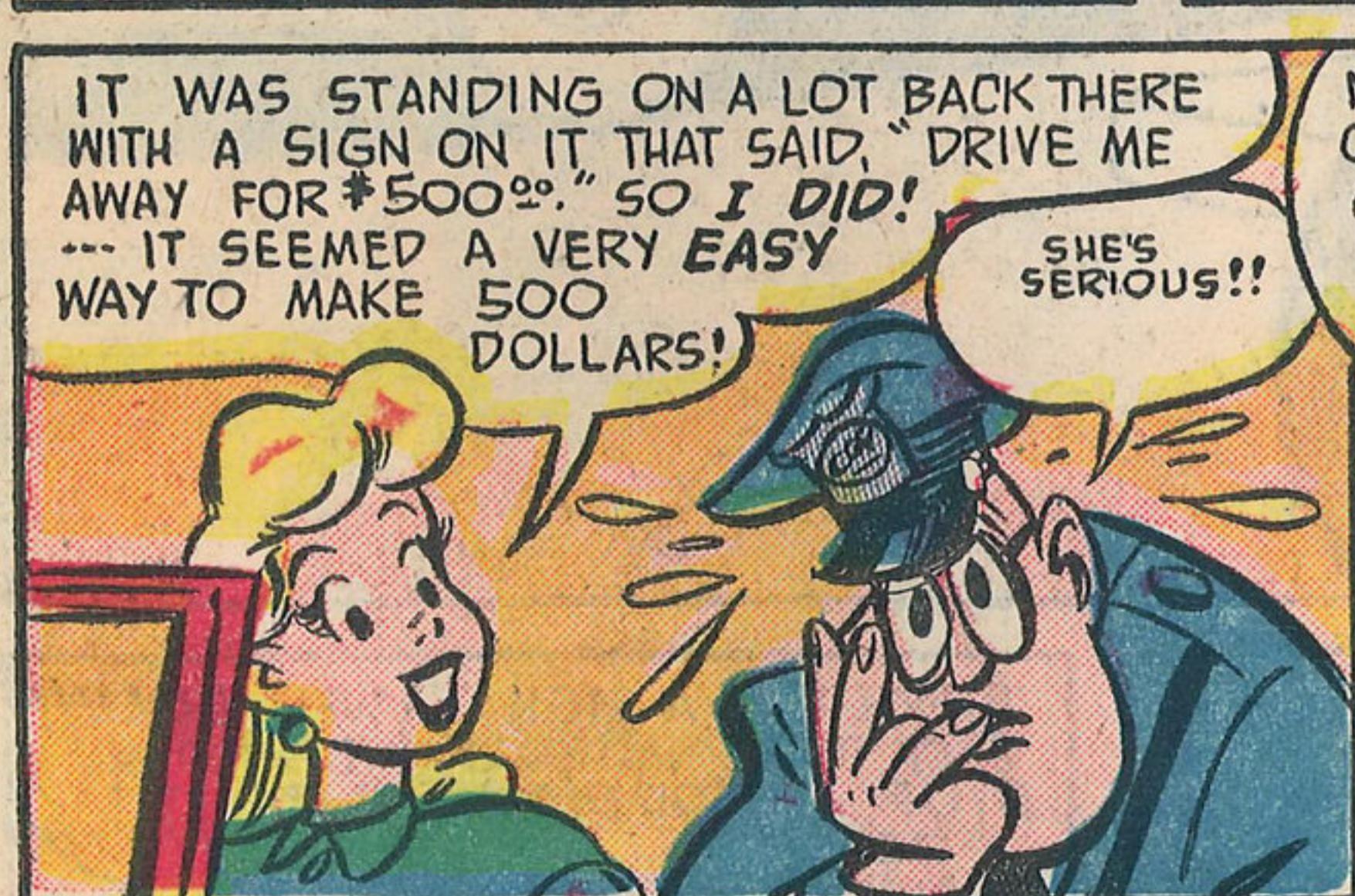
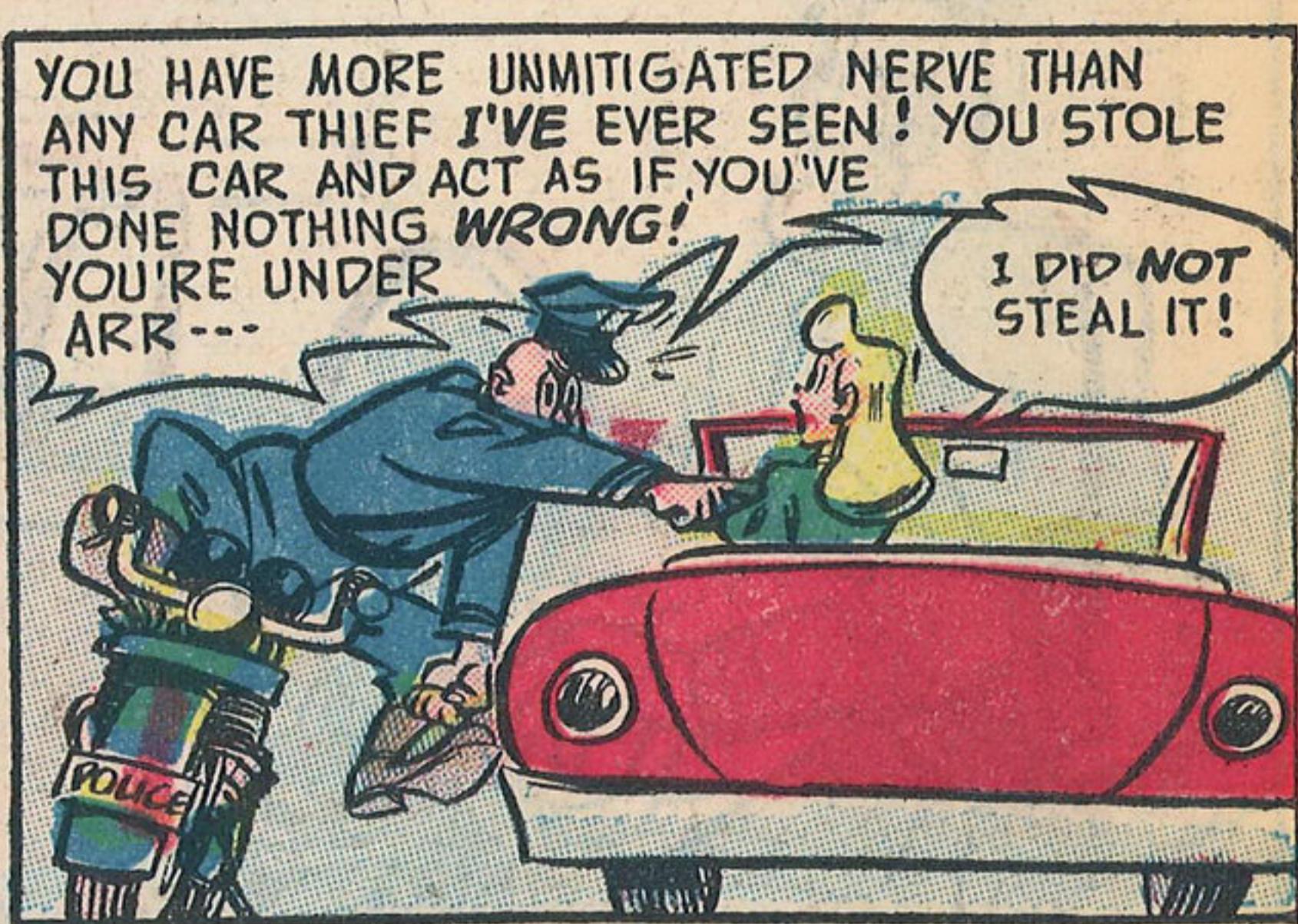
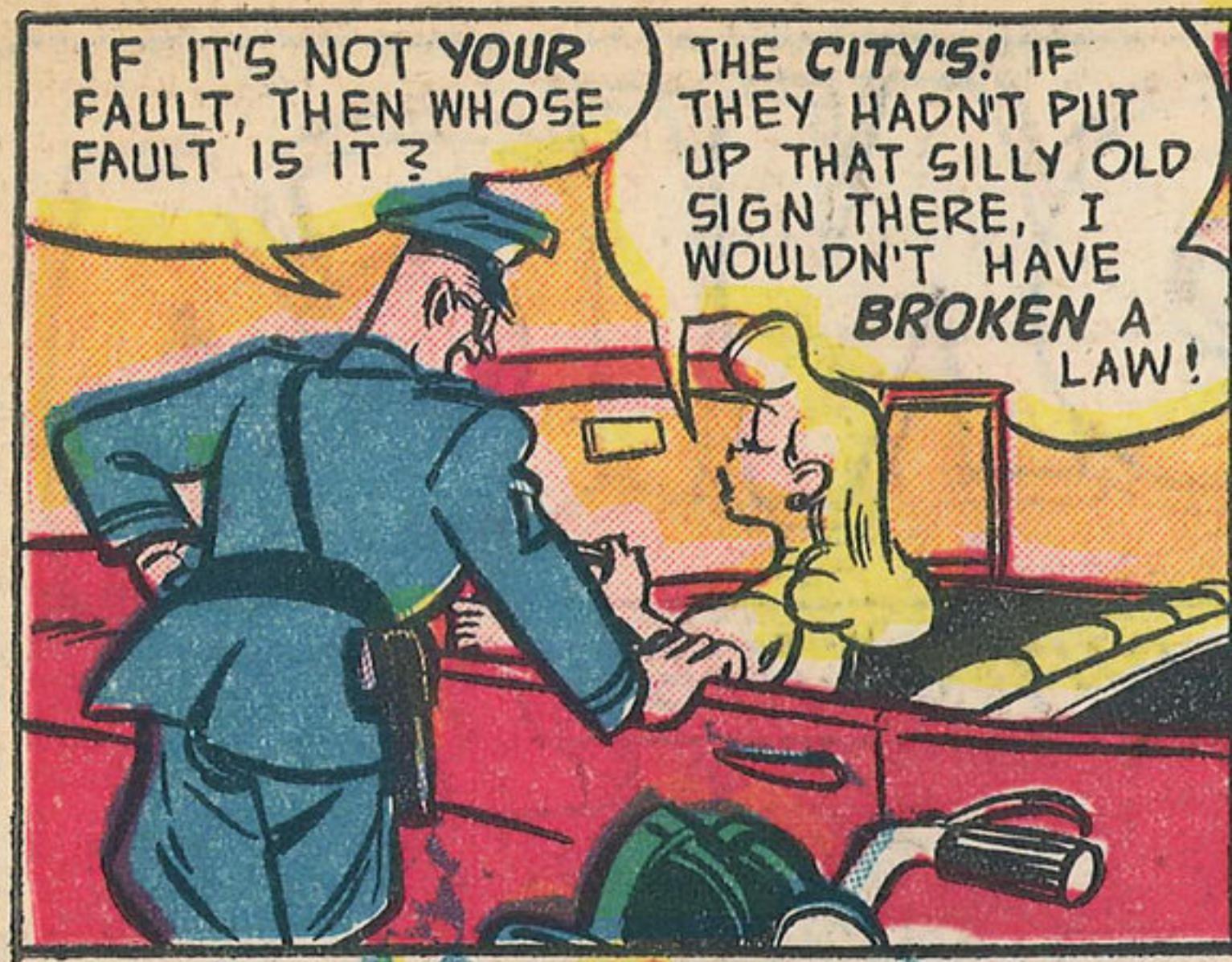
ALL RIGHT, PULL OVER
TO THE CURB, MISS!



THERE WAS A SIGN
BACK THERE THAT SAID
STOP, AND YOU DIDN'T!
DO YOU
REALIZE THAT'S
BREAKING THE
LAW?

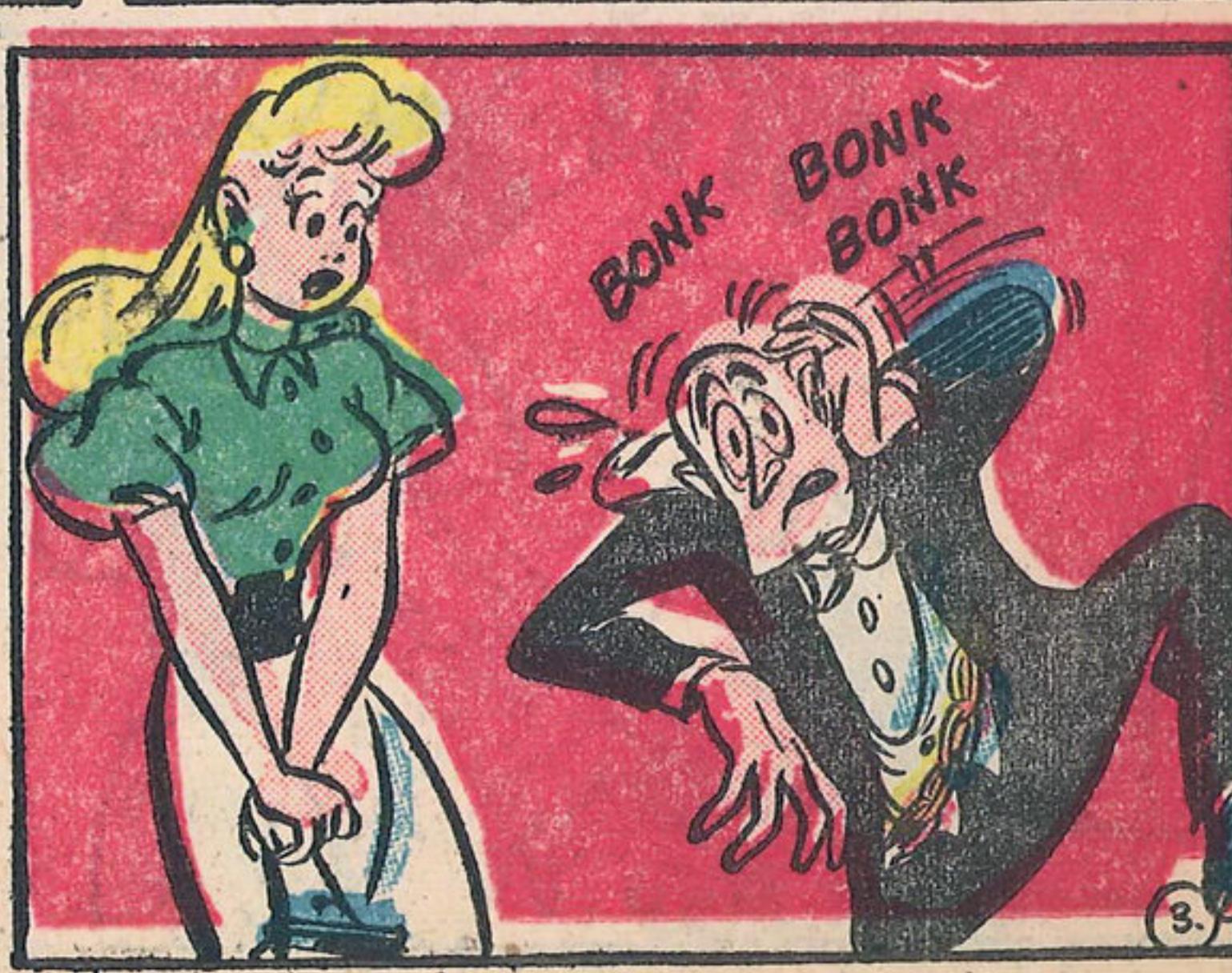
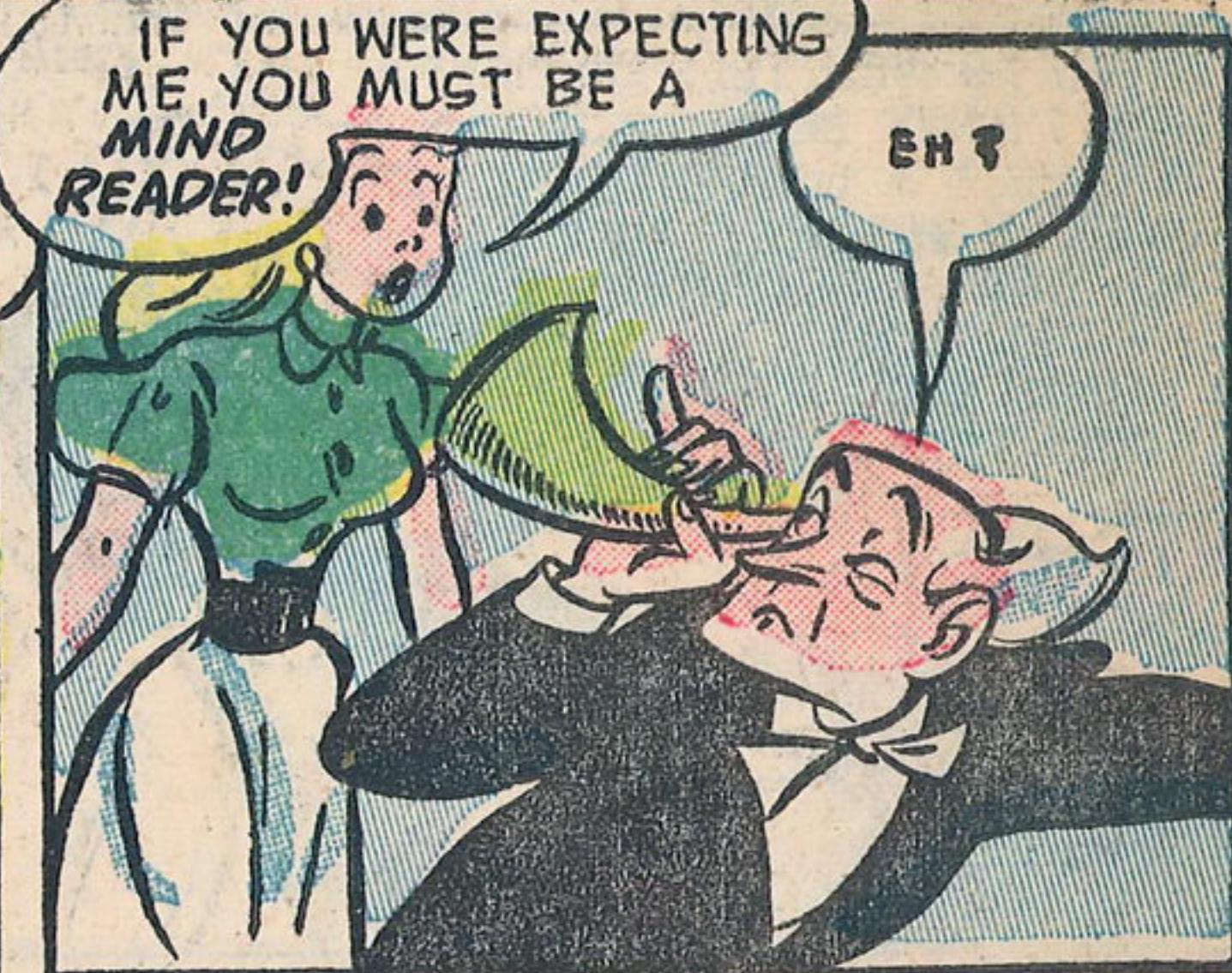
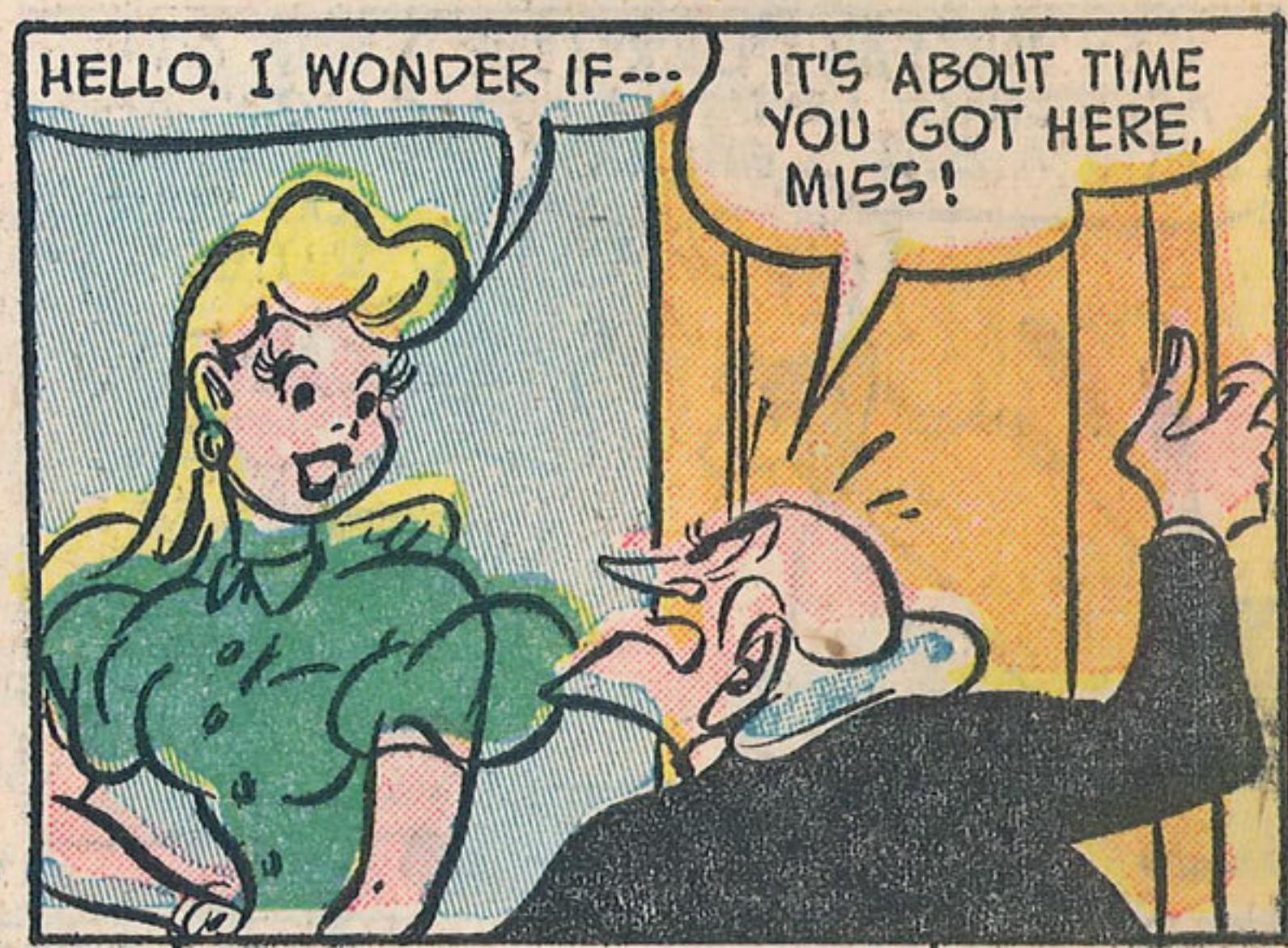
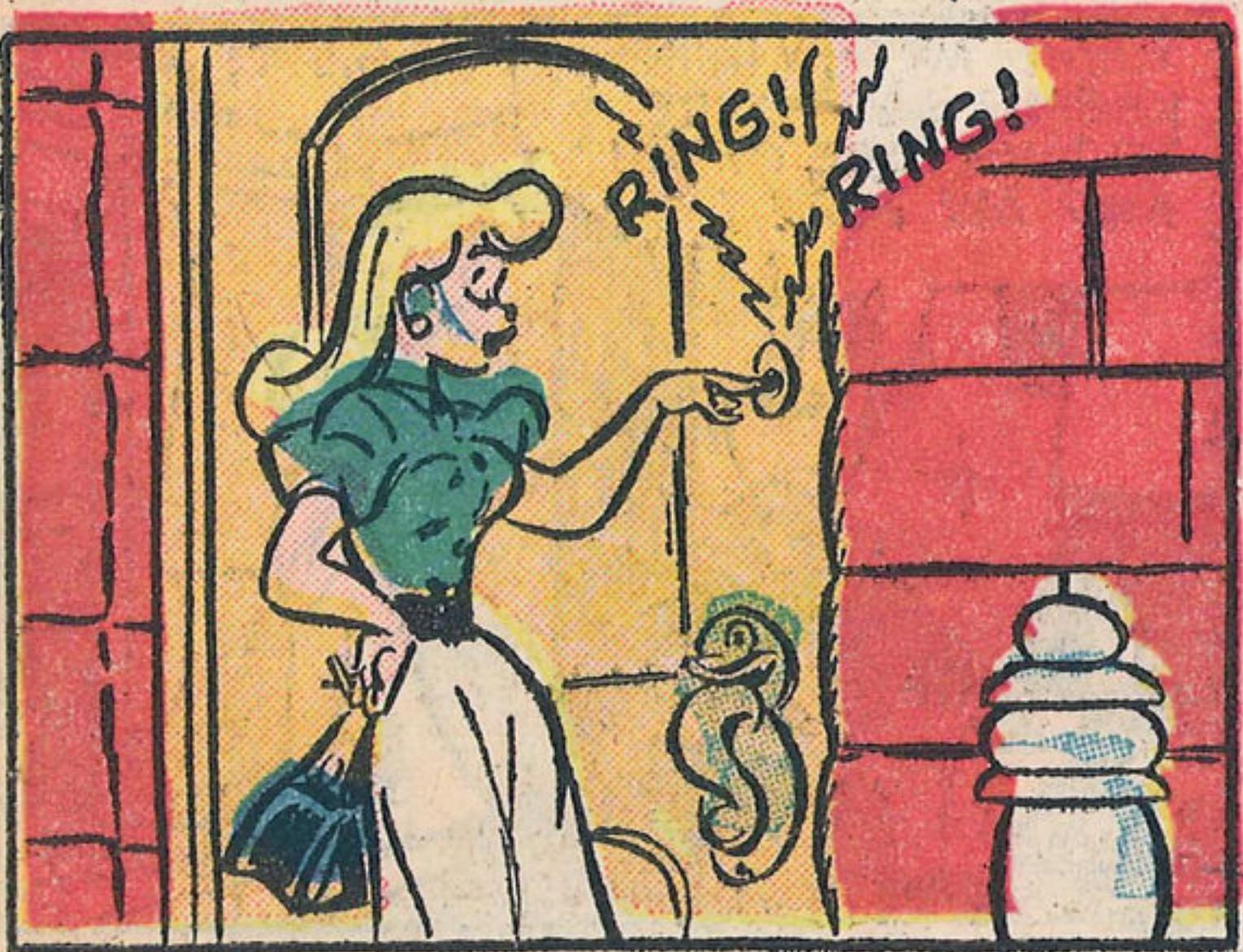
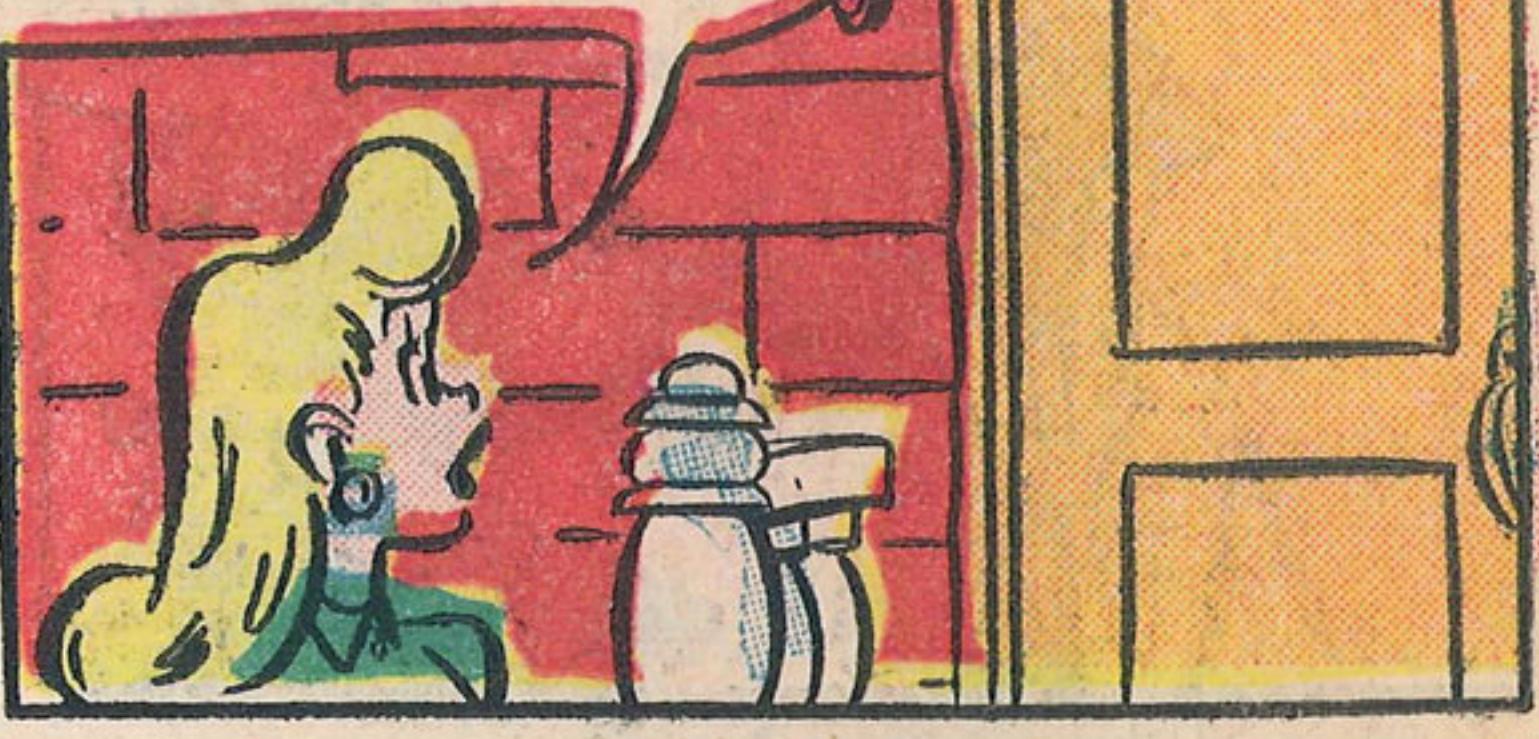
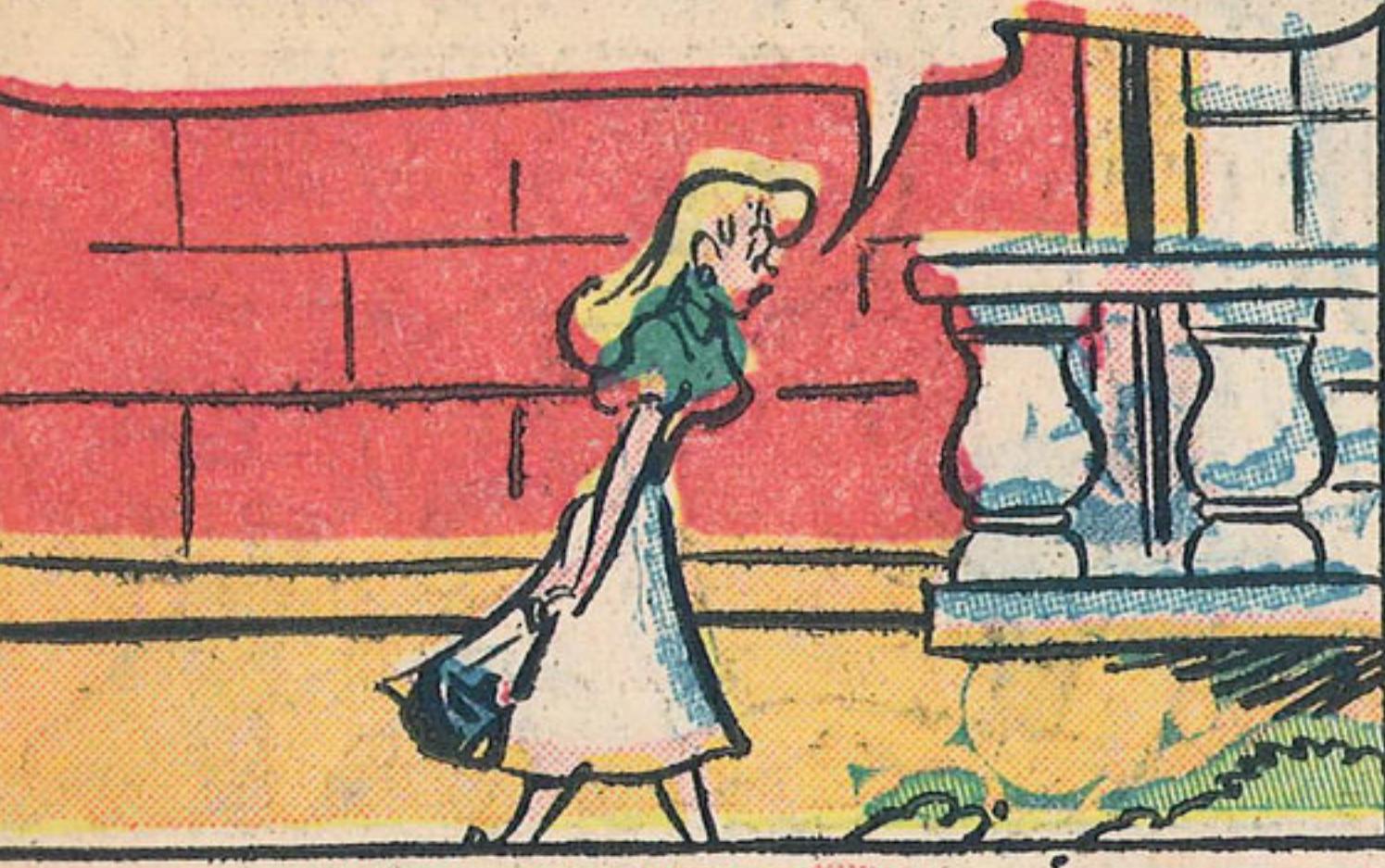
WELL, GOLLY!
IT'S NOT MY
FAULT!

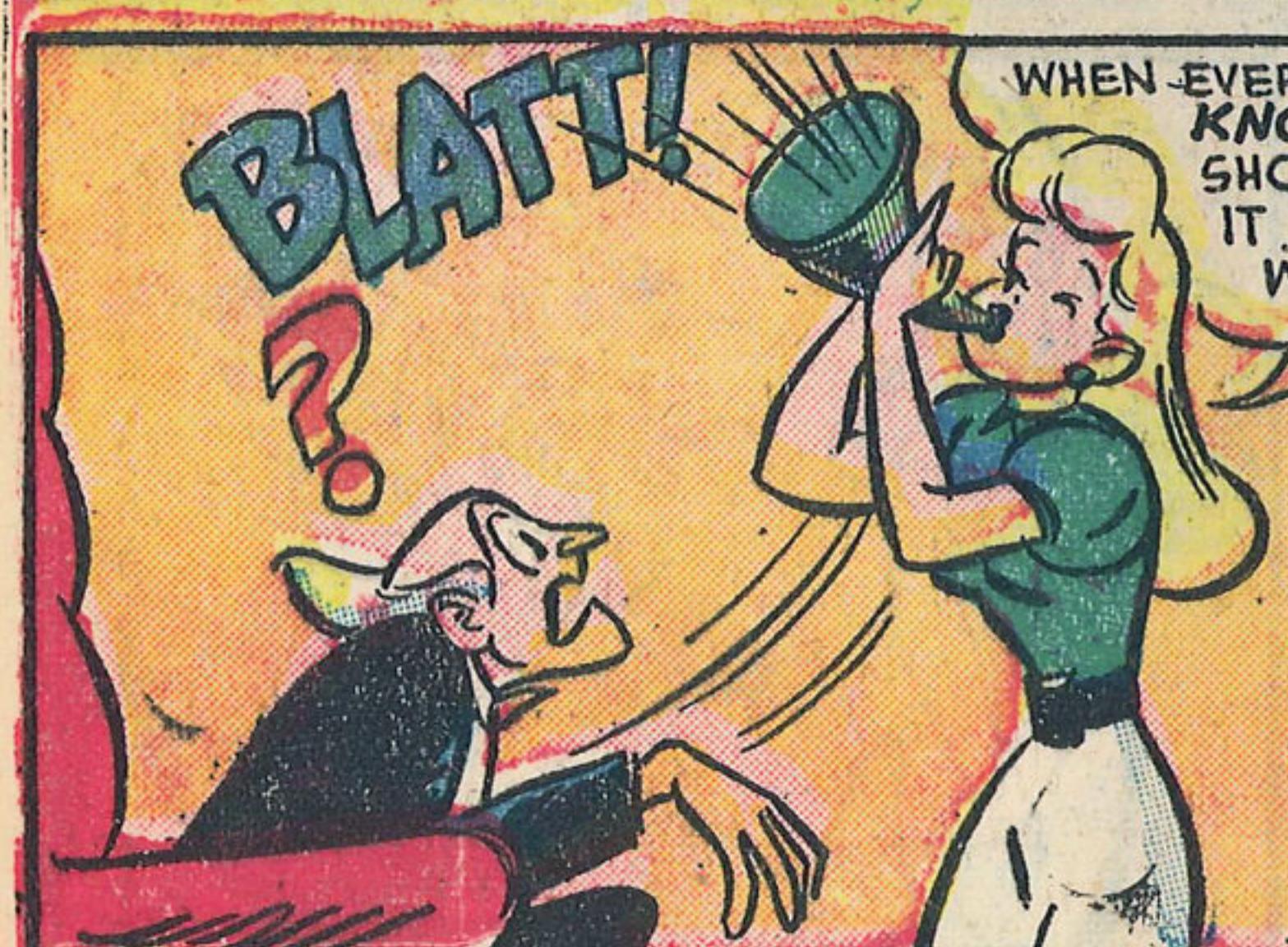
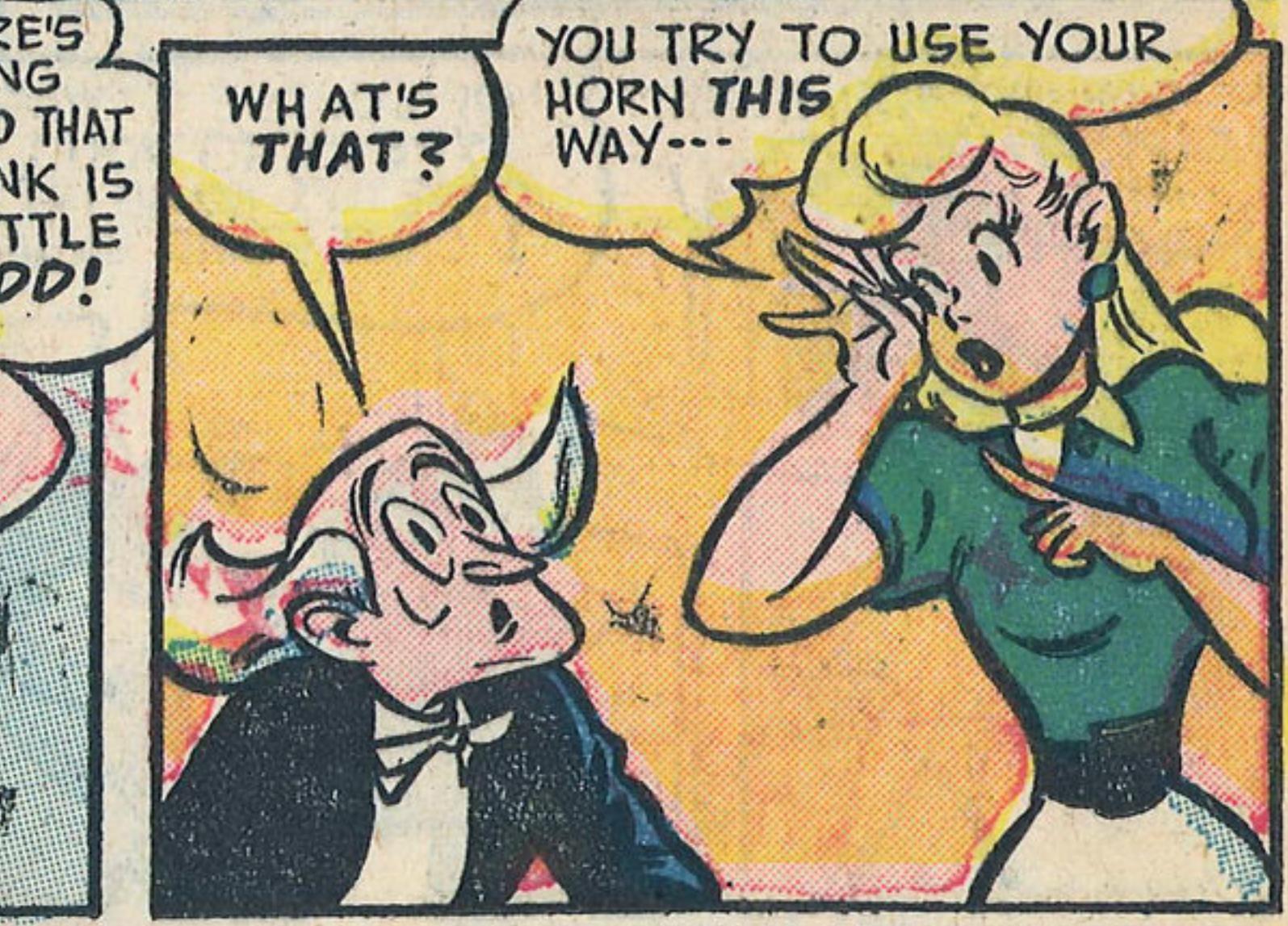
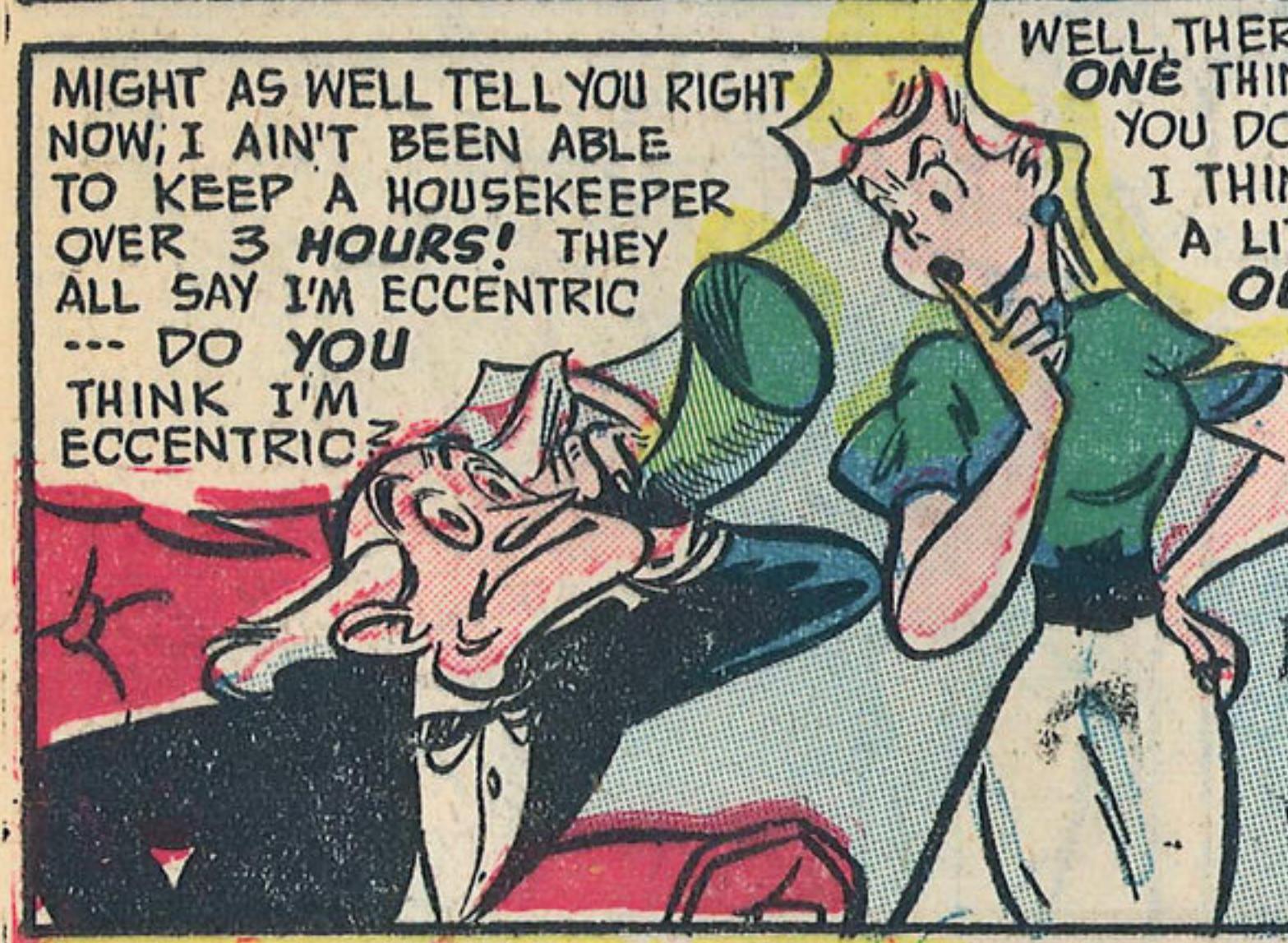
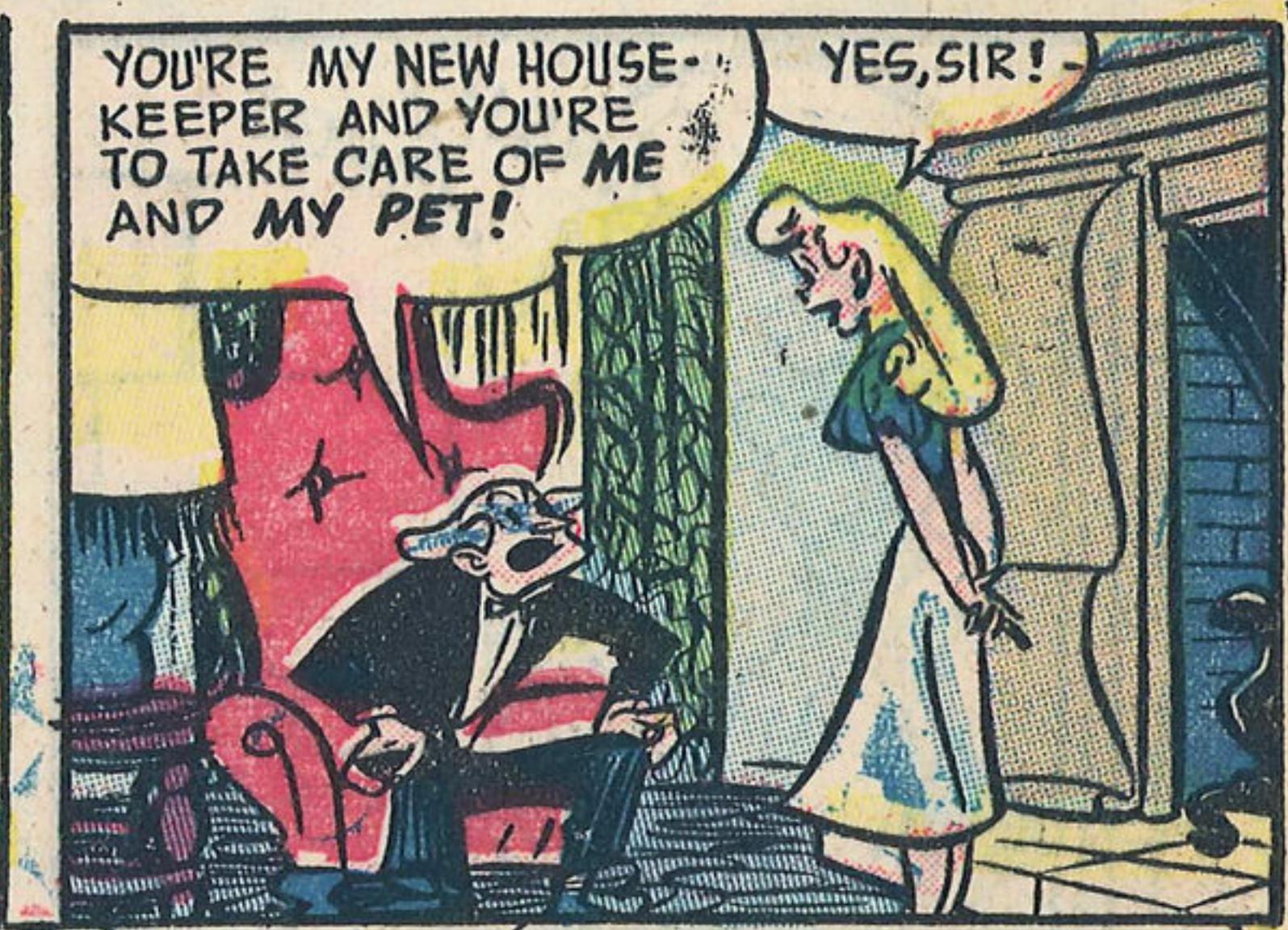


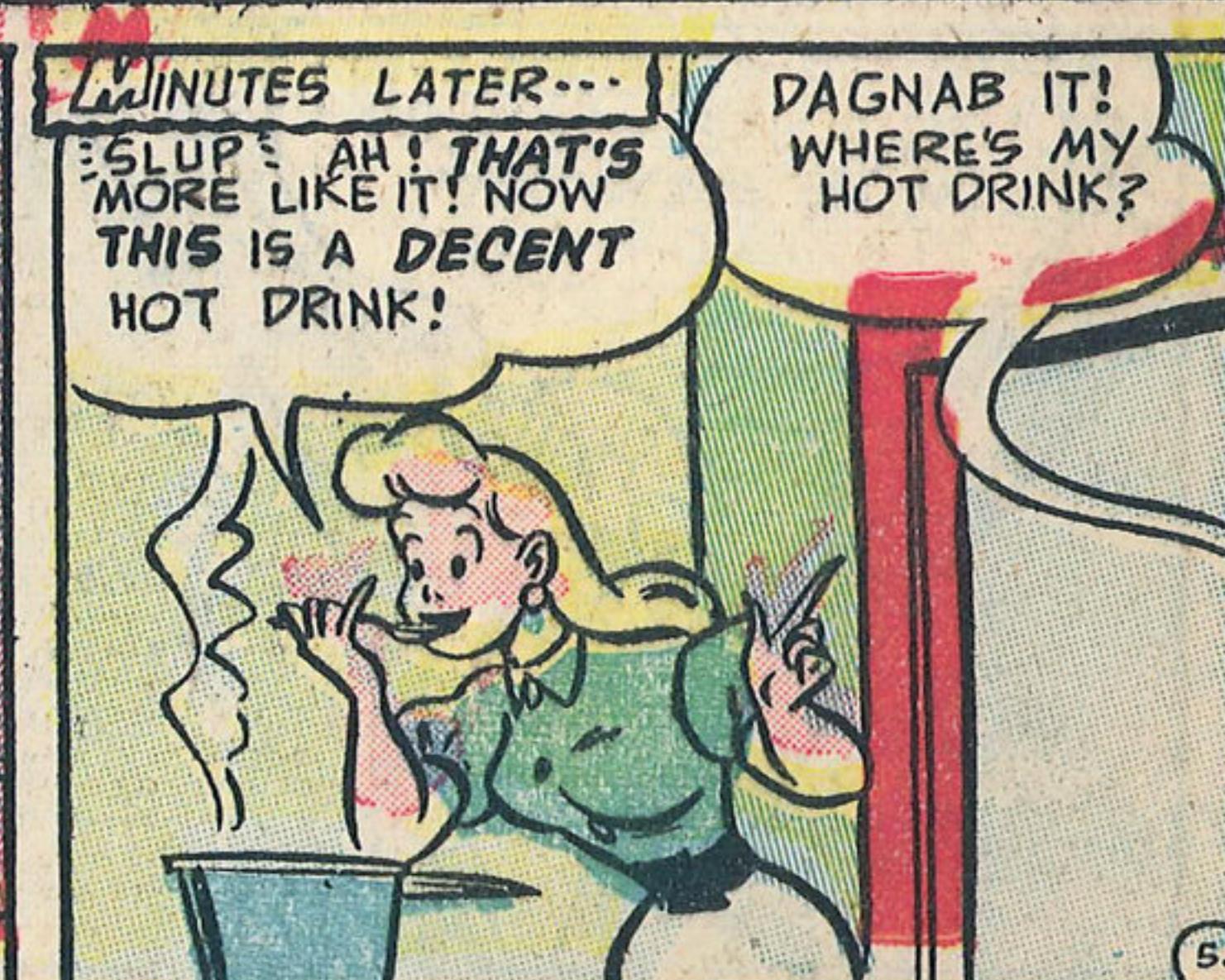
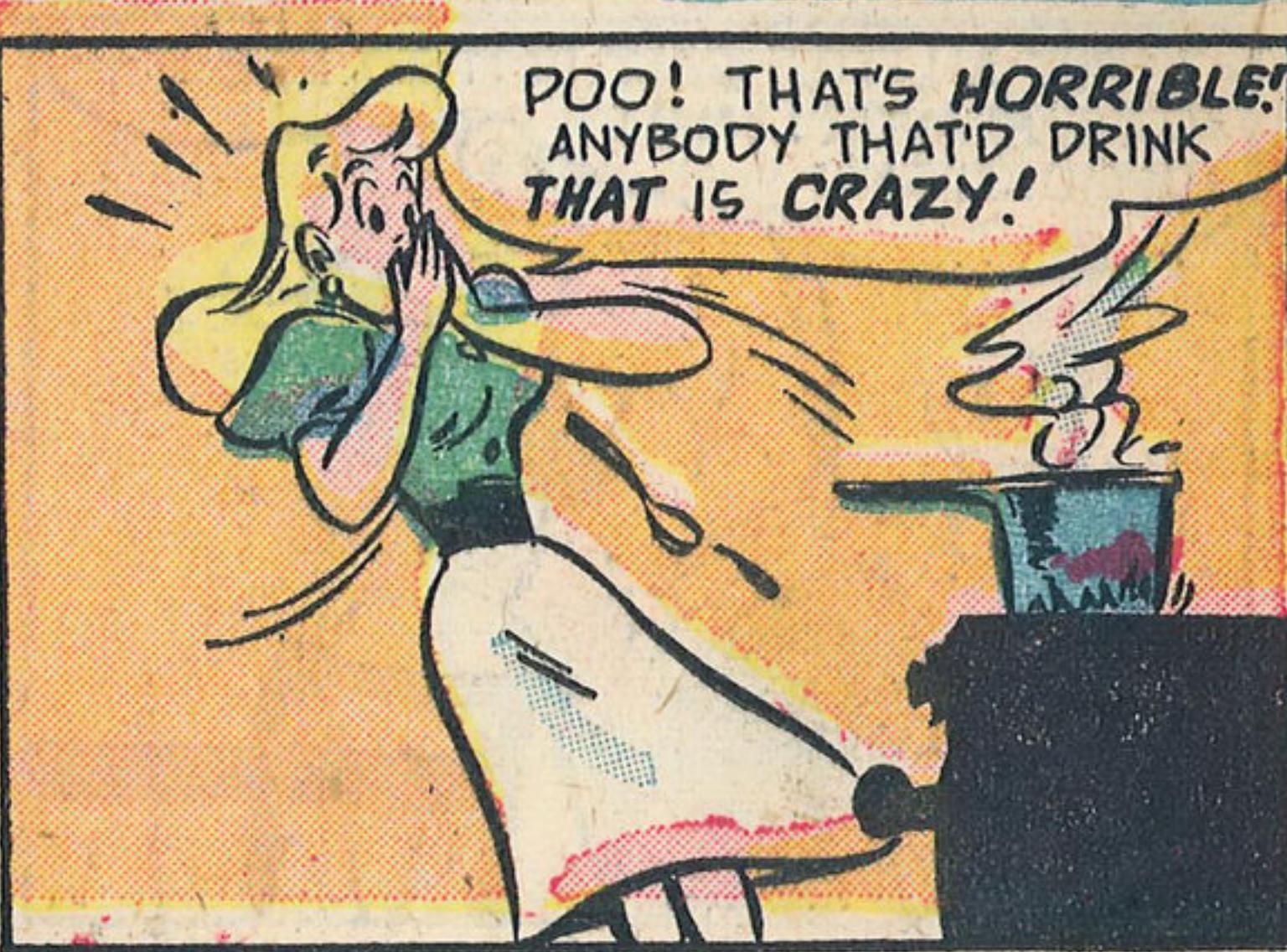
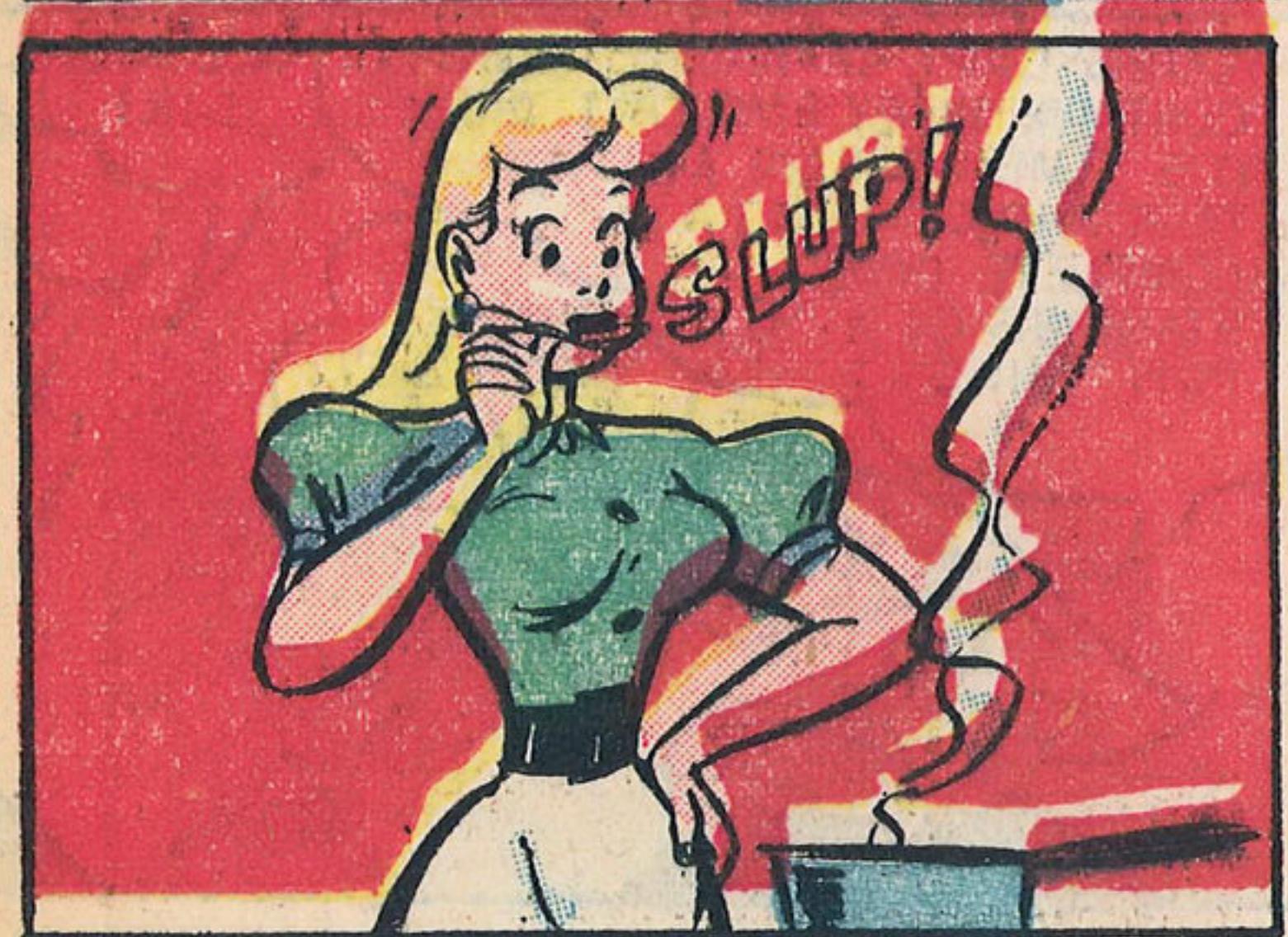
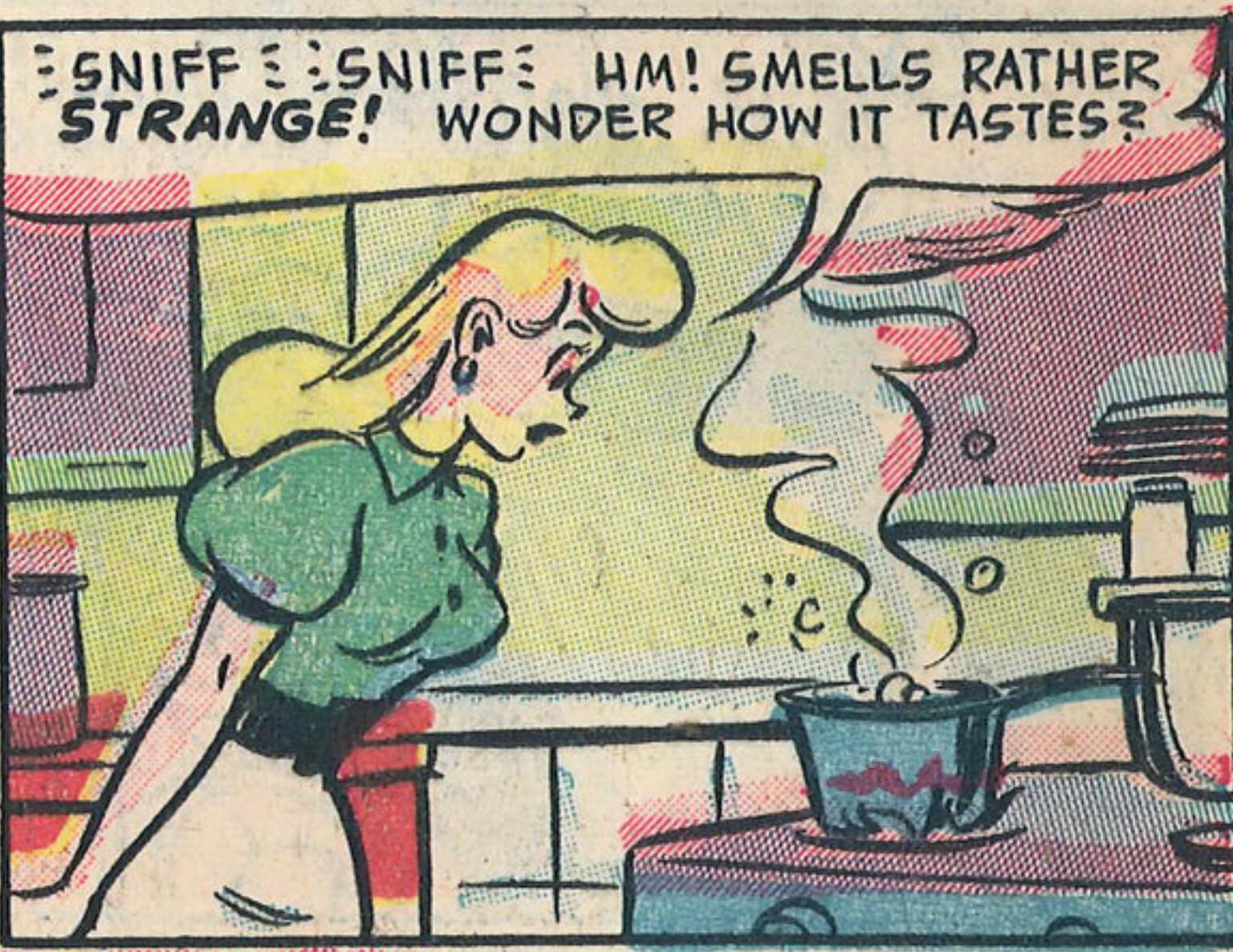


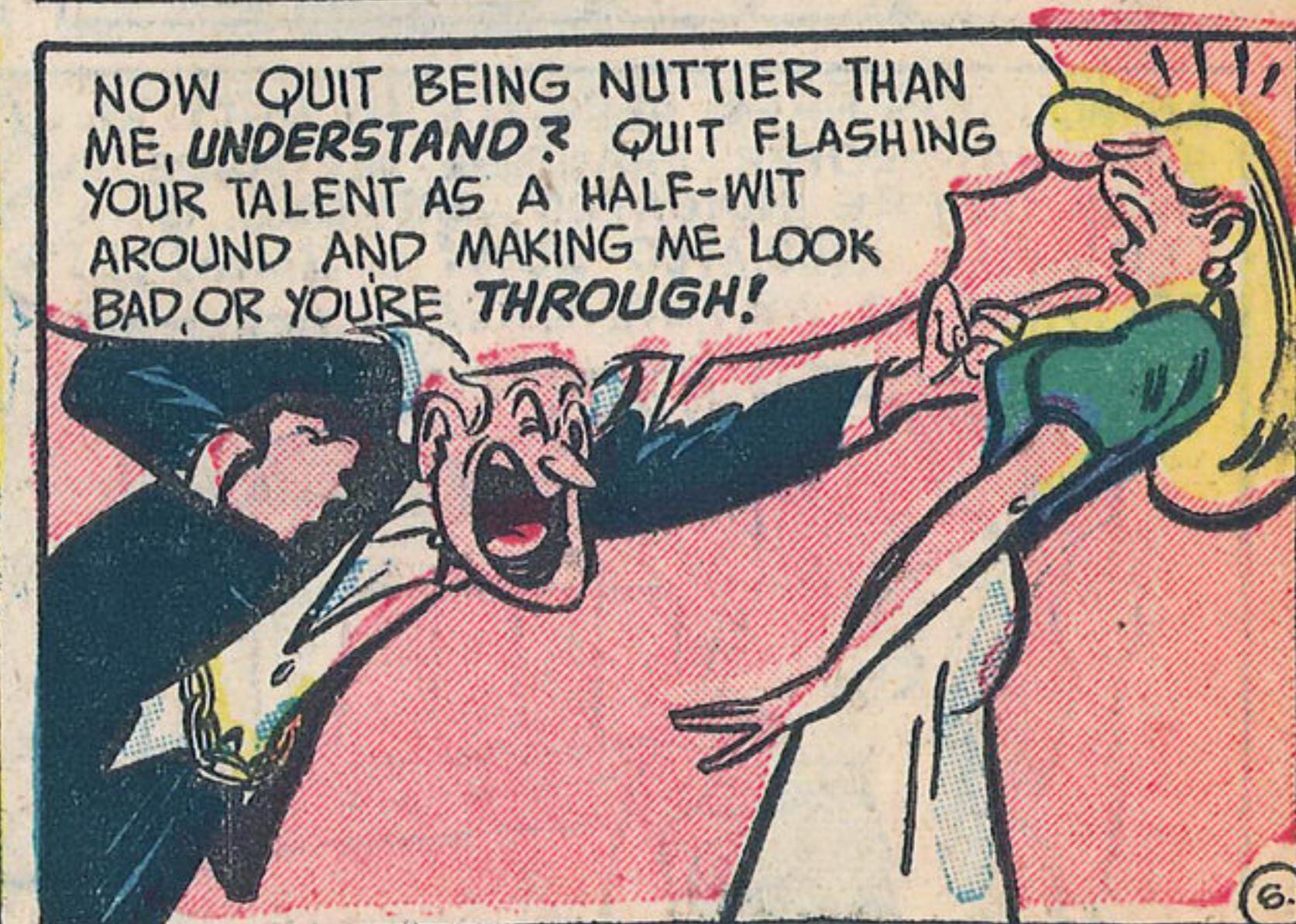
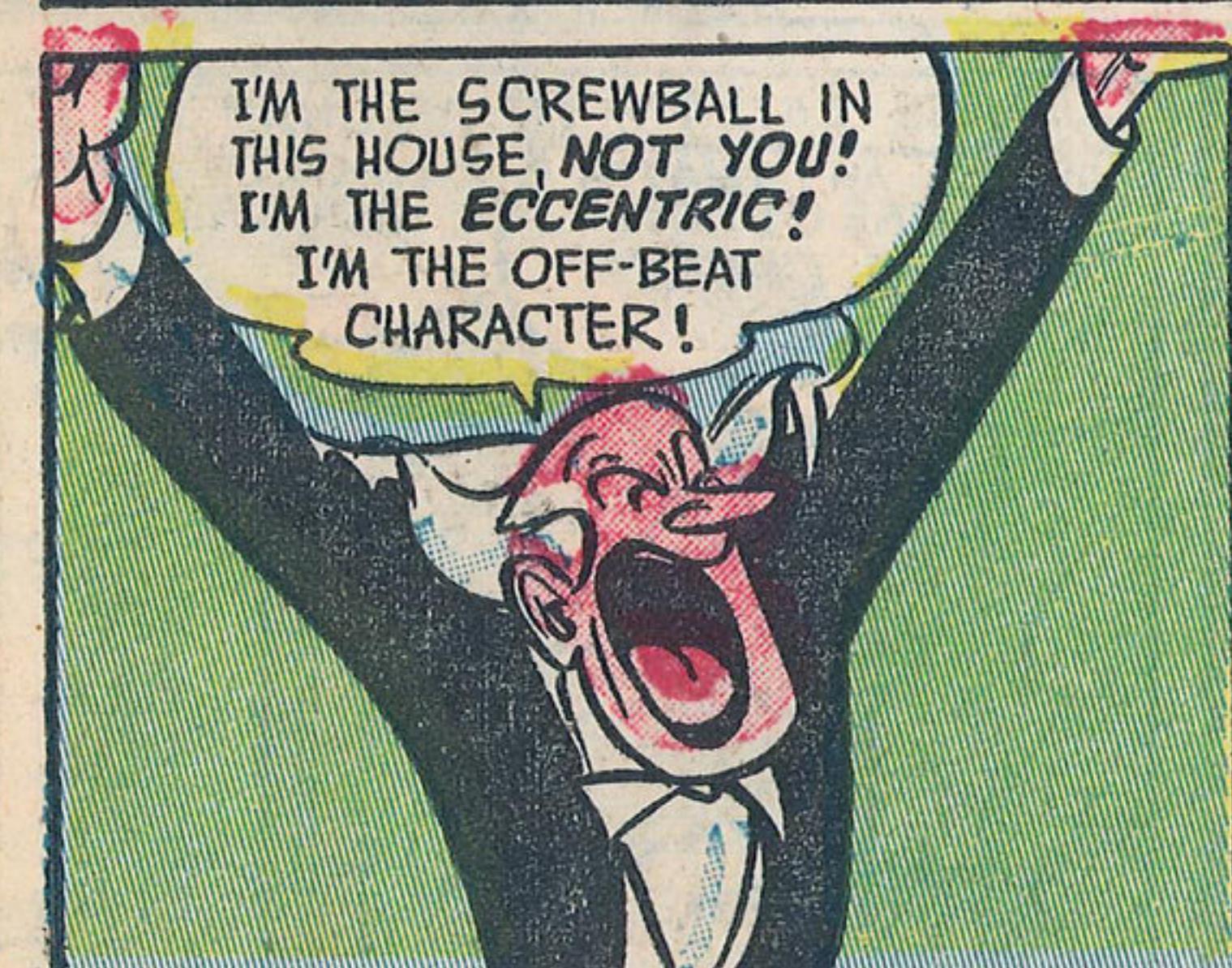
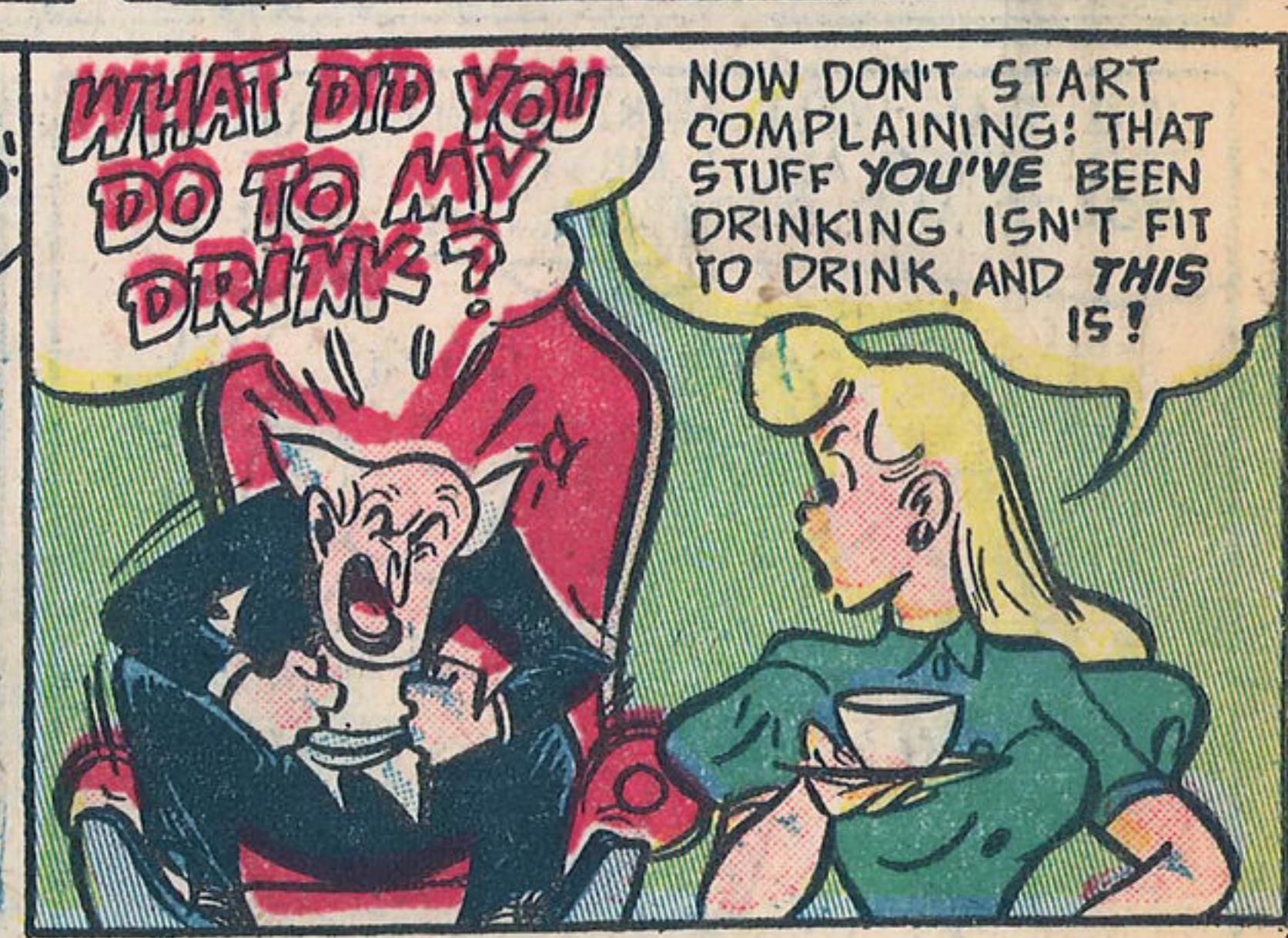
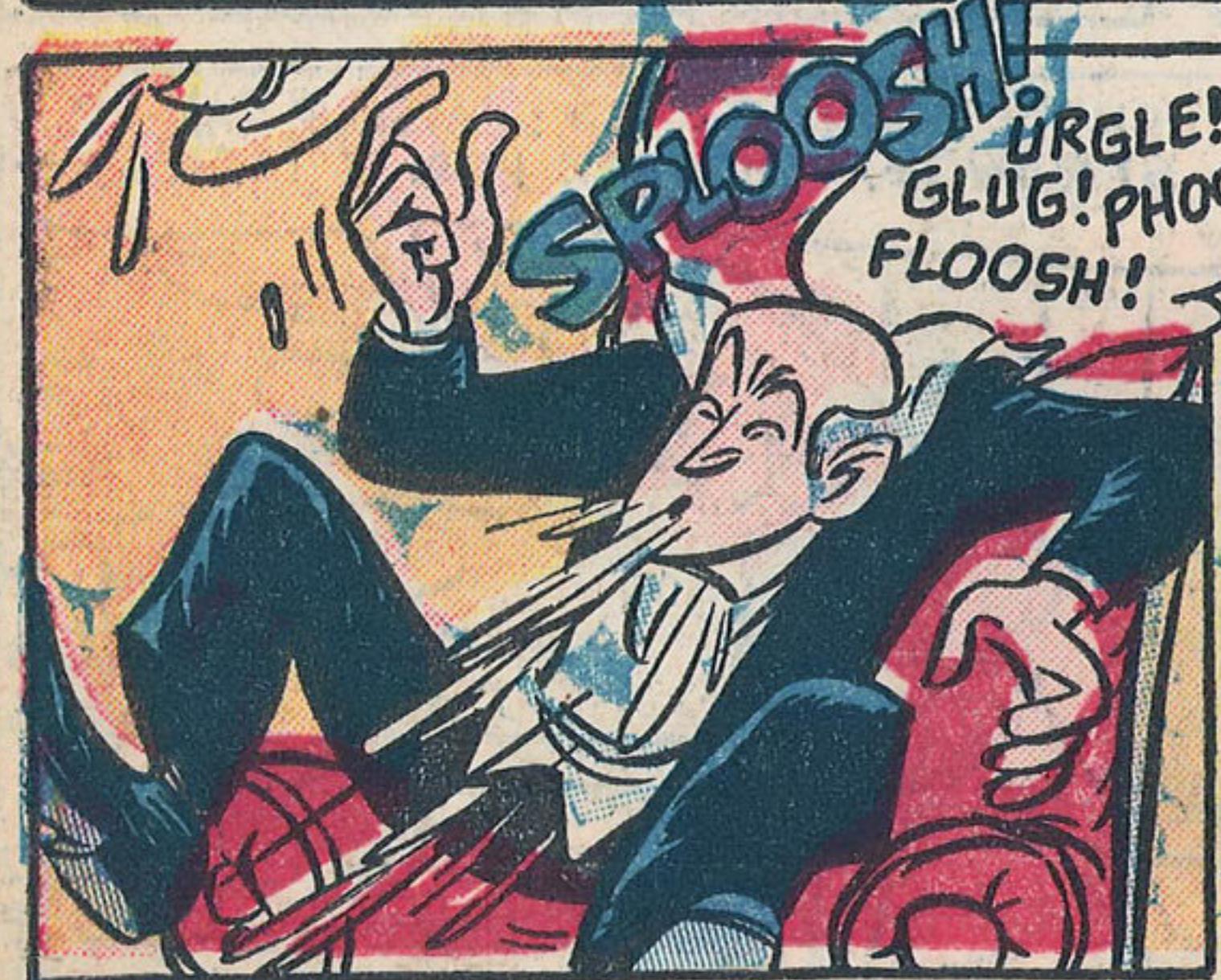
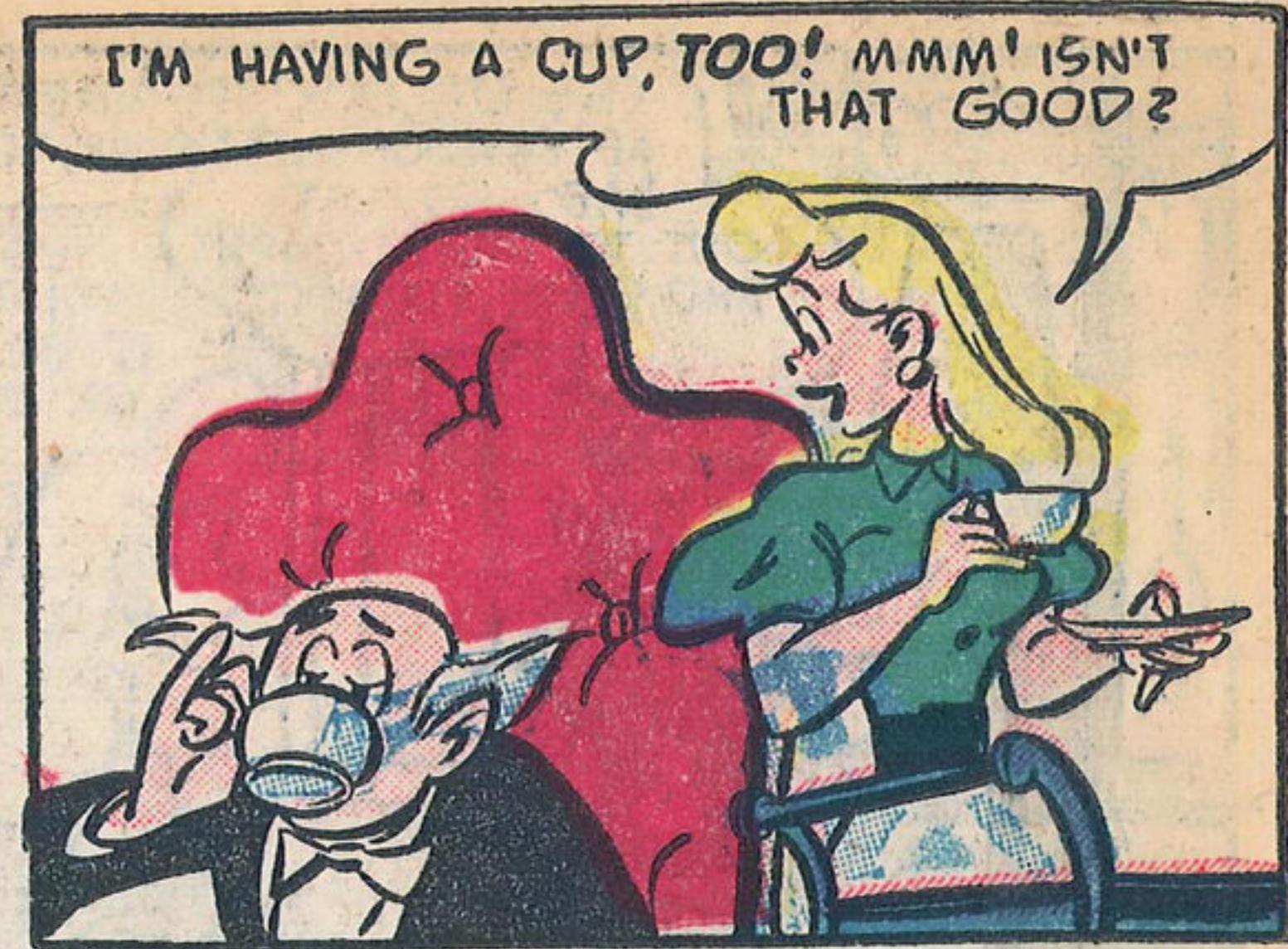
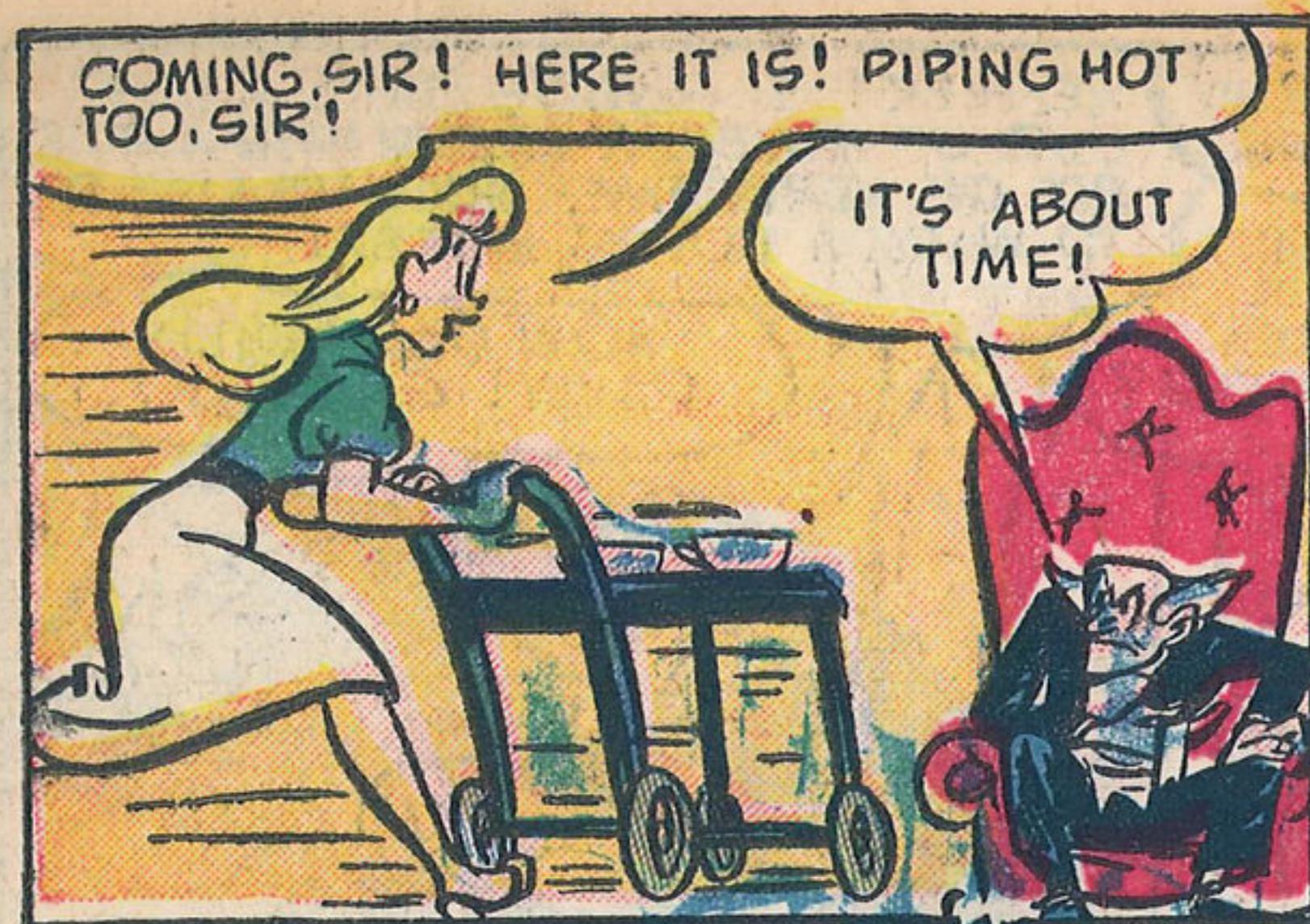
OH FINE! NOW HOW AM I GONNA GET HOME? I CAN'T TAKE A TAXI OR A BUS BECAUSE I DON'T OWN THEM!

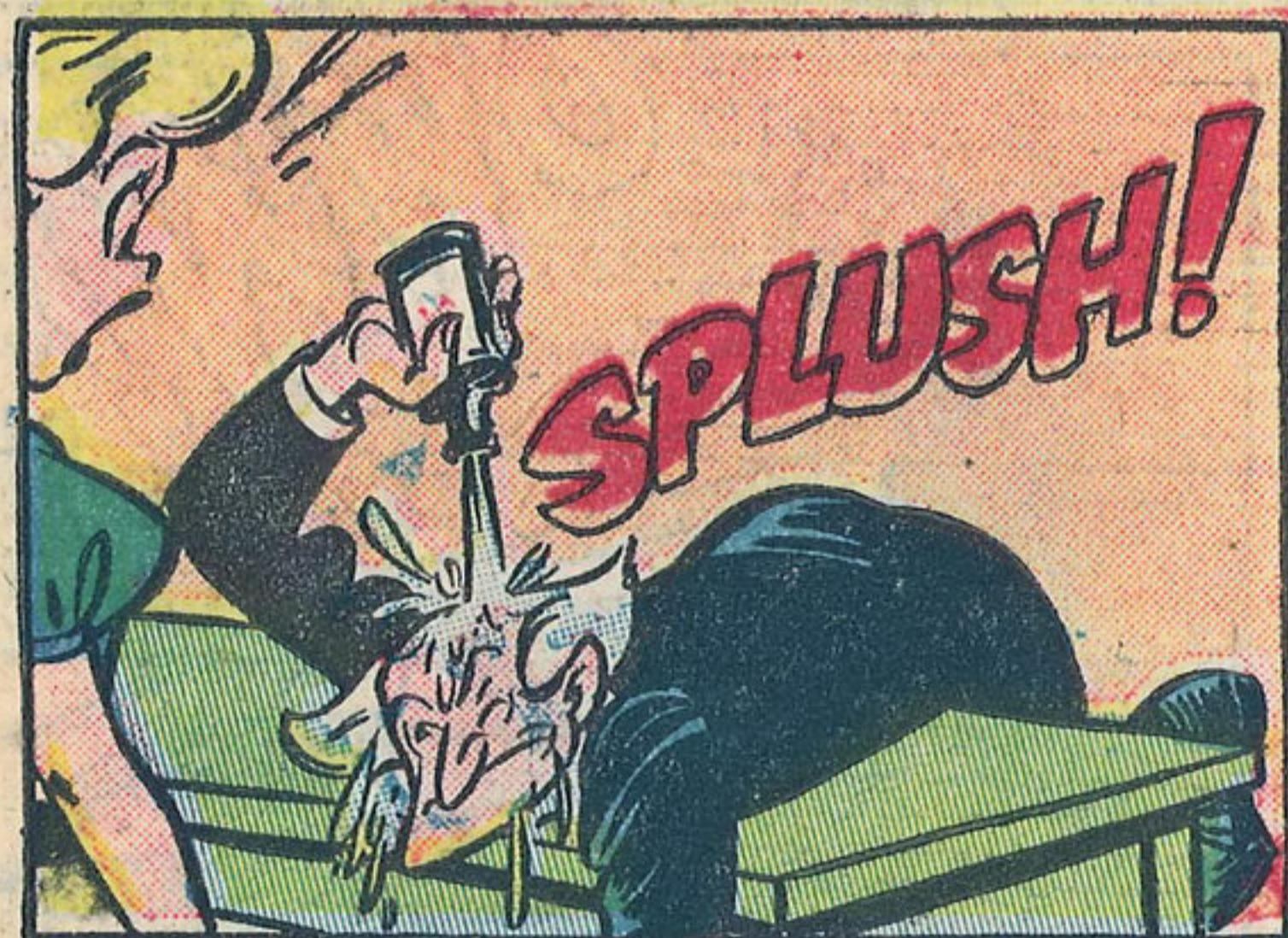
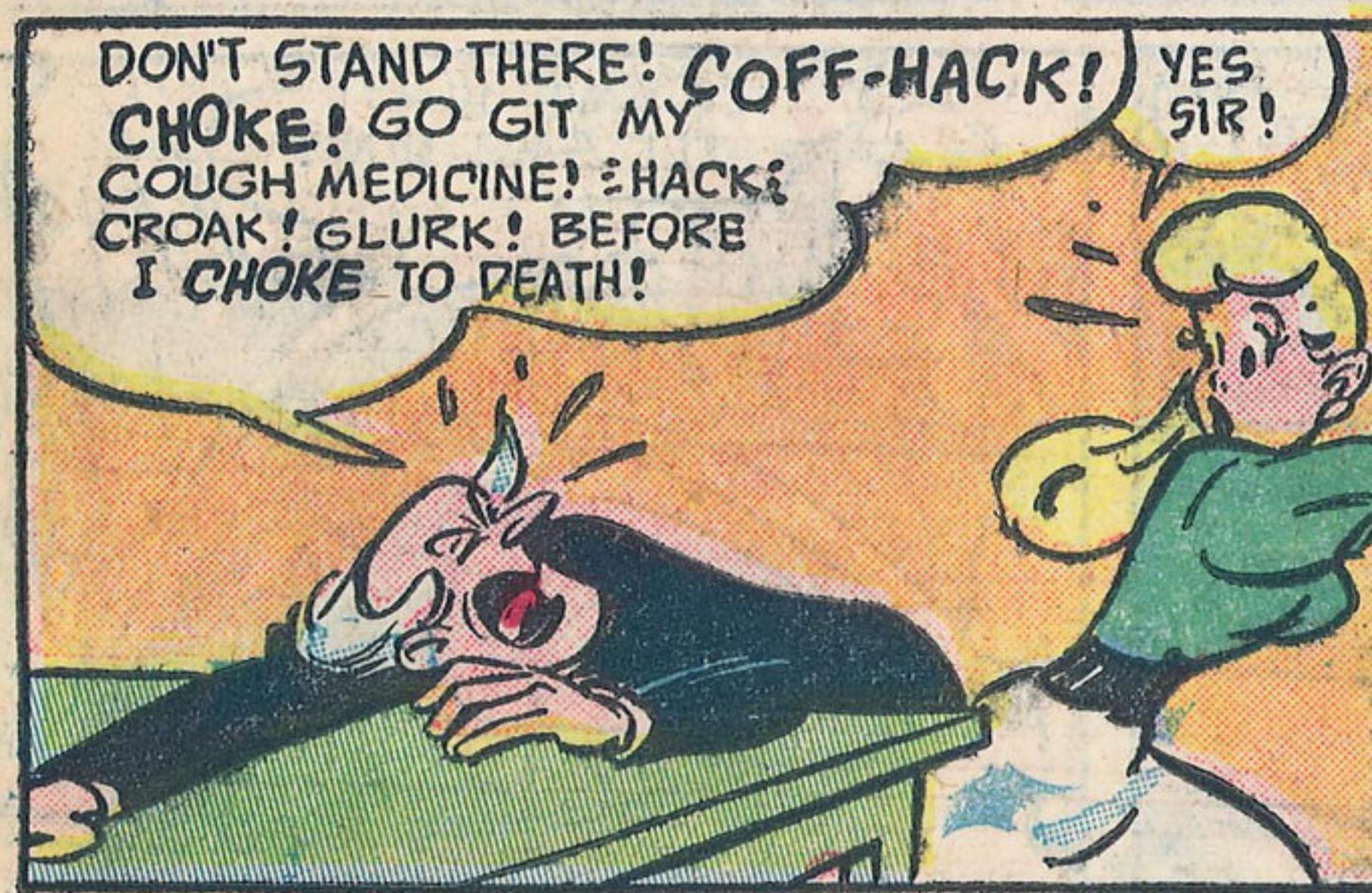
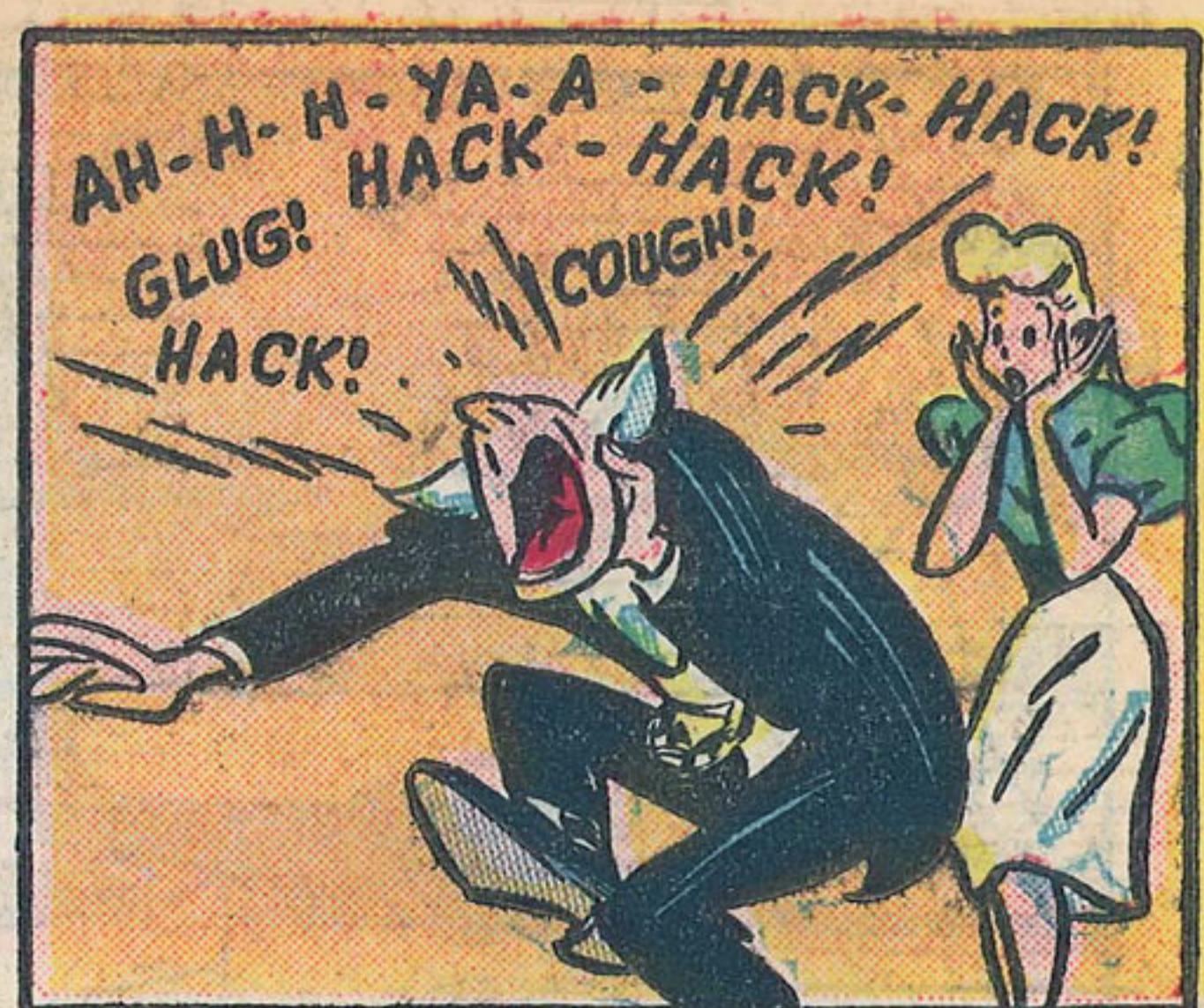
I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO! MAYBE THE PEOPLE IN THIS HOUSE WILL LET ME USE THEIR PHONE TO CALL AGNES! SHE'LL COME GET ME!

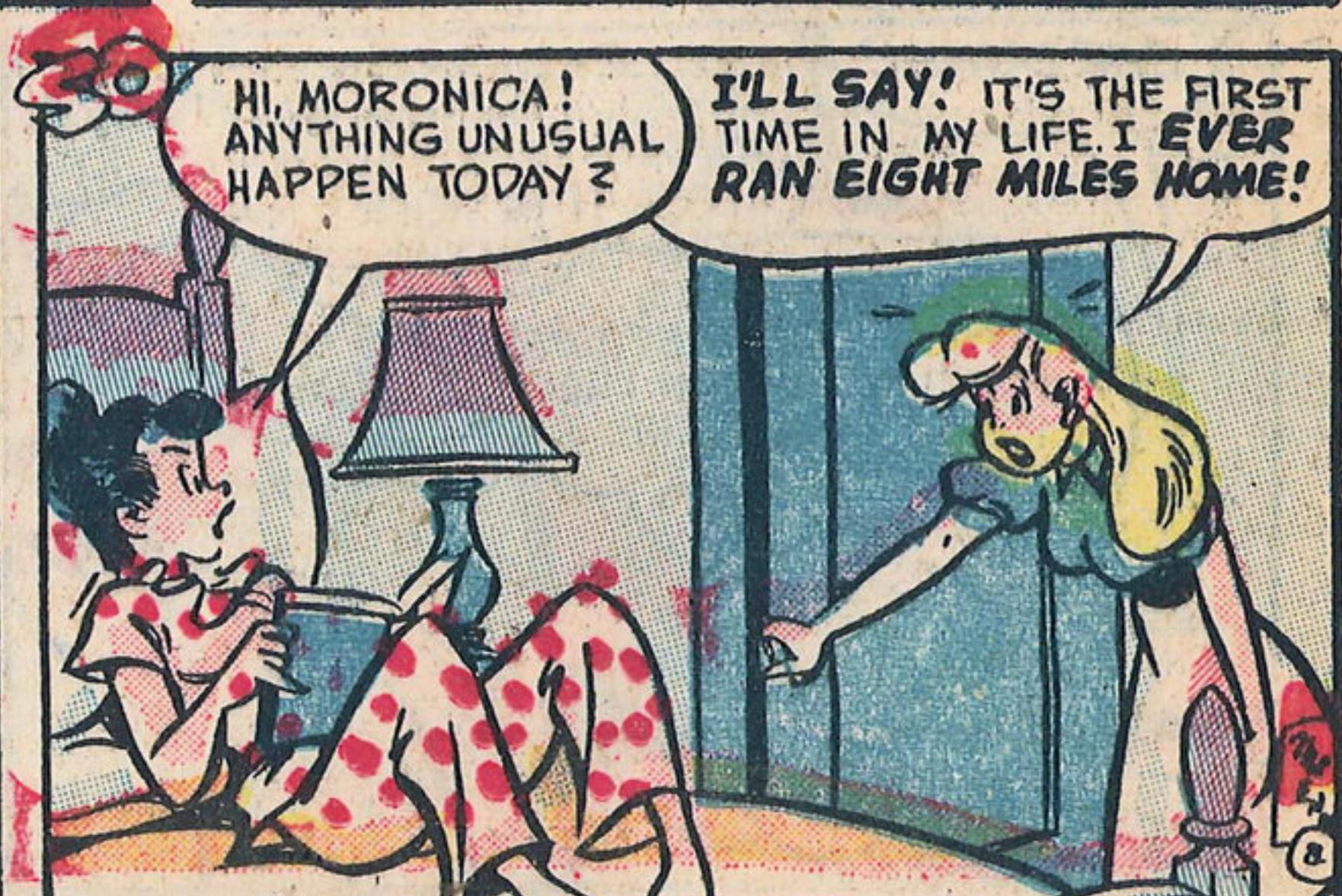
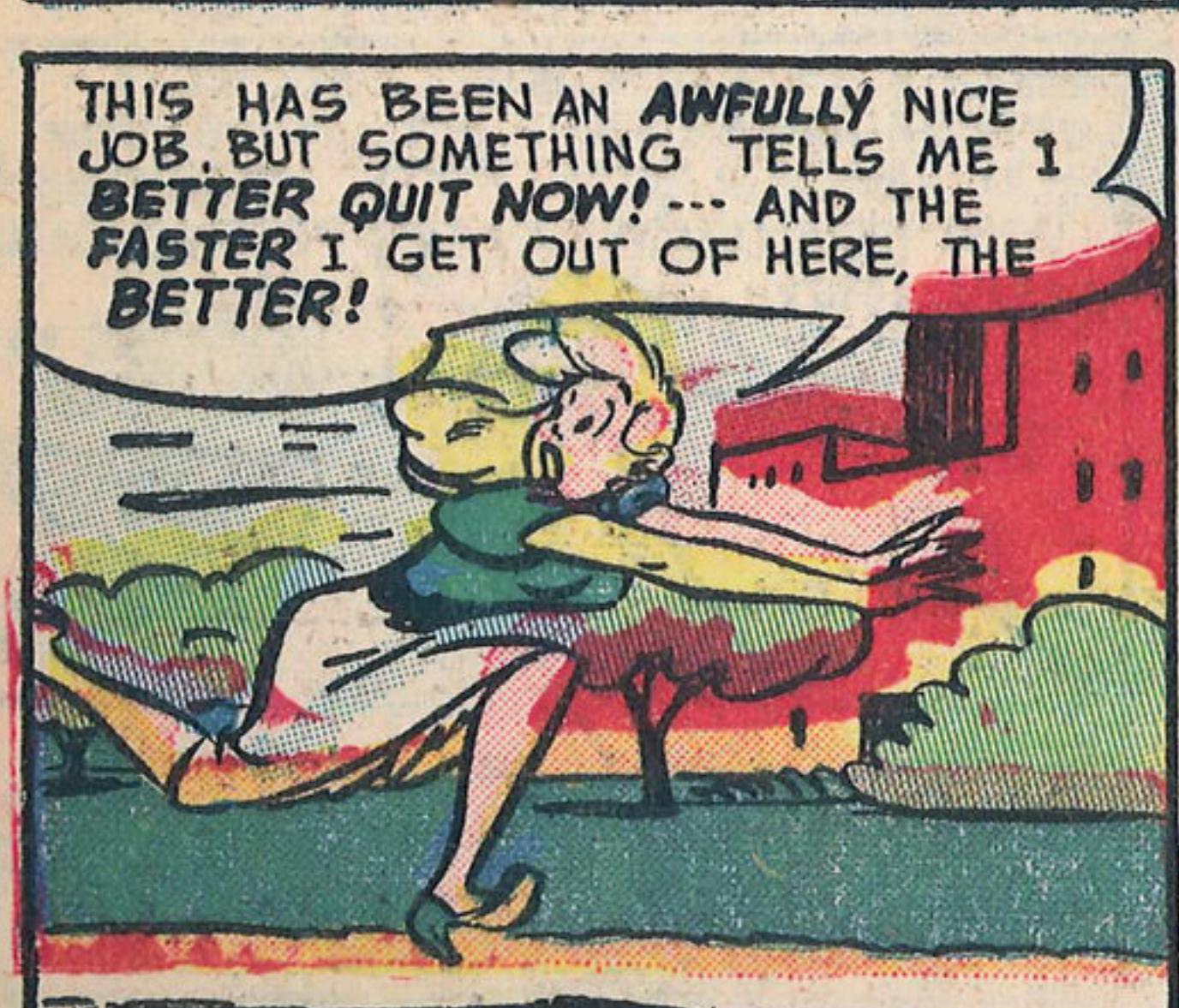
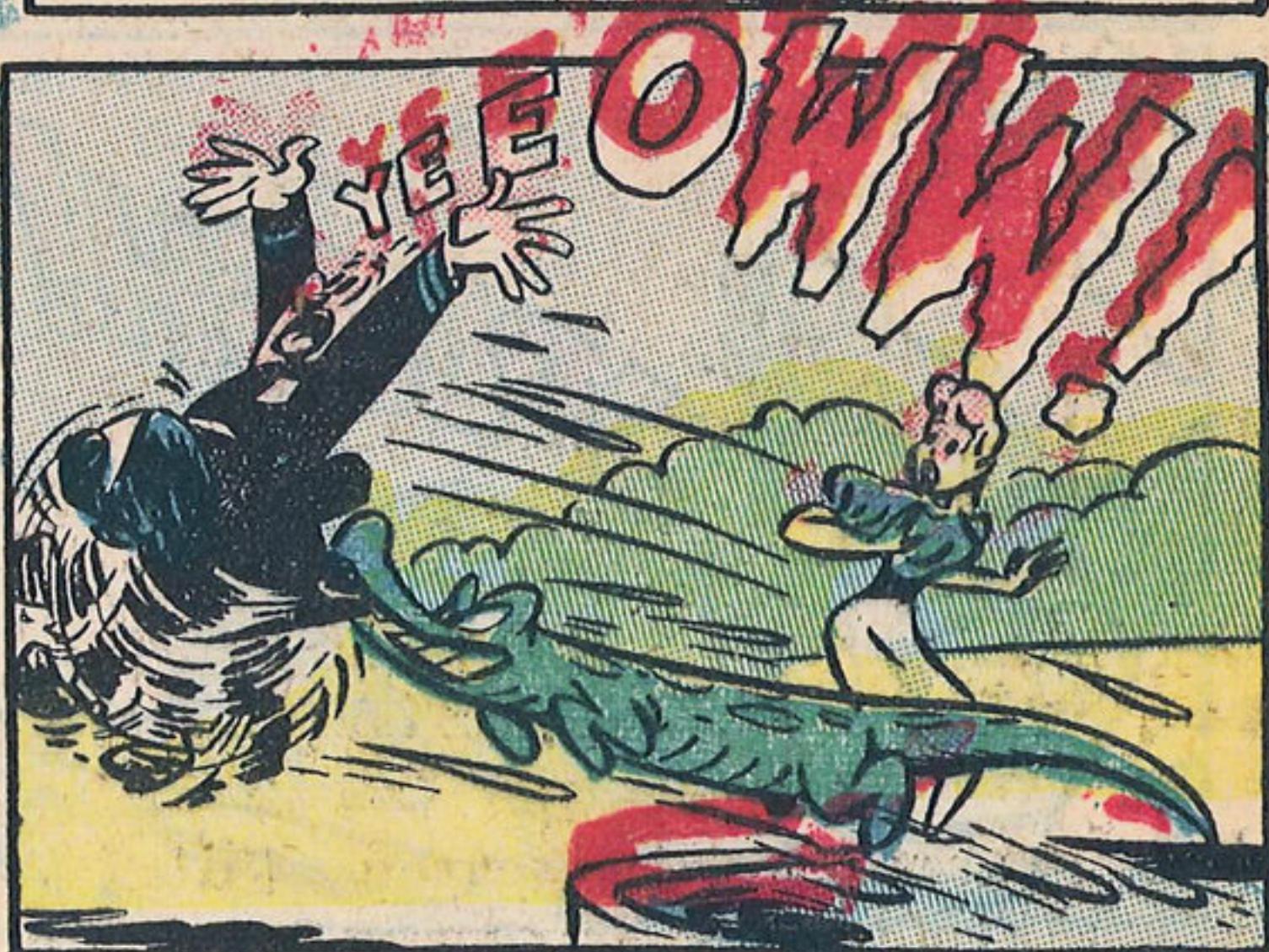
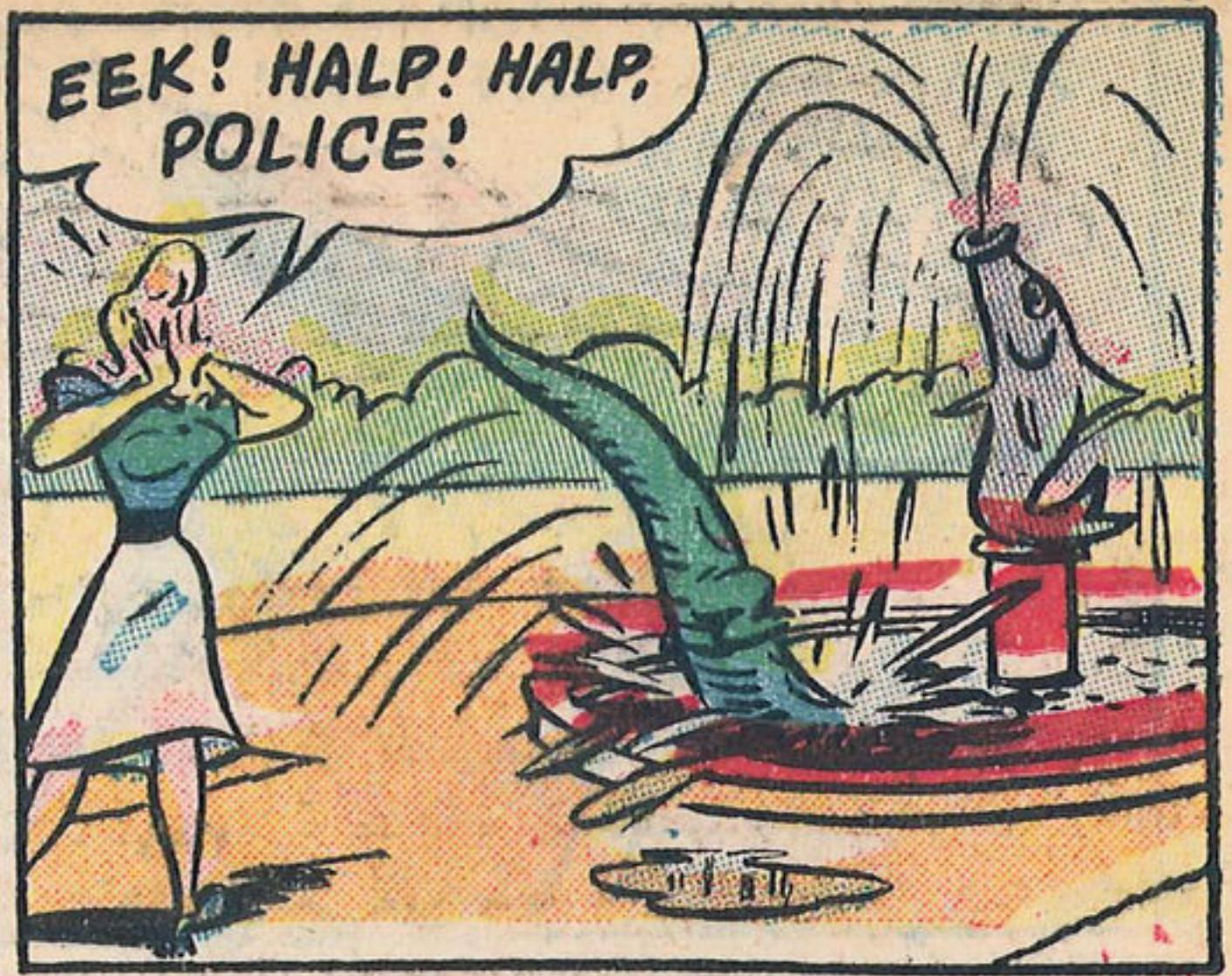
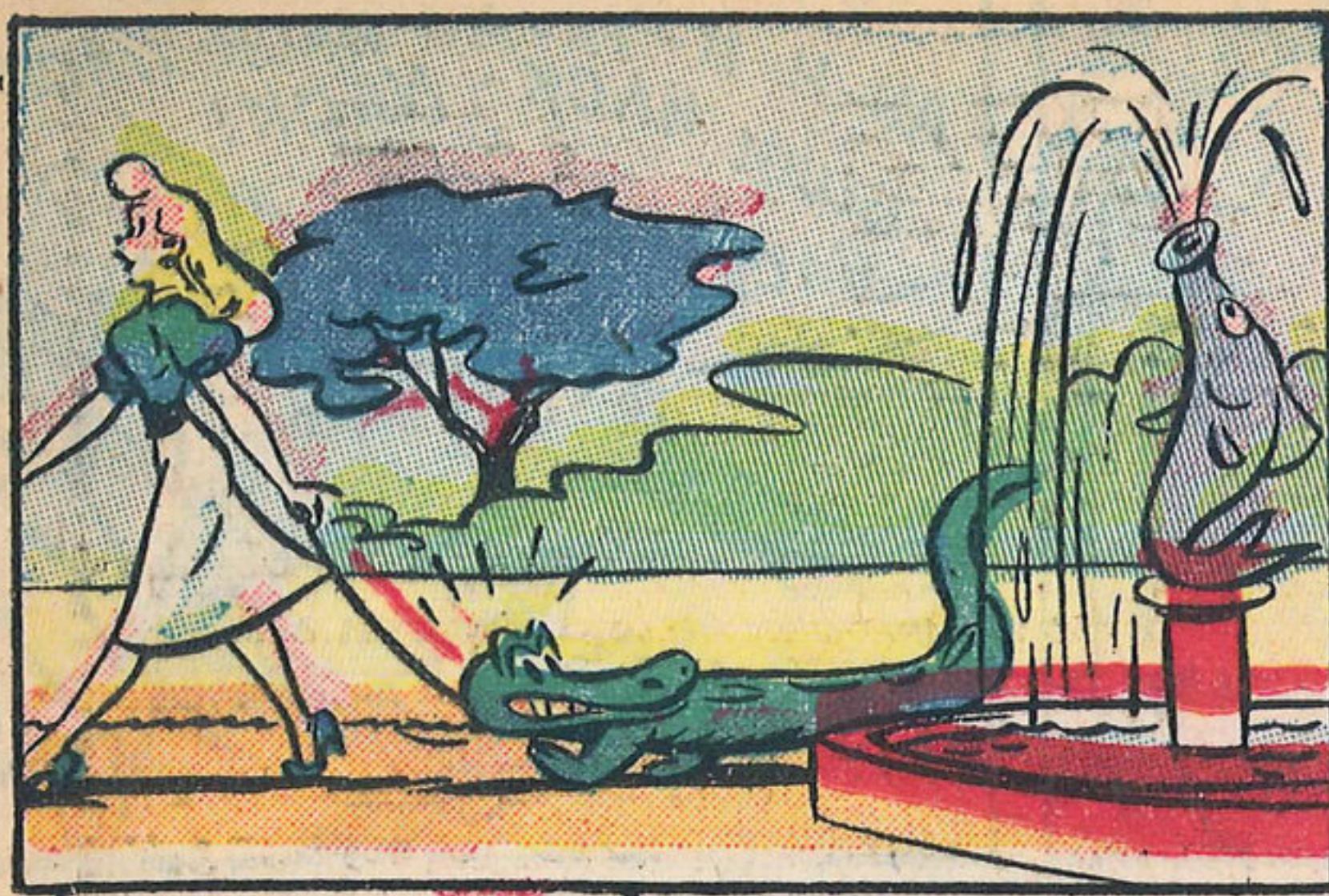












Just a HOME GIRL!

MELISSA'S EYES WERE large, blue and limpid. Her hair was golden, silky, and soft. And her lips were pink and thoughtfully pursed as she fixed her attention on Josh Harris. For Melissa to fix her attention on anything was considered quite unusual, but Josh was unusually important to Melissa.

"The big dope!" she said to herself. She said it lovingly, for Melissa adored Josh. She adored everything about him, from his looks to the big desk at which he worked. Sometimes, he left his office door open and then Melissa would fall into a blue-eyed reverie of love, fixing her gaze on him so intently, that he would get up and shut the door again.

"I guess executives are always worried," Melissa thought. This thought, too, was quite an accomplishment for her, since Melissa rarely thought in sentences or ideas. But where Josh was concerned, she would do anything.

He was worried, as a matter of fact. And Melissa knew why, having spent half the morning at the water cooler in conversation with Cis Marks of the bookkeeping department. "It's because Mr. Trumpett is coming tomorrow," Cis had said, as though that explained everything.

"Who's that?" Melissa had asked. "Only your boss!" Cis had glanced at Melissa, half in scorn at her dumbness, half in envy at the blissfulness of her ignorance. "Only our boss, I should say! Didn't you know this was just one office in a *national* chain of offices, Melissa?"

"Mmmmm," Melissa had answered vaguely. "So why worry?"

It had long been felt around the

office that Melissa was not of the brightest, but that question established her, beyond a doubt, as the dazziest dame in creation!

"Mr. Trumpett owns everything," Cis had explained patiently. "Once a year, he gets around to each branch of his company and looks it over! And if anything's wrong, he doesn't waste time! Boom! Fired!"

"Who's fired?"

Cis had thrown up her hands in sheer defeat. "The manager, you goof! The guy what runs the place! In this case, Josh Harris!"

Melissa had suddenly awakened to the idea that perhaps Mr. Trumpett's visit of inspection was important, after all! And if she could do anything to help Josh, she certainly would!

That evening, she'd gone home and thought and thought about it! The idea seemed to be to impress Mr. Trumpett with the way the office was run. That much she had clear. Furthermore, Mr. Trumpett seemed to be a pretty tough, shrewd man.

And then, in a blaze of inspiration, Melissa thought of something! How lucky it was that it was Thursday night! Most of the stores were open and she could buy everything she needed and charge the whole thing to the company. It would solve everything. Mr. Trumpett would be impressed, Josh would be saved...promoted, perhaps...and he might even...even...

Melissa's heart melted as she thought of the possibility that Josh might return her love. In the department store, it was hard to fix her attention on the curtains and curtain rods. How much nicer to think of being in Josh's arms...of being kissed...

The next day, the day of Mr. Trum-

pett's dreaded visit, Melissa had come to the office laden with bulky parcels and closely followed by a worshipful young man equally laden with parcels. She stored everything in an unused cloakroom and went to see Josh.

"D-Day!" she said brightly. "Good morning!"

"Grrr!" It wasn't a real growl, but mighty close to it.

"I know why you're worried," Melissa started to say words of soothing tenderness, but Josh would have none of it.

"I'm not worried!" The frown between his eyes deepened into a scowl. "I'm bright and chipper. Go away!"

"But I can help you, really I can!" Melissa yearned to put her arms around Josh and smooth his hair. "You see, I have a plan! I know it will impress Mr. Trumpett and..."

At the sound of the august name, Josh leaped from his chair, took Melissa firmly by the elbows and ushered her out of his office. "You are a very pretty girl," he remarked coldly, "but your supply of gray matter is low. Go away and leave the thinking for people who know how!"

Her elbows still tingling from Josh's touch, Melissa made for the unused cloakroom. "He's too upset to listen right now," she thought, "so I'll just go ahead with my plan anyhow. I'll just be careful not to get in his way!"

The task of avoiding Josh was made easier for Melissa by his locking himself into his office with a set of ledgers and remaining there almost all morning. It was not until the receptionist buzzed him a special signal indicating Mr. Trumpett's arrival, that Josh emerged.

And what he saw gave him a near heart-attack. Every window in the office was curtained in fluffy, frilly gingham of a loud pink-and-white check.

On each window sill, stood a row of sassy geranium pots, their flowers repeated in the design of the curtain tiebacks. A desk had been cleared off and instead of the customary typewriter and papers, it supported a tray of teacups and saucers and saucers of frosted cookies. And, at the door, under the feet of Mr. Trumpett himself, lay a hooked rug with the word "Welcome" worked into it!

Josh saw red as he went white. Mr. Trumpett's face turned an interesting purple. In fact, the whole office was a study in color as Josh bellowed, "Who did this? Speak up! Who?"

Melissa stepped forward, smiling angelically. "I did!"

"Melissa...I...you..." Josh was choking, positively choking.

"Splendid! Splendid girl!" Mr. Trumpett, who had not been known to smile in ten years, was chuckling hoarsely. "See what you mean here! Your office is your home away from home! Dress it up! Make it comfortable...pretty! Makes you want to spend more time here! Shows a real interest! Must make a note to adopt this policy in other branches! Good thinking here, Harris, real organization! I said...Harris!"

Harris was not listening to Mr. Trumpett at all. He was holding a golden-haired girl in his arms and kissing her, in a businesslike fashion...or was it unbusinesslike?

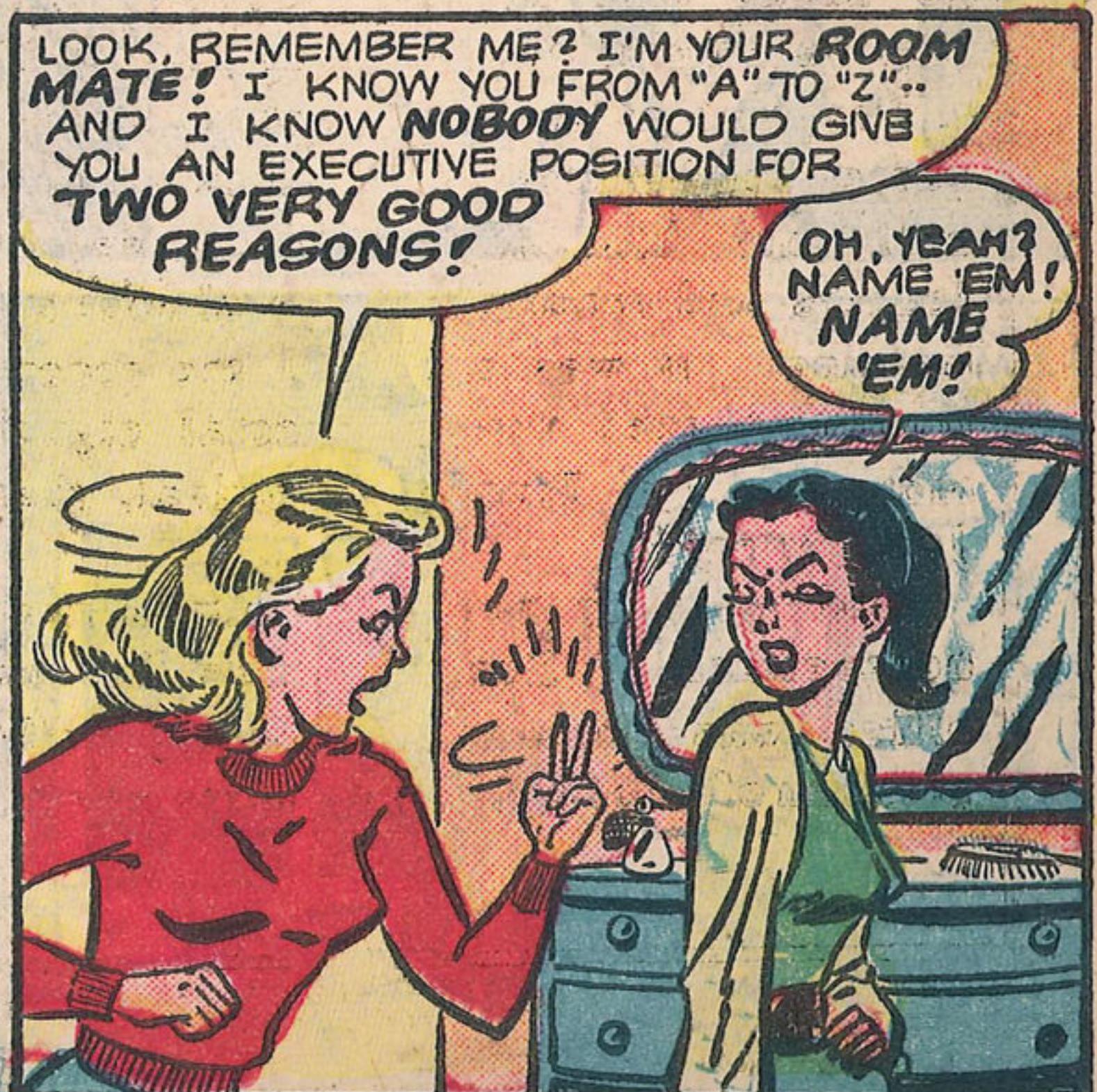
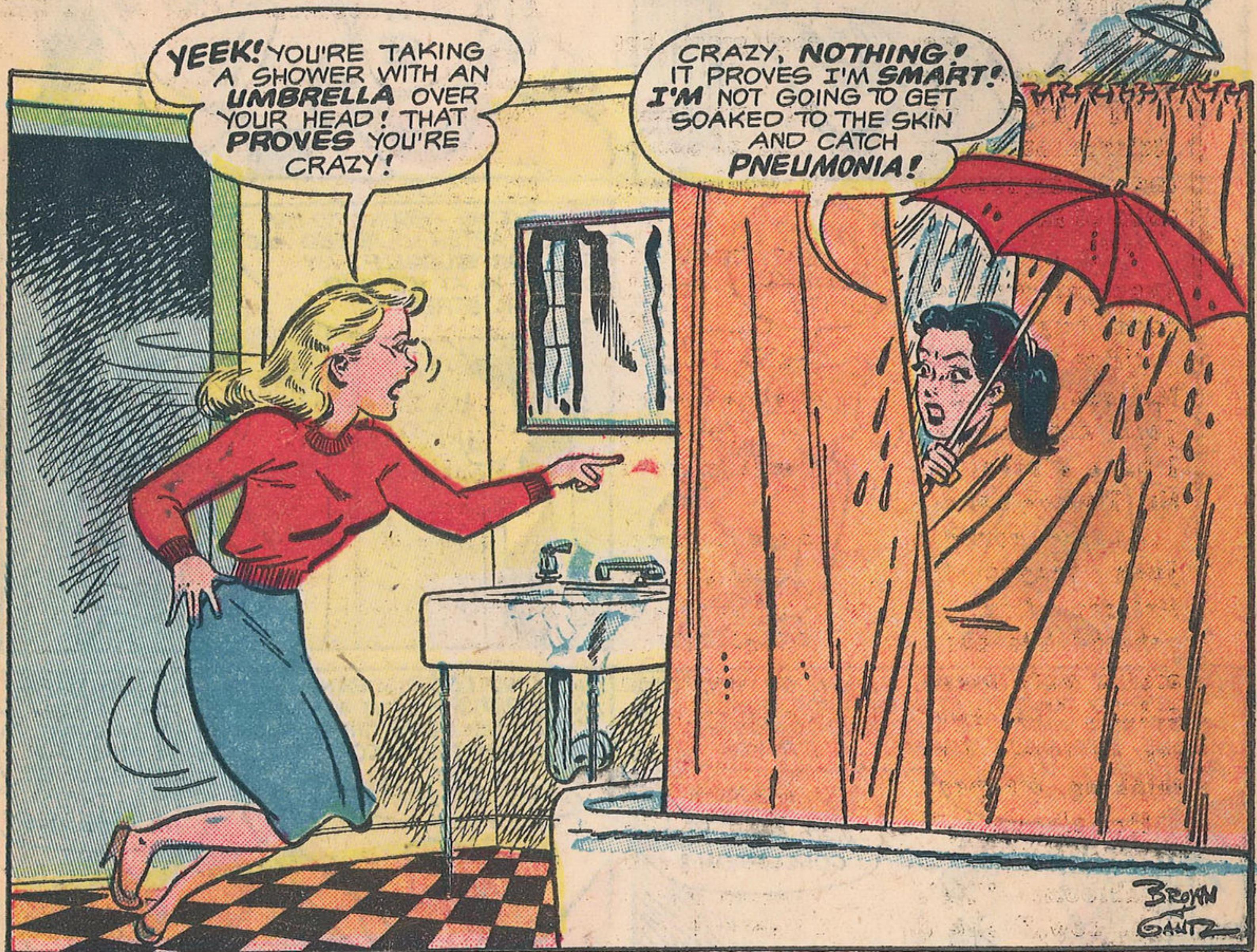
"You're just no good in an office," he was murmuring tenderly.

The golden-haired girl made a purring sound.

"And I can't fire you," the manager was saying, as he planted a number of kisses over her face. "So I guess the only thing to do is marry you! Because you certainly are a home girl!"

Unashamedly, Melissa kissed him back. "I certainly are," she agreed. "Am!"

SCREW BALL SAL

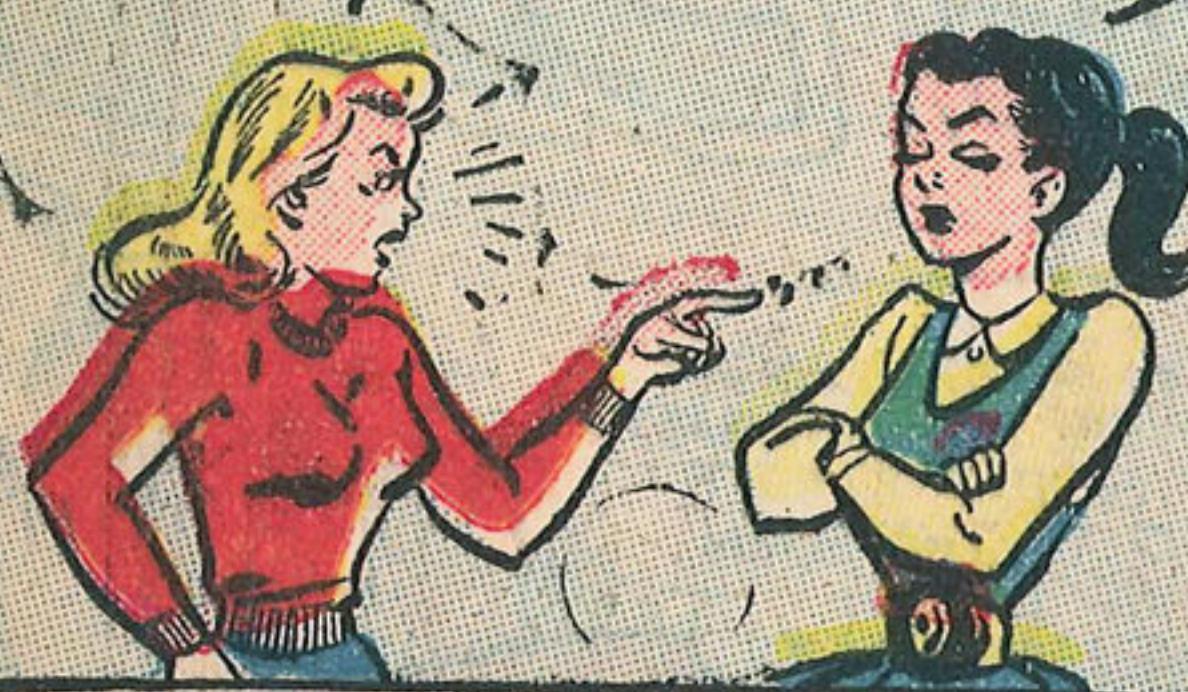


OKAY! FIRST, YOU'RE GOING TO COLLEGE, AND COLLEGE GIRLS DON'T GET EXECUTIVE POSITIONS WHILE THEY'RE IN SCHOOL!

DON'T BE SILLY!

I'M NOT! BECAUSE THE SECOND REASON WILL PROVE IT! NAMELY, YOU'RE NOT SMART ENOUGH!

STILL DON'T BELIEVE ME, EH? OKAY, LISTEN TO THIS!

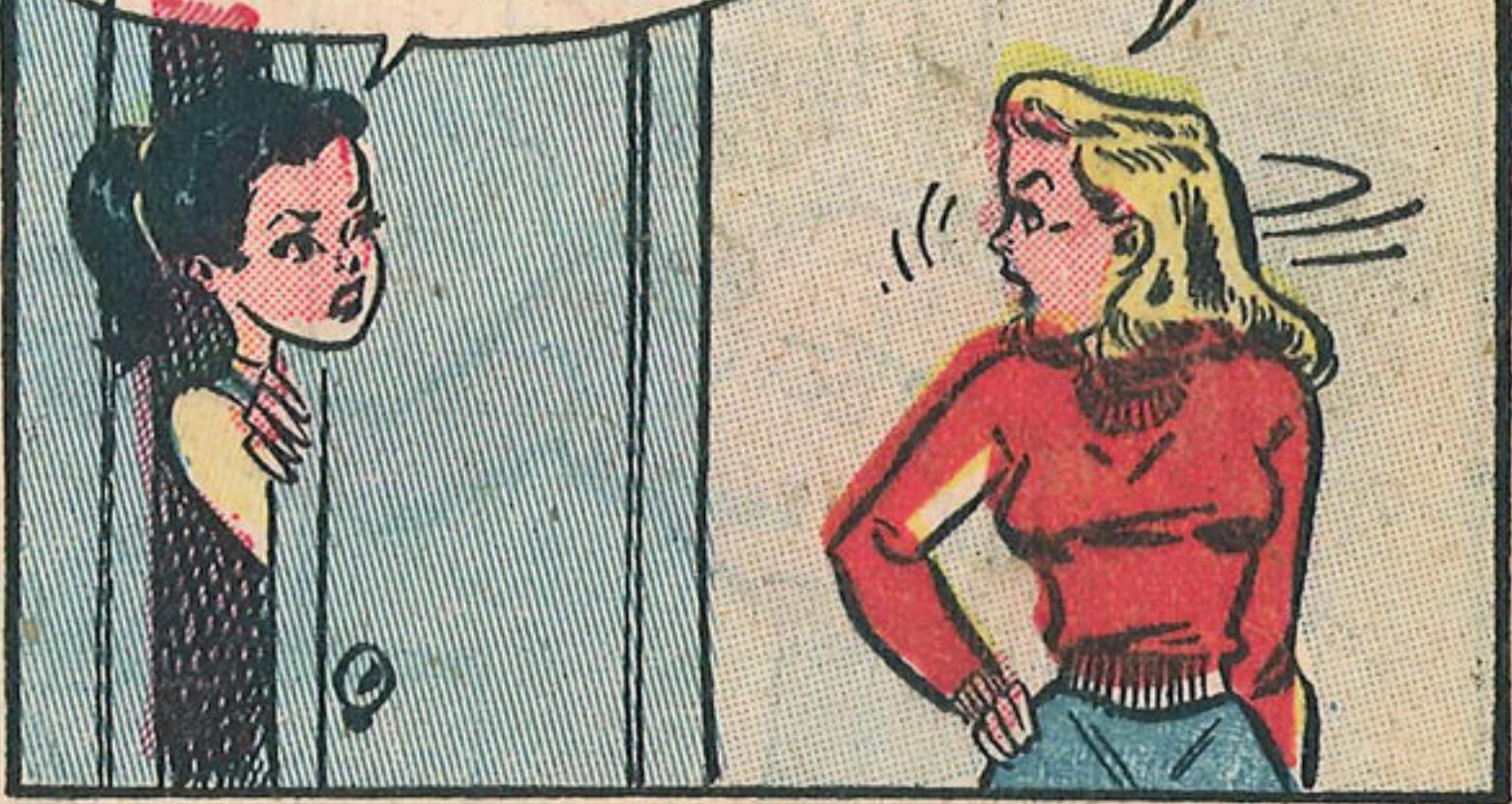


I'M GONNA BE IN CHARGE OF 50 MEN!

WHAT? I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

OKAY! COME AROUND TO MY OFFICE AFTER CLASSES AND SEE FOR YOURSELF! MY OFFICE IS AT 5TH AND OAK STREET!

I'LL BE THERE! THAT I GOTTA SEE!



SO... I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT, AGNES! WHY, SHE'S SO DUMB THAT WHEN PROF. JONES ASKED HER WHAT THE WORD LOCOMOTIVE MEANT, SHE SAID IT MEANT A CRAZY REASON FOR DOING SOMETHING!

YOU KIDDIN'? HOW DID SHE ARRIVE AT THAT CONCLUSION?

SHE SAID LOCO MEANT CRAZY... OH, BROTHER! AND MOTIVE MEANT A REASON FOR DOING SOMETHING! CONSEQUENTLY, LOCO-MOTIVE MEANT A CRAZY REASON!

AND SOMEBODY GAVE HER A JOB IN CHARGE OF 50 MEN?... THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

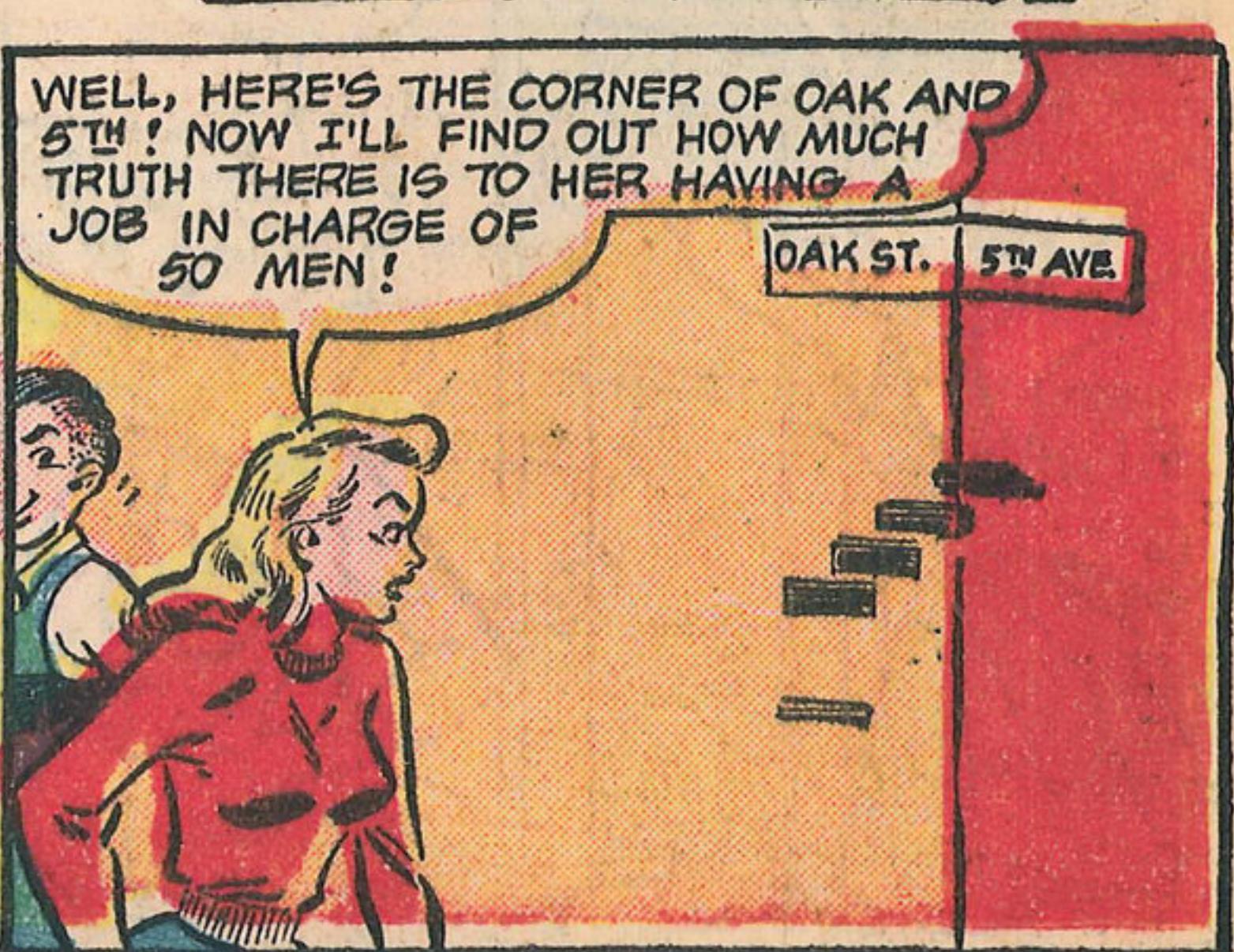
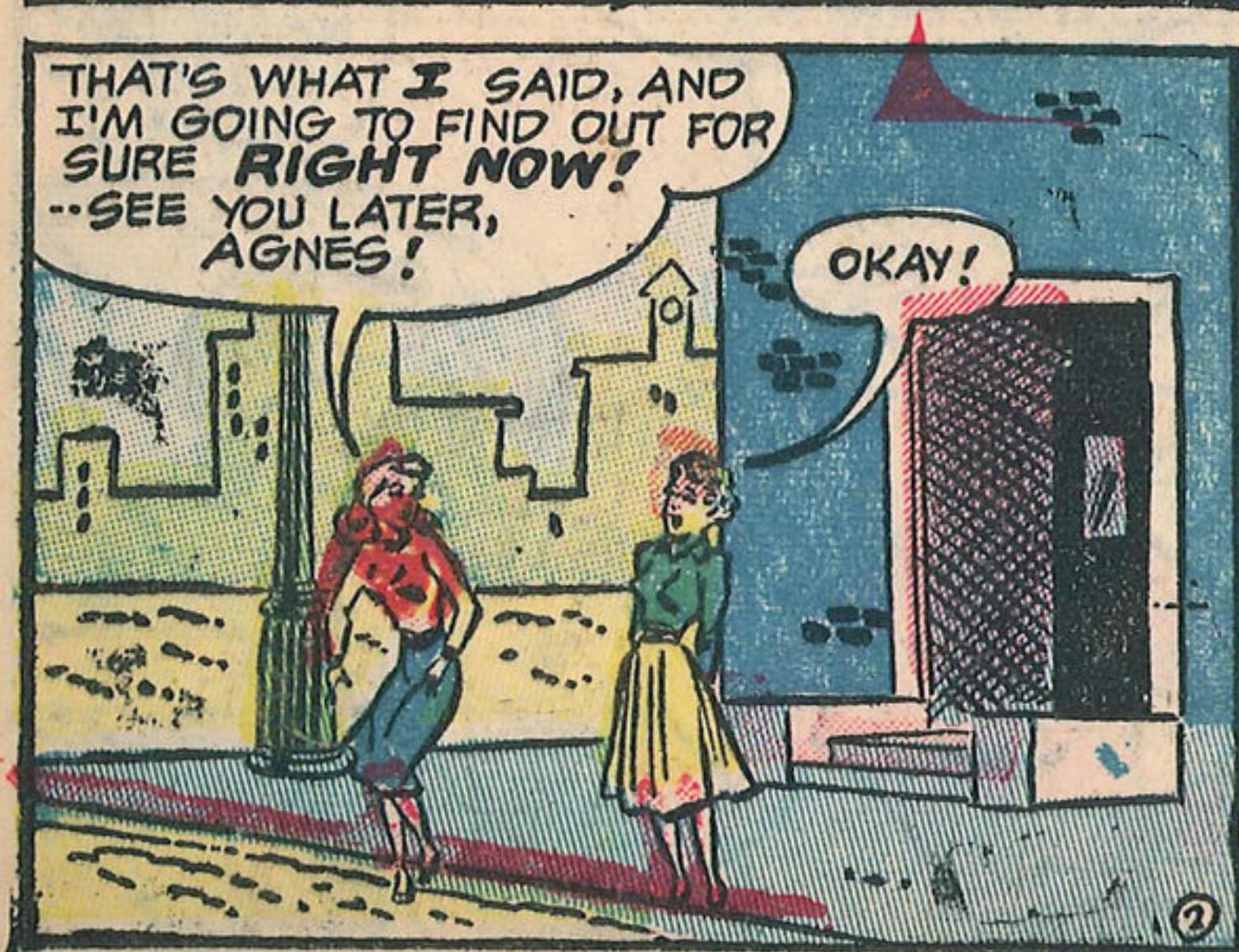


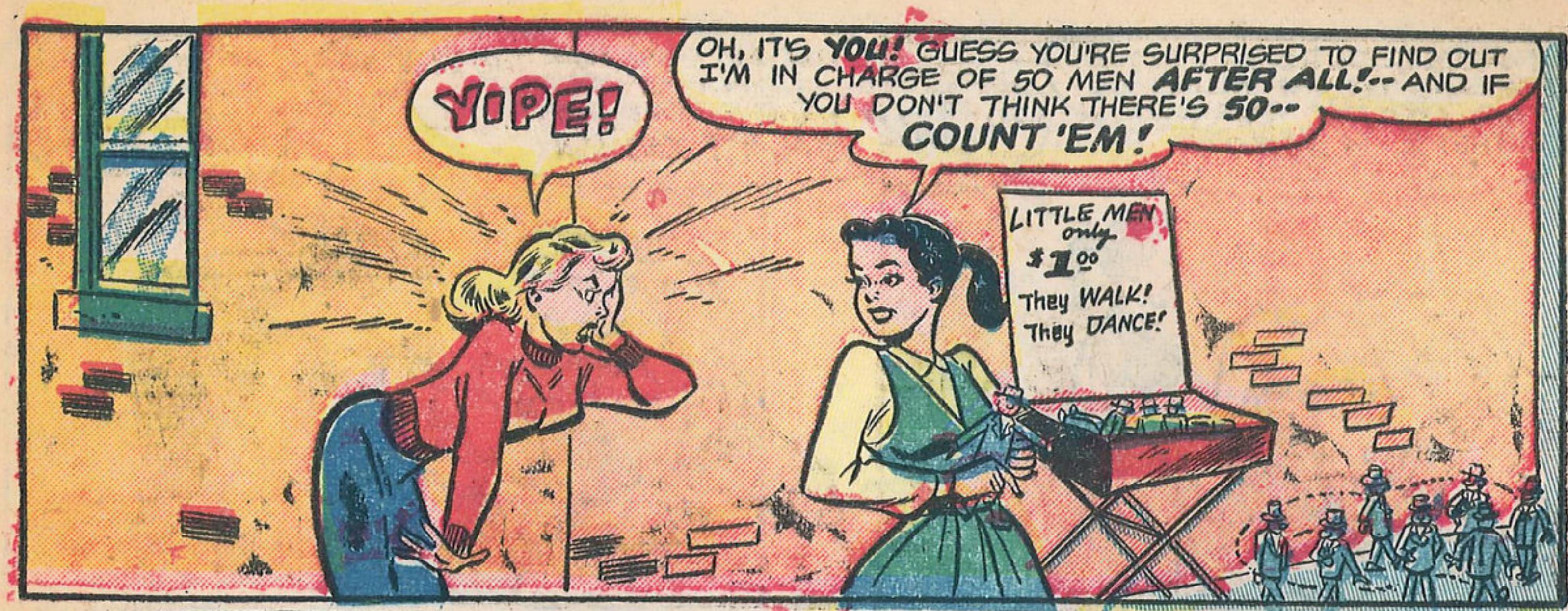
THAT'S WHAT I SAID, AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT FOR SURE RIGHT NOW! SEE YOU LATER, AGNES!

OKAY!

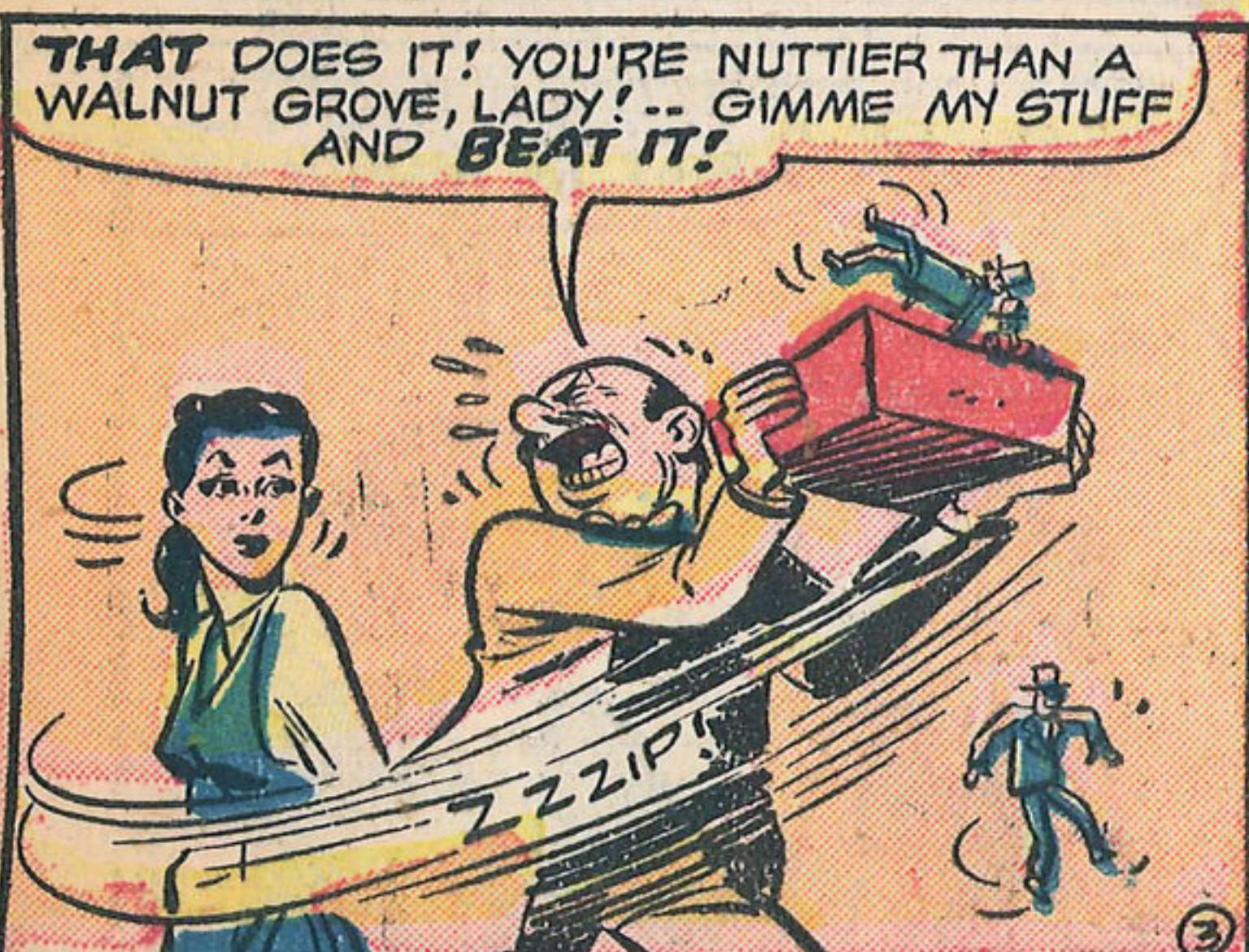
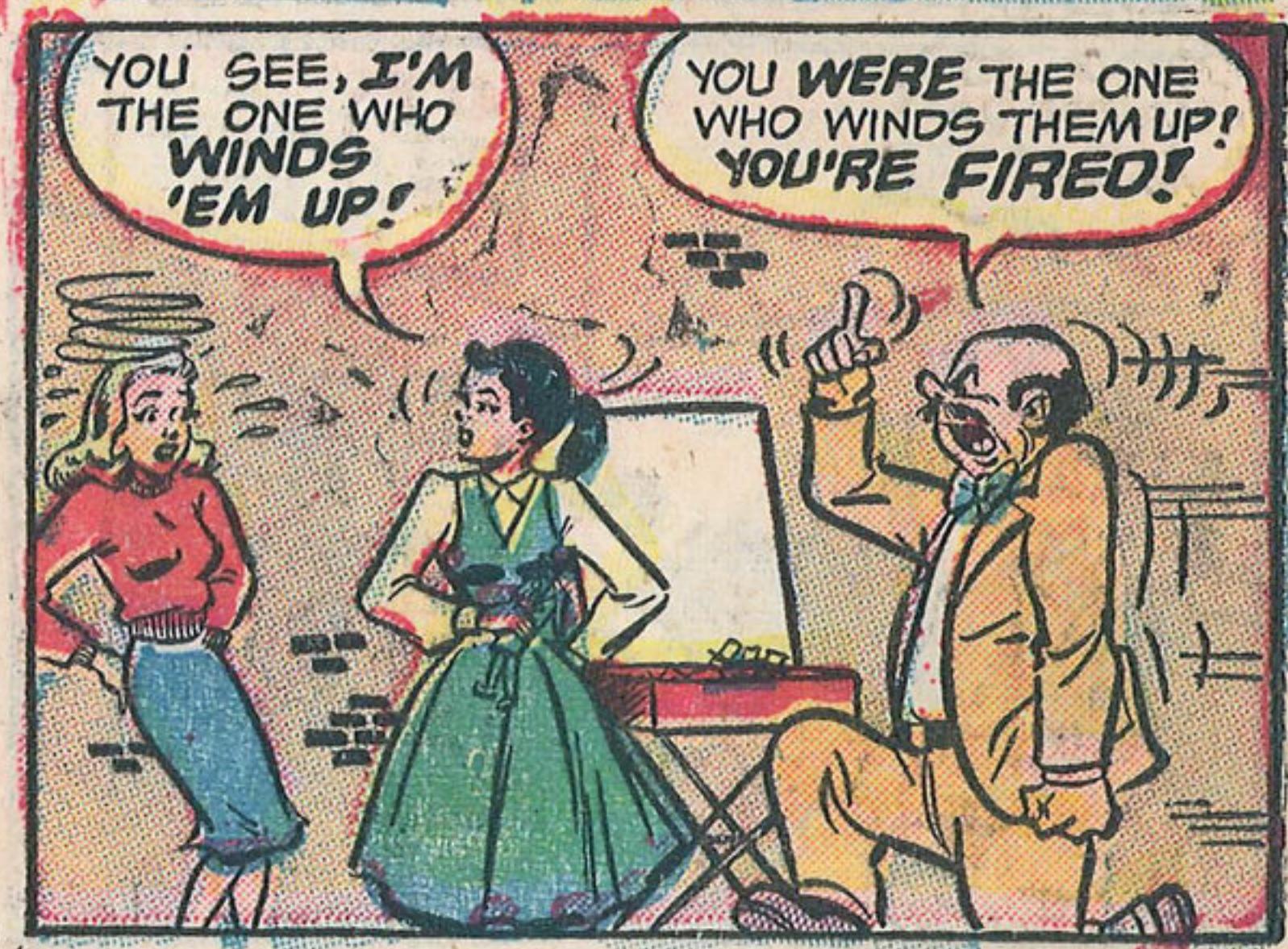
WELL, HERE'S THE CORNER OF OAK AND 5TH! NOW I'LL FIND OUT HOW MUCH TRUTH THERE IS TO HER HAVING A JOB IN CHARGE OF 50 MEN!

OAK ST. 5TH AVE.





AND GET THIS! NOT ONE OF 'EM MAKES A MOVE WITHOUT MY SAY-SO!

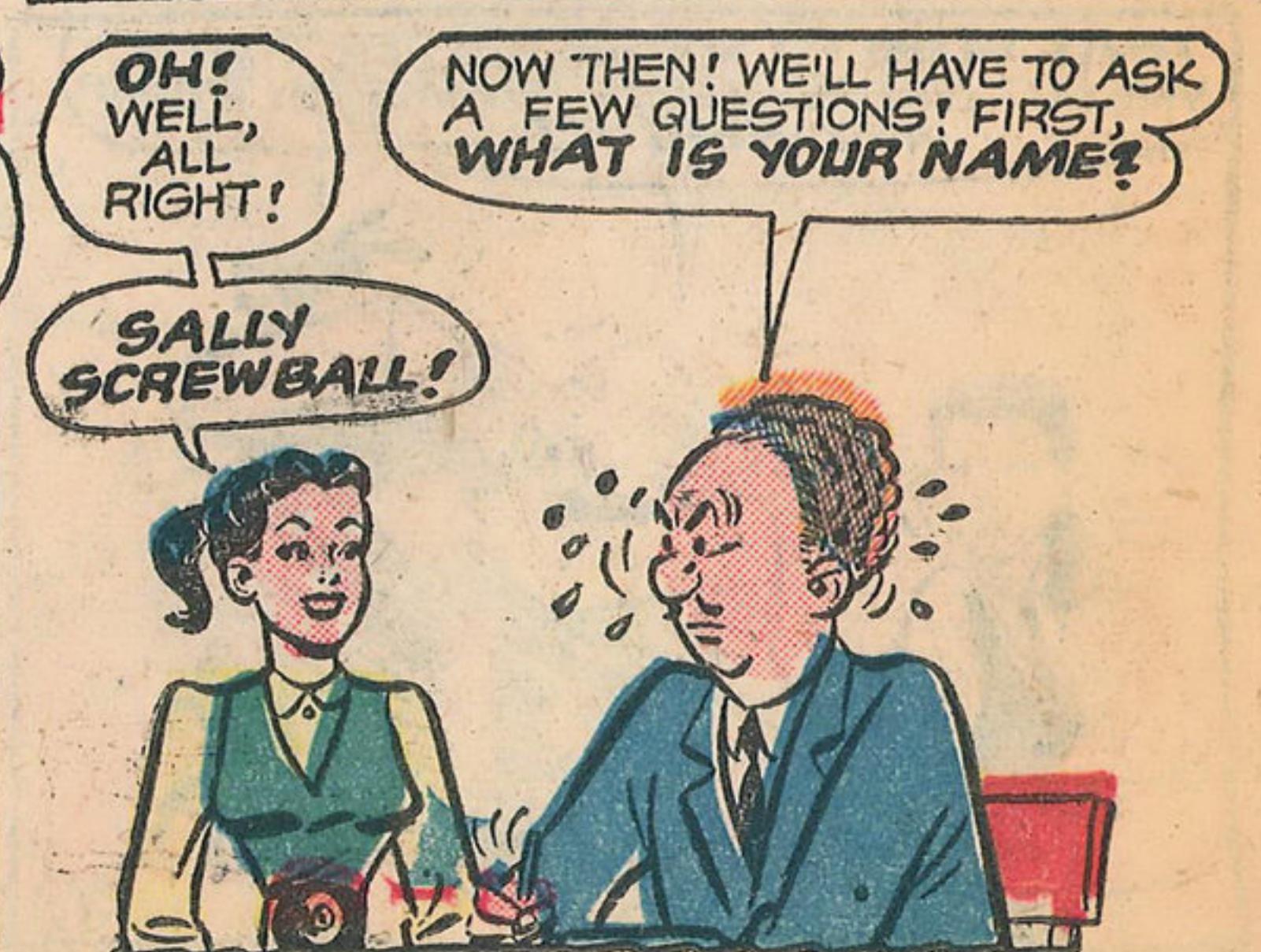
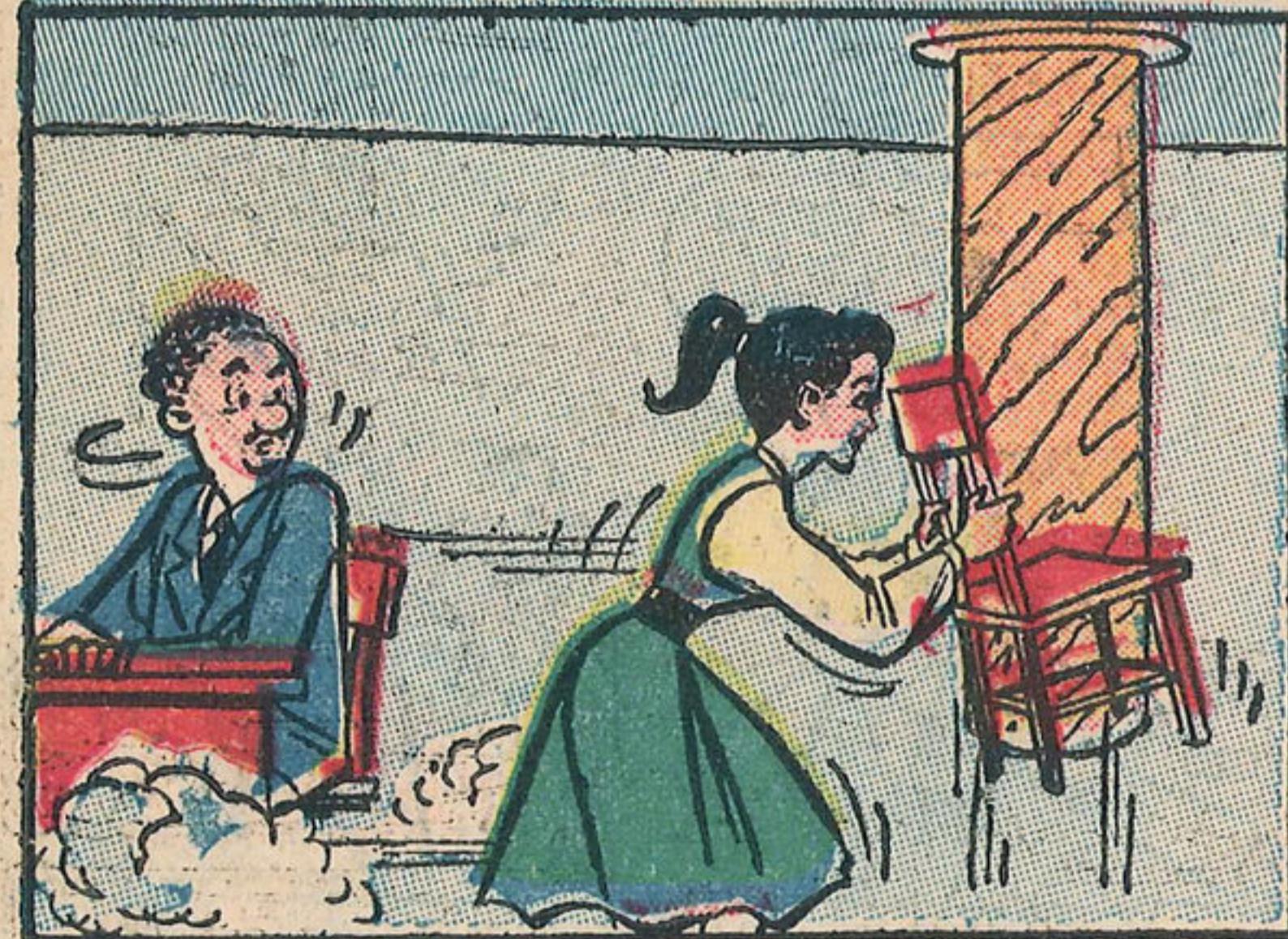
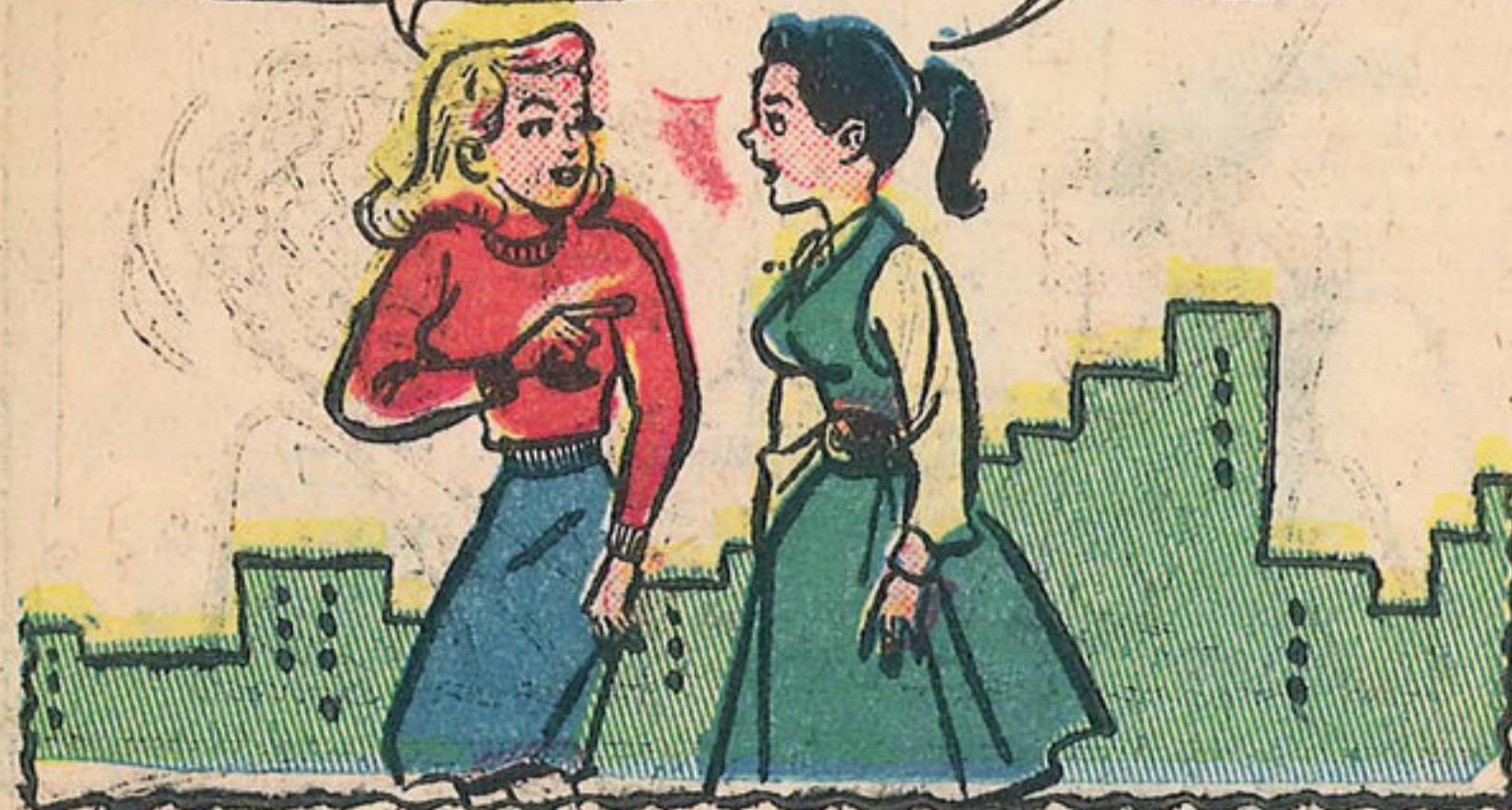


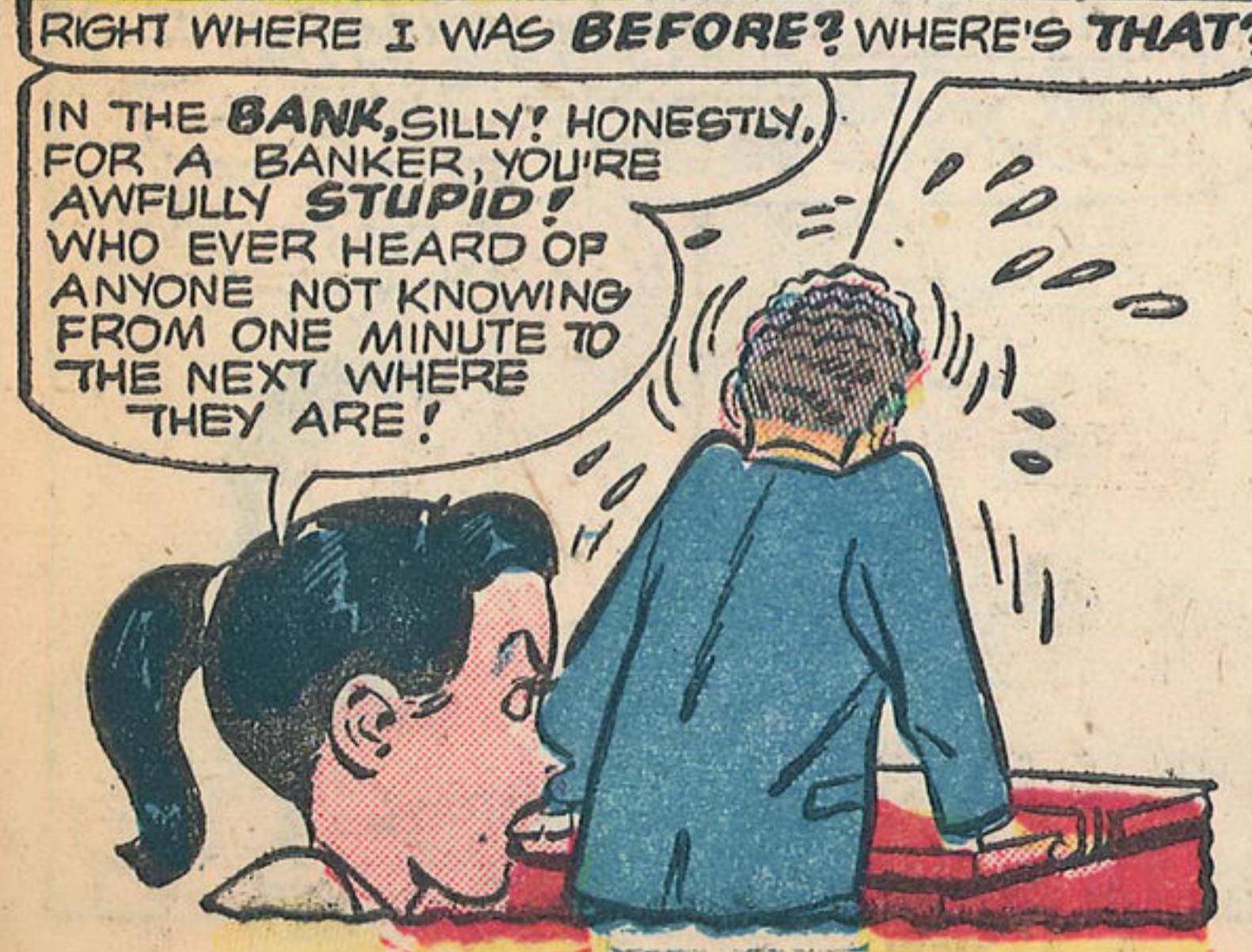
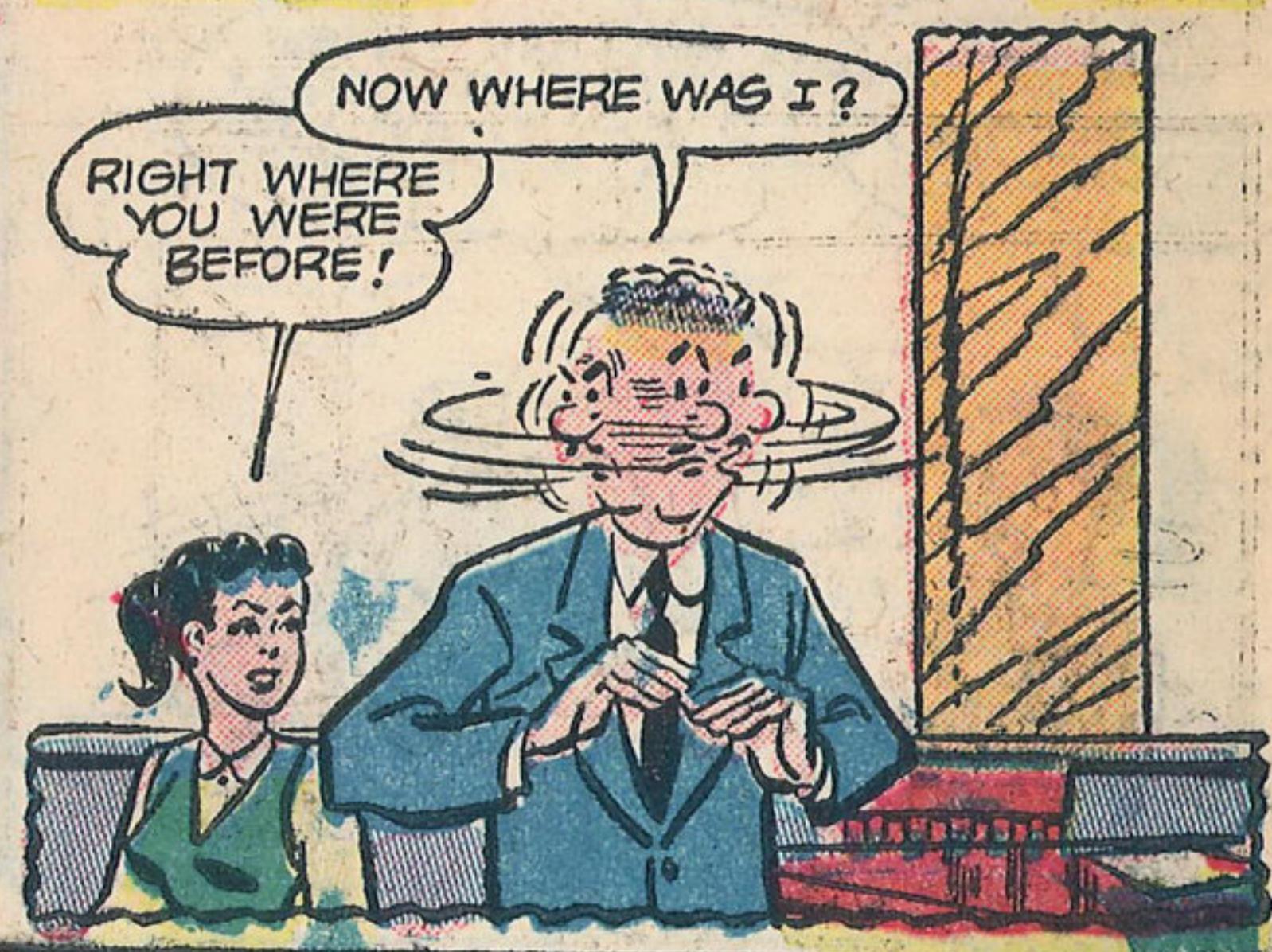
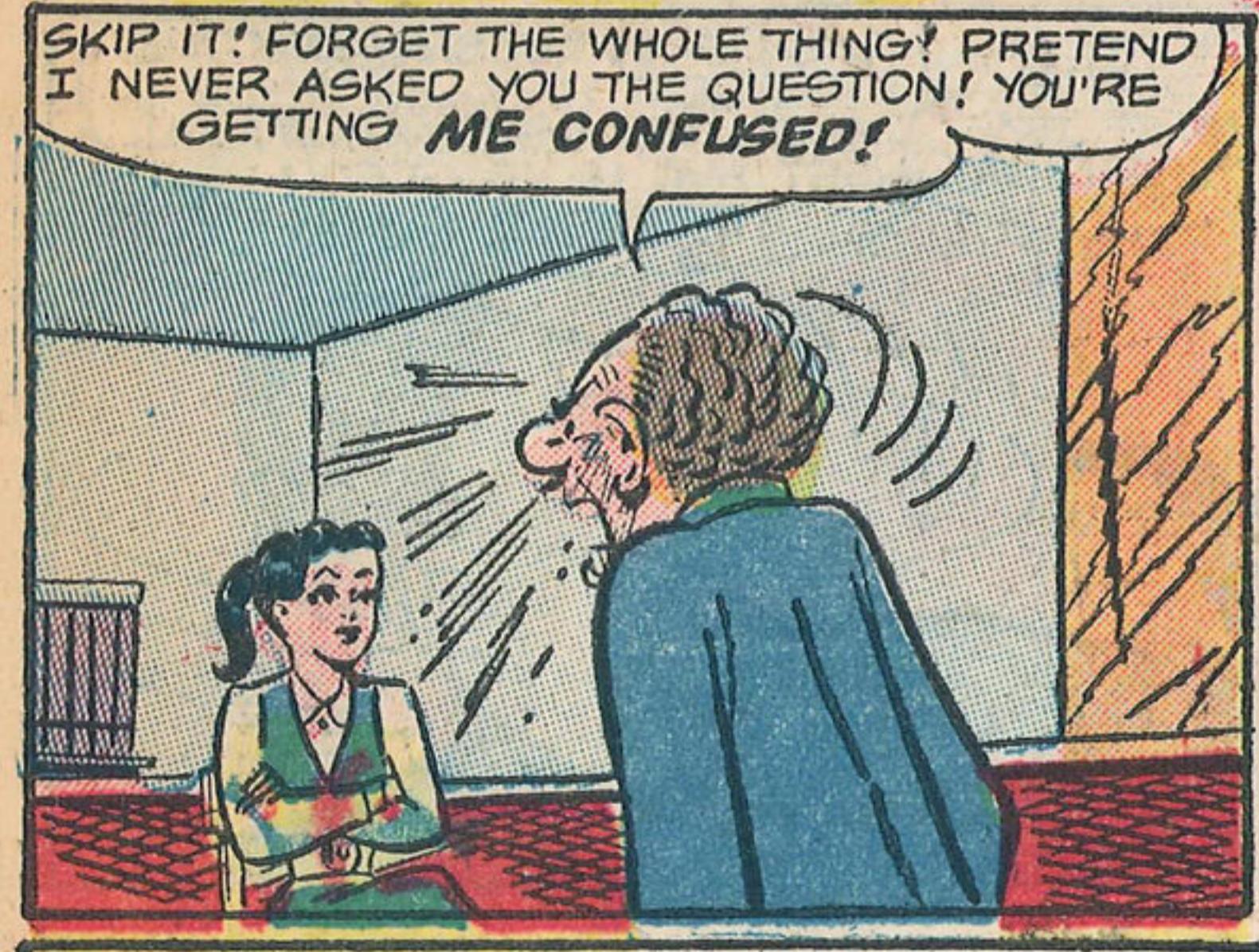
NO, IT DOESN'T, SAL! I'M YOUR FRIEND AND I'M TELLING YOU THE **TRUTH!** YOUR FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE, NOT YOUR BRAIN!

YA REALLY **THINK** SO?

I'M **POSITIVE!** THAT FACE OF YOURS IS WORTH A **Fortune!** EVERYBODY IN COLLEGE SAYS SO!

WOW! IN THAT CASE, I'VE GOTTA GET GOIN'! I'LL SEE YA LATER, MAZIE!

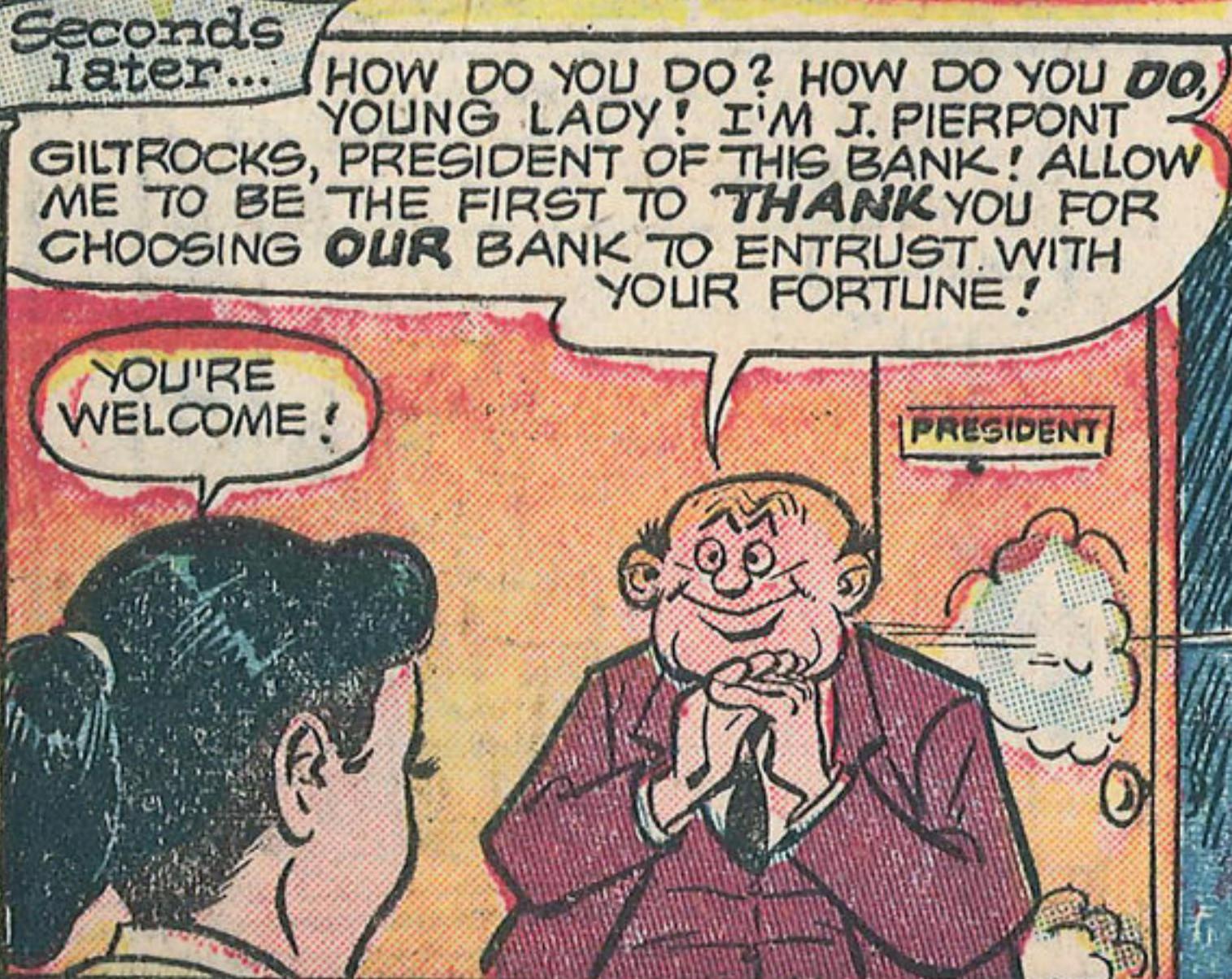
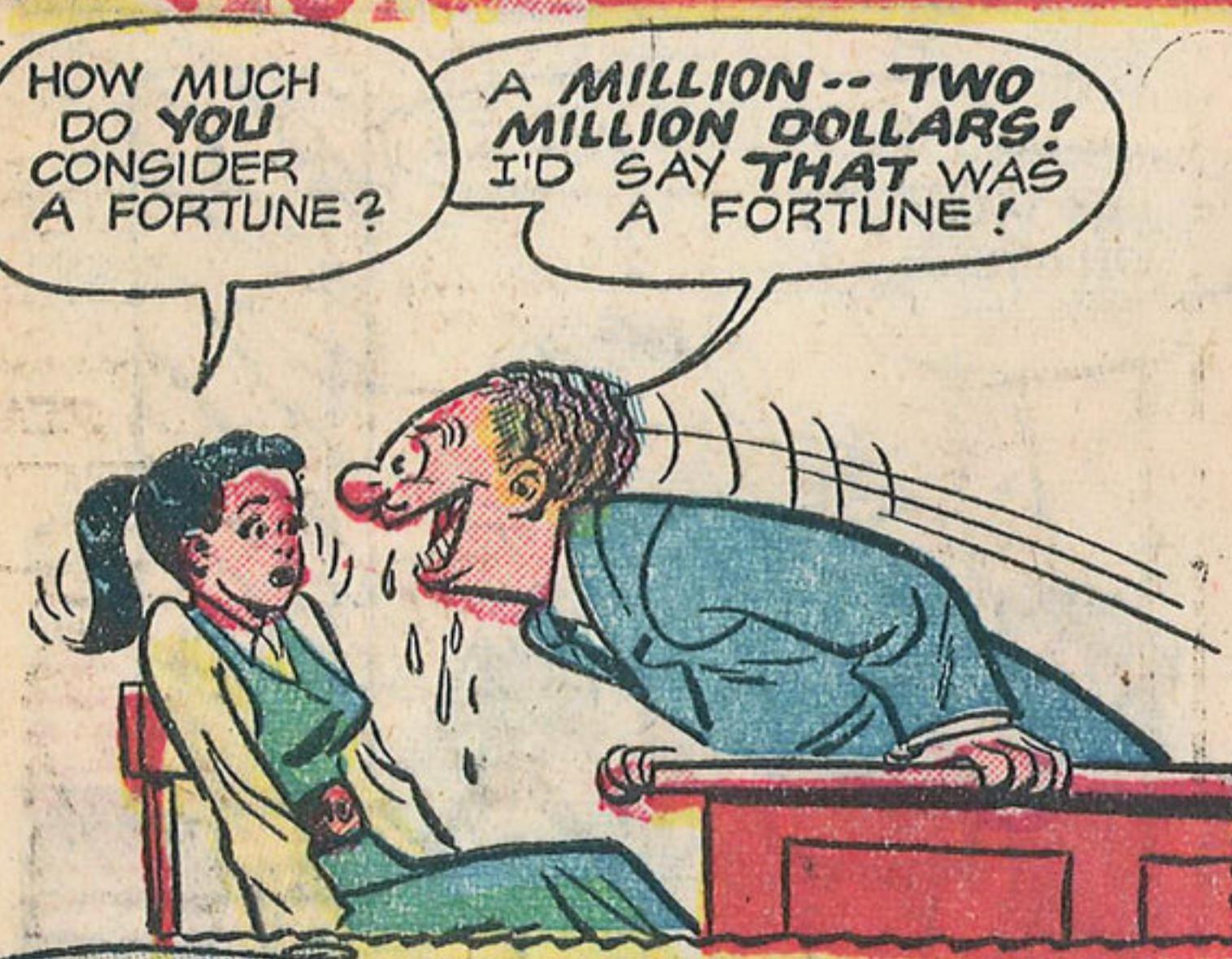
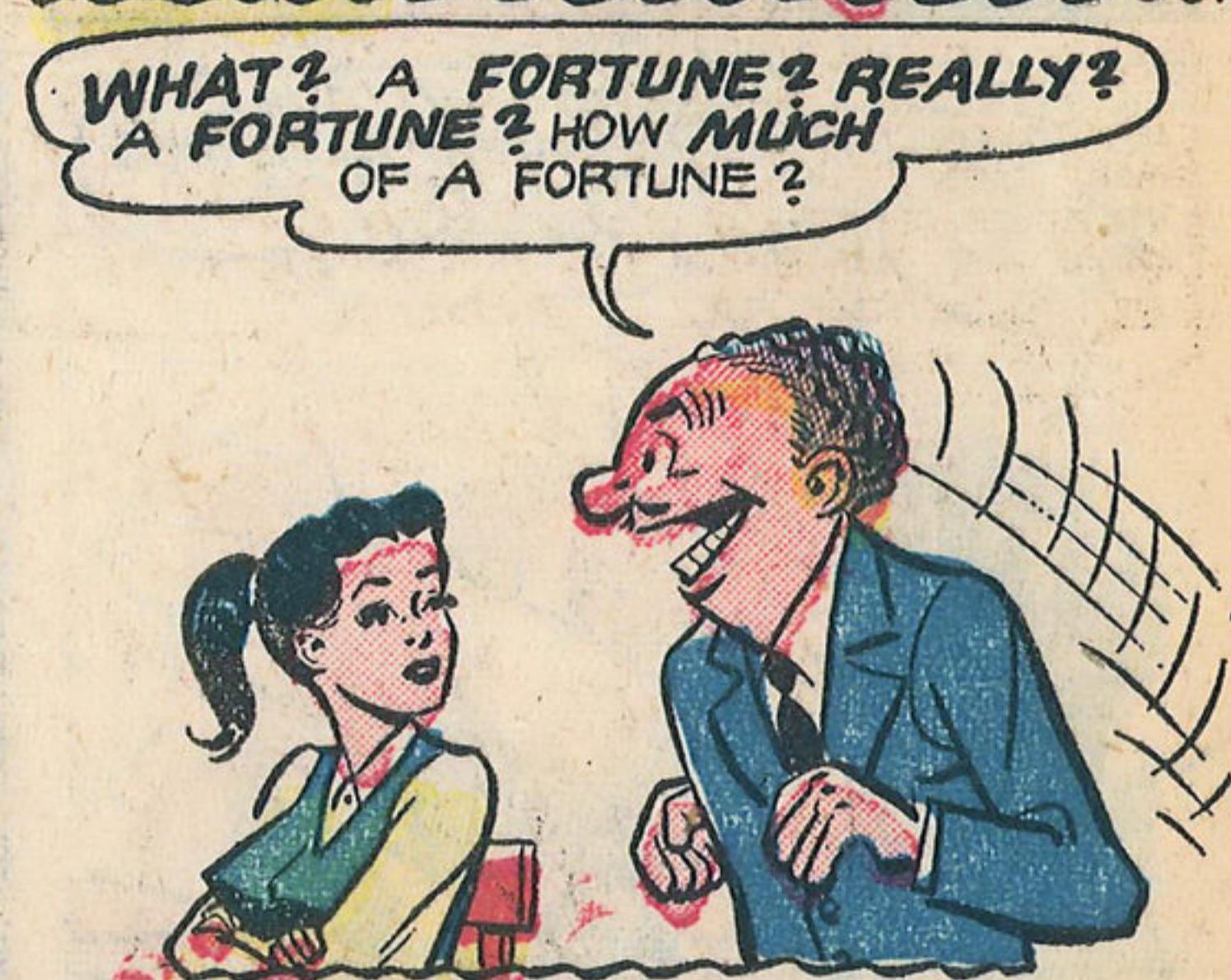
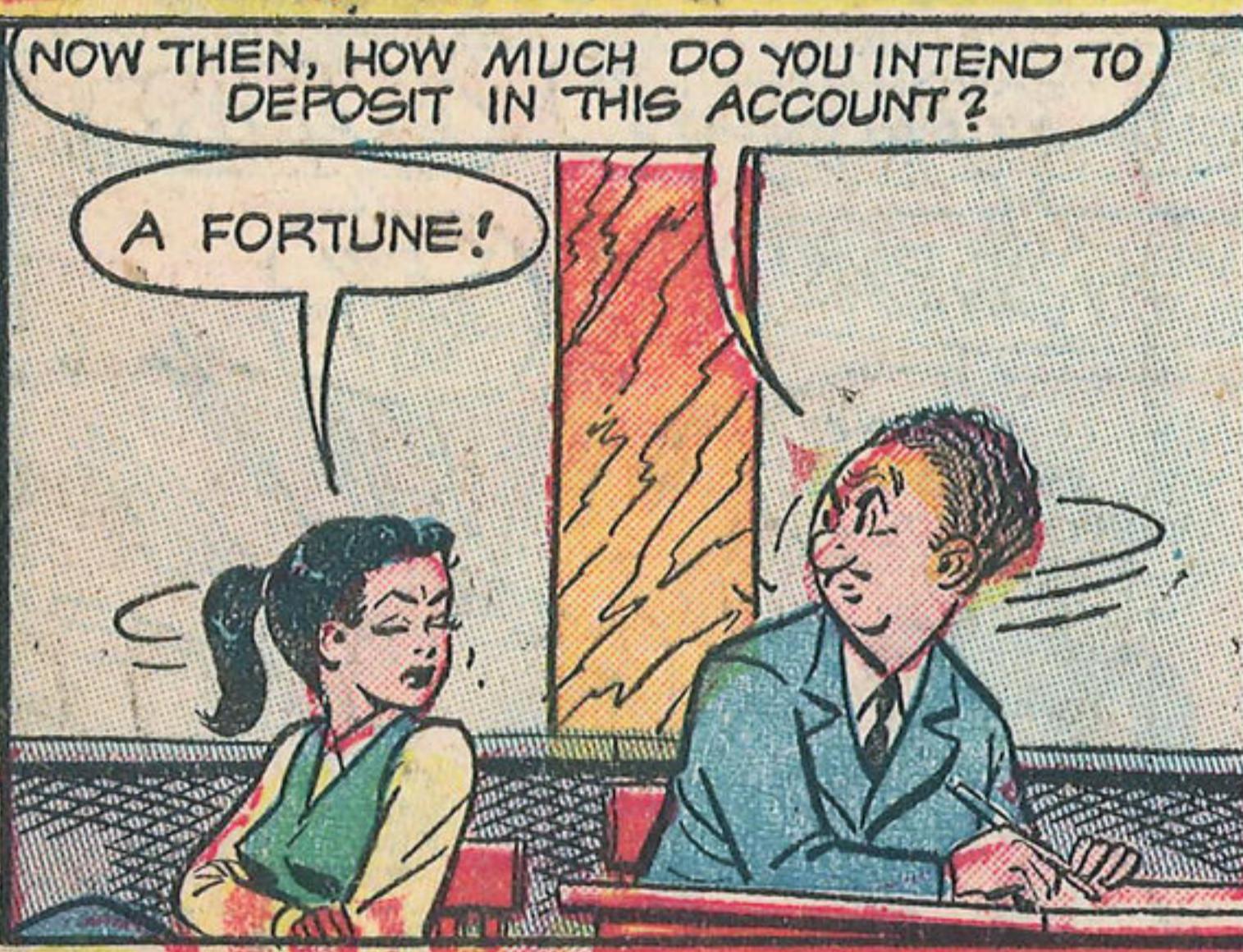
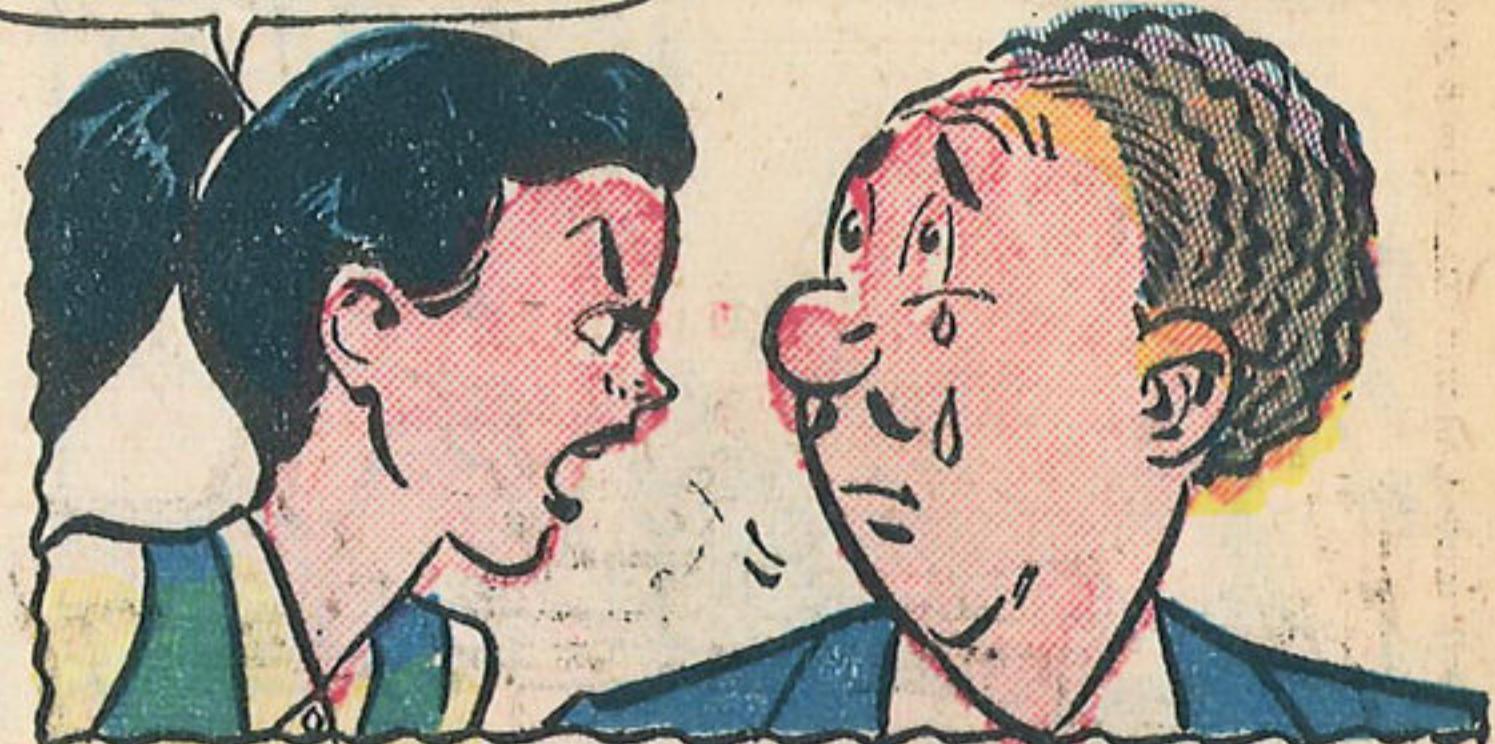
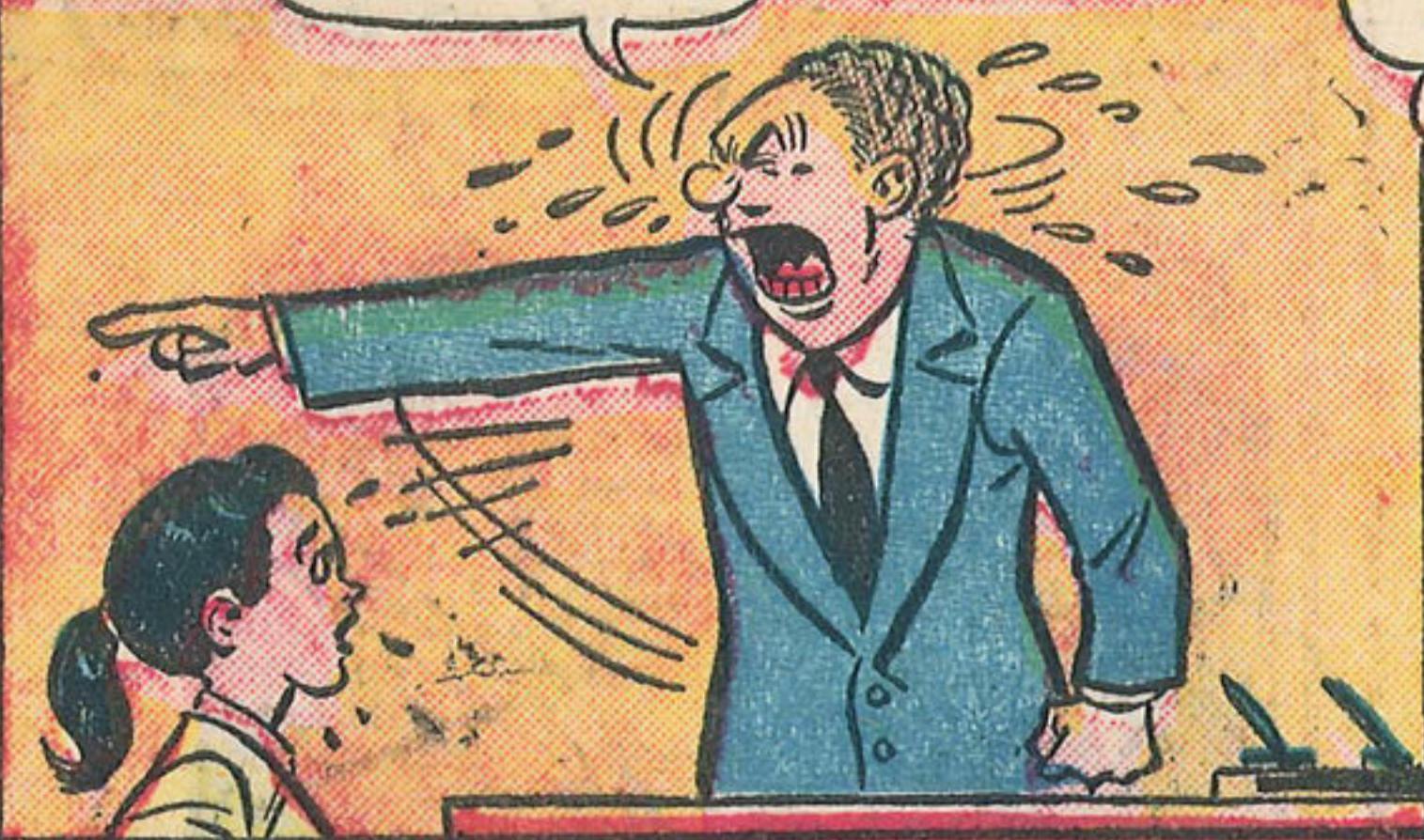


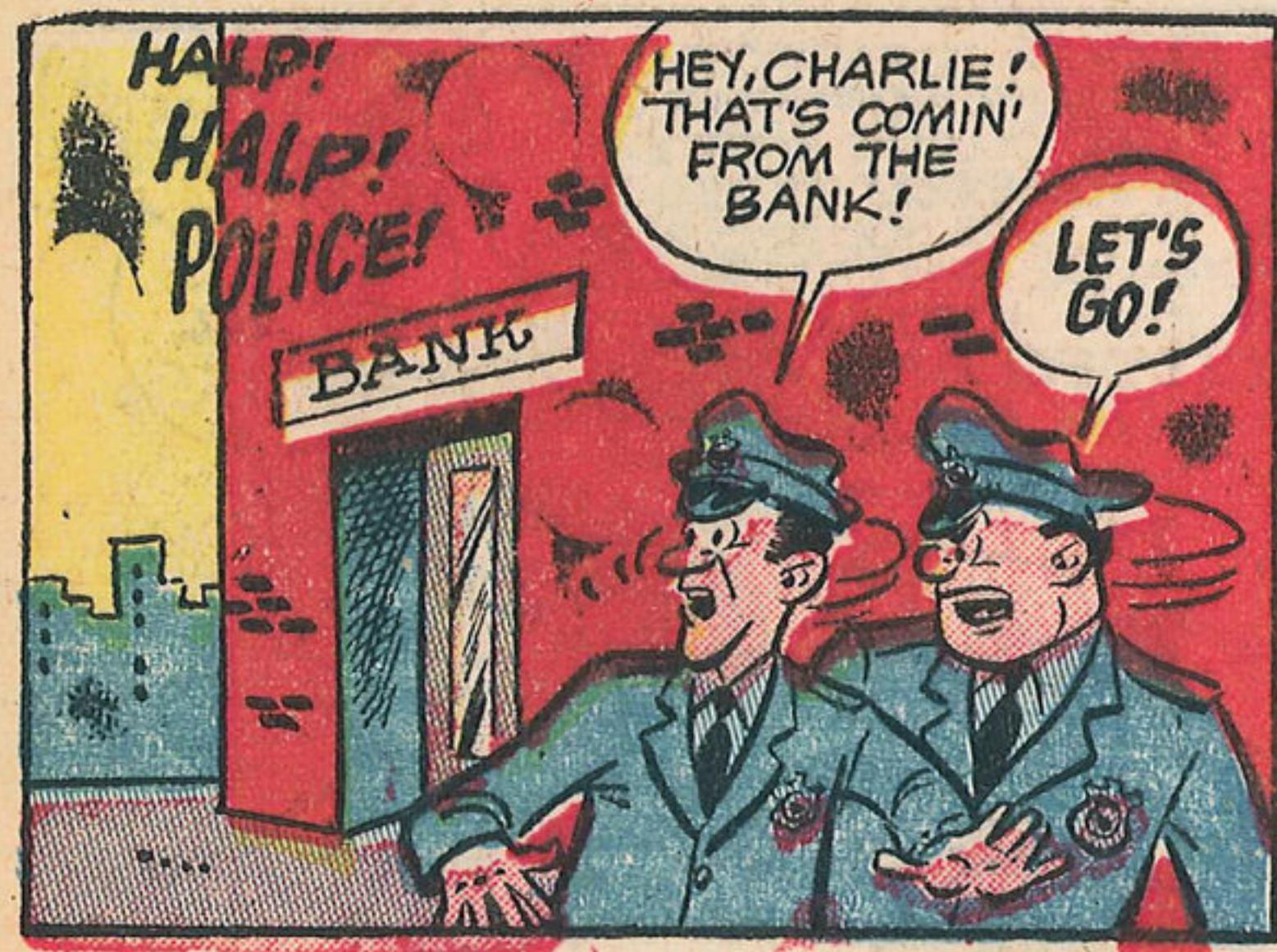
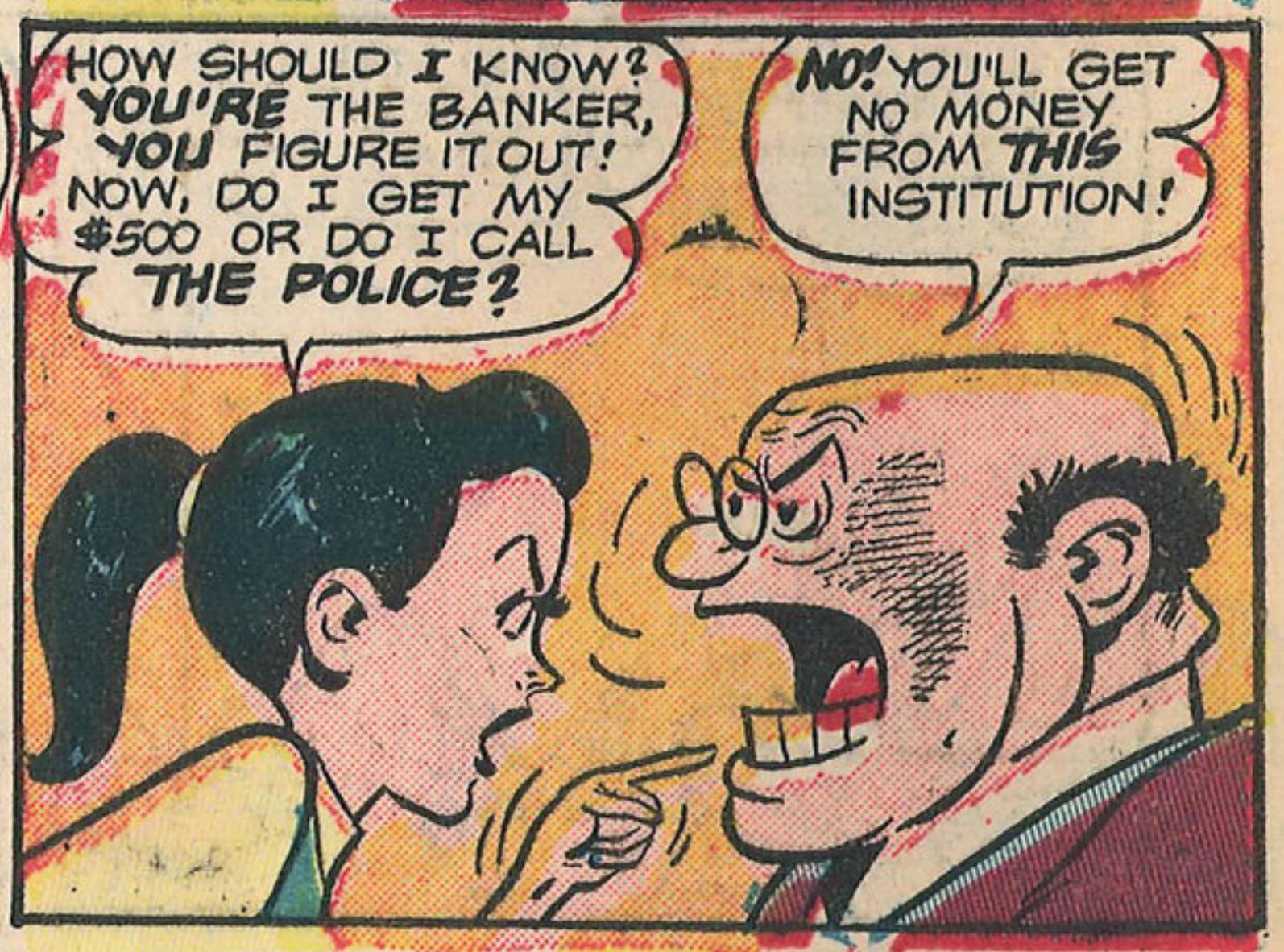


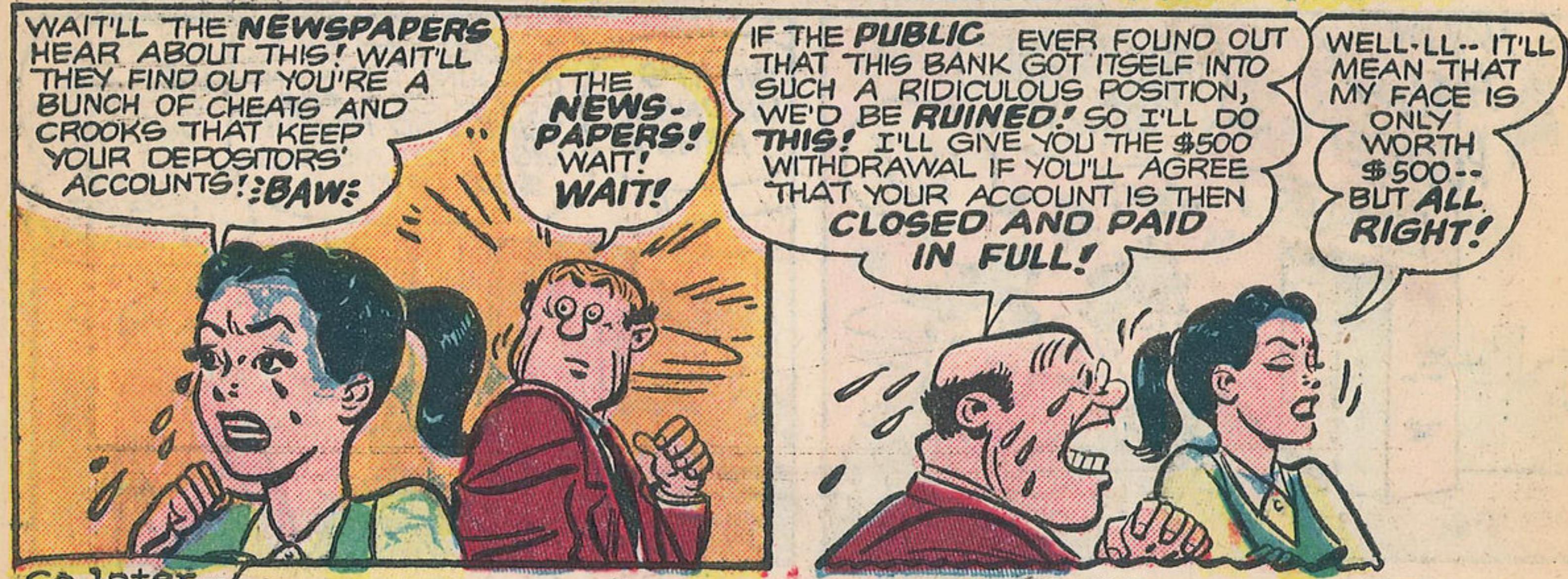
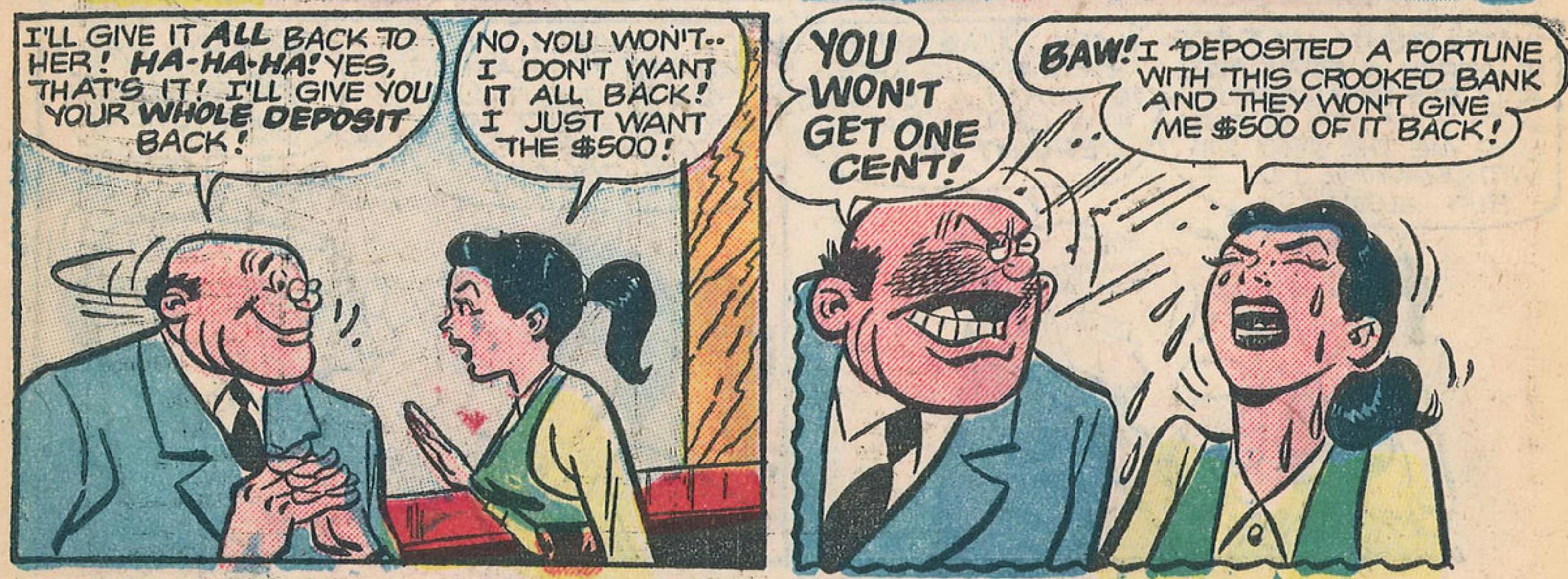
PLEASE GO OVER TO THE SECURITY BANK AND OPEN UP YOUR ACCOUNT THERE! **THIS** BANK IS WILLING TO STRUGGLE ALONG WITHOUT IT!

I'M SORRY, BUT I WANT MY ACCOUNT IN **THIS** BANK! NOW ARE YOU GOING TO OPEN MY ACCOUNT OR DO I COMPLAIN TO THE **PRESIDENT** OF THIS INSTITUTION?

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! SIT DOWN AND WE'LL FINISH! ;SOB:



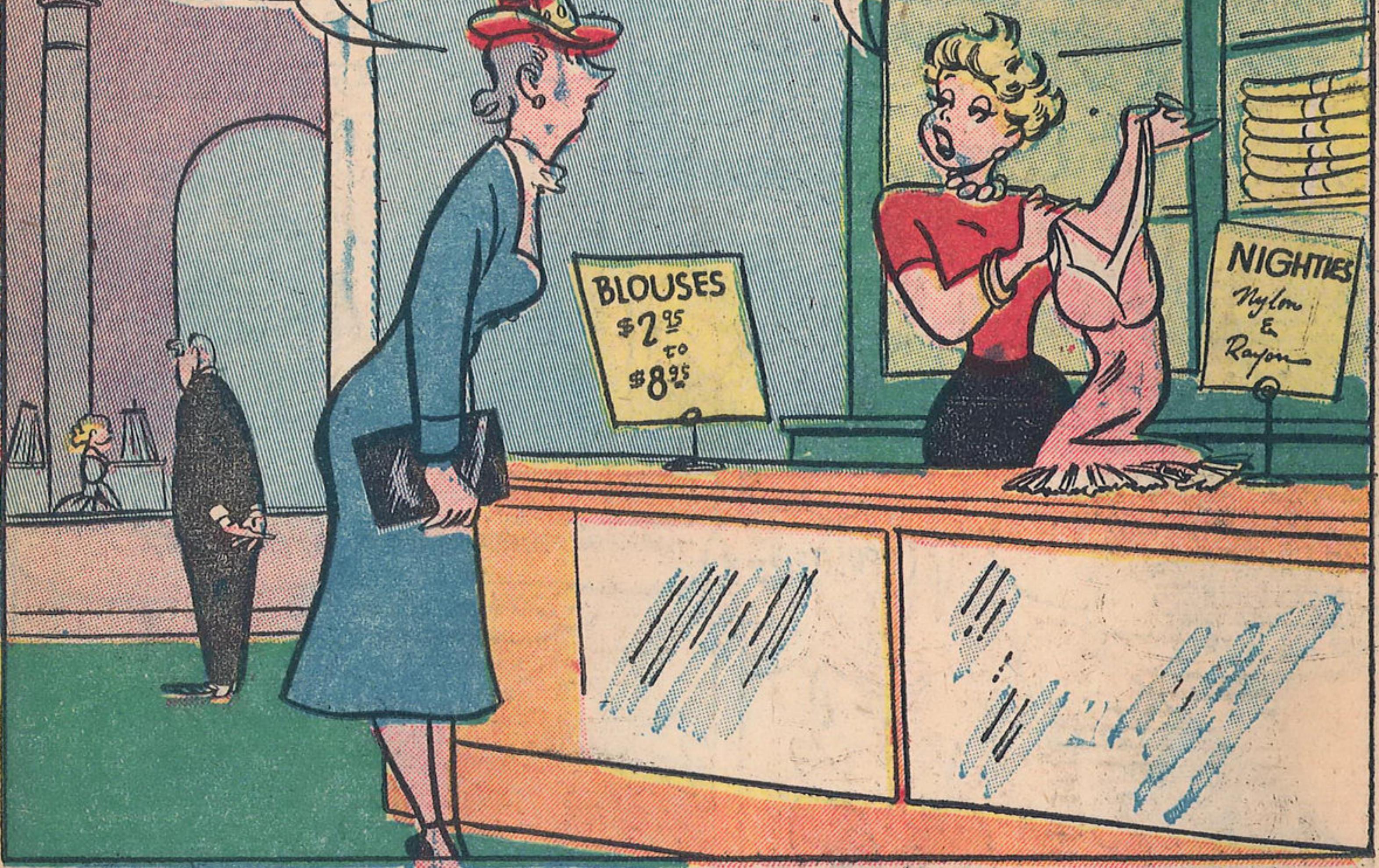




BATY BEATRICE

PARDON ME, MISS, BUT WHERE WILL I FIND THE HOSIERY?

IN THE HARDWARE DEPARTMENT! JUST ASK FOR GARDEN SUPPLIES!

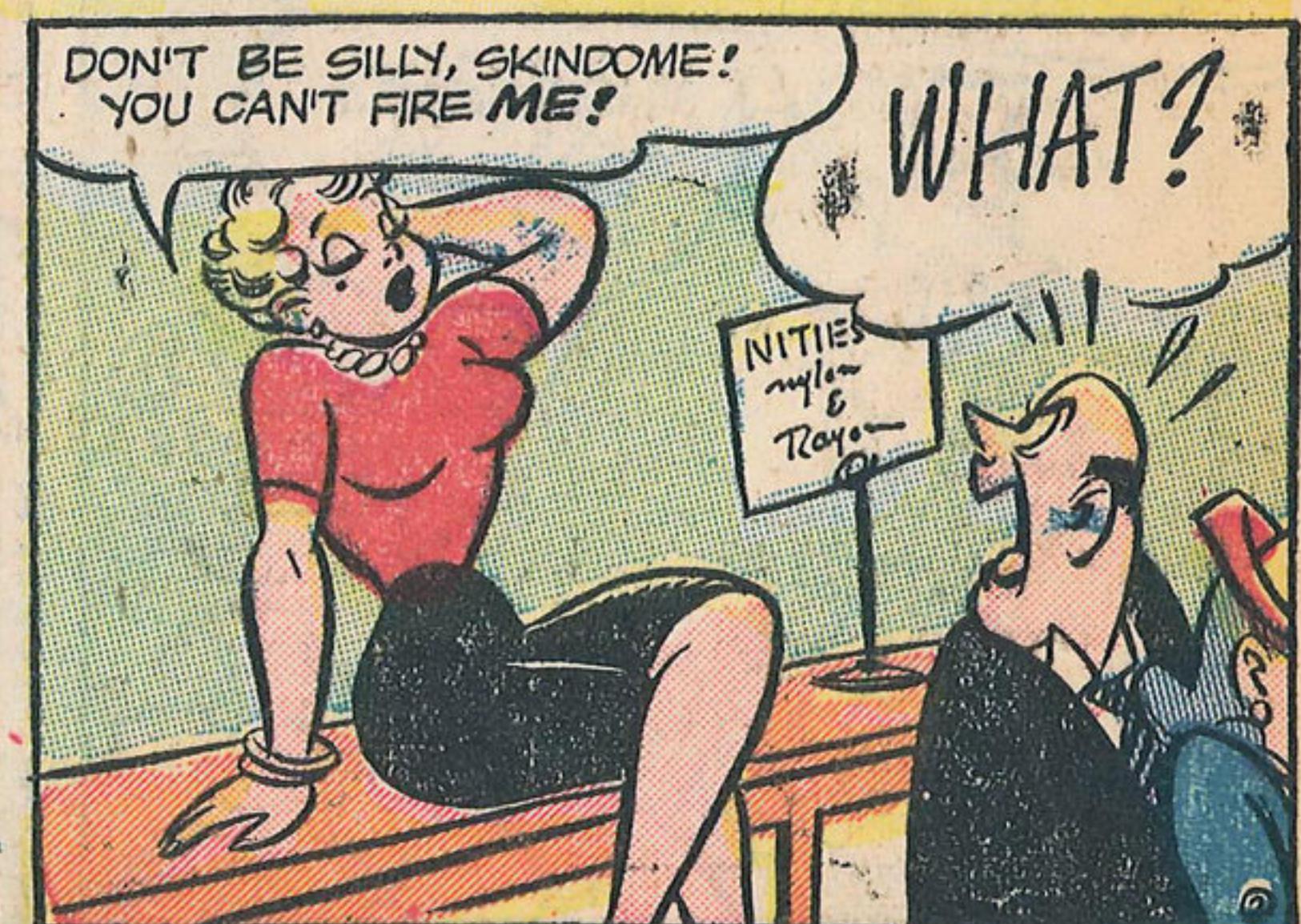
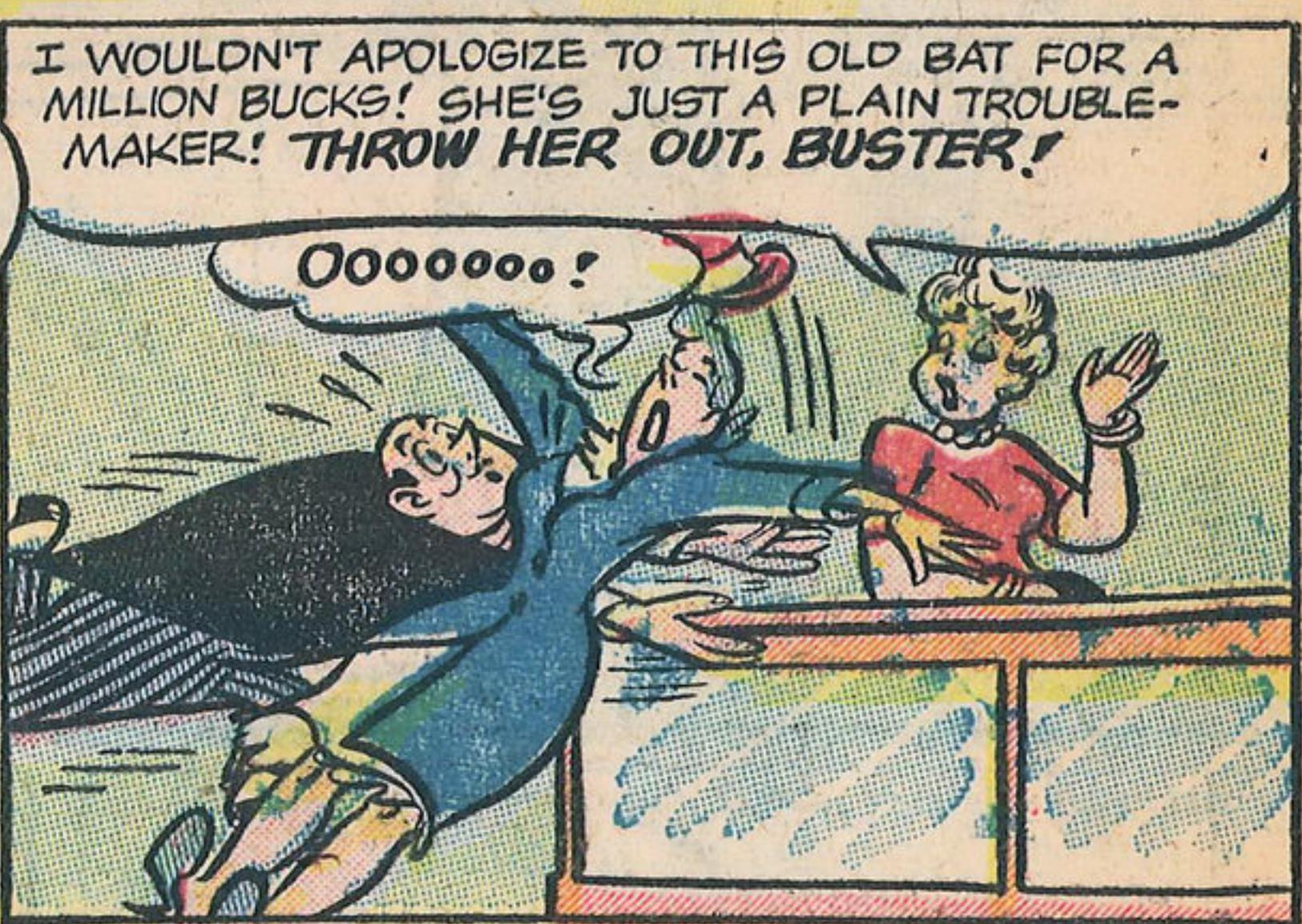
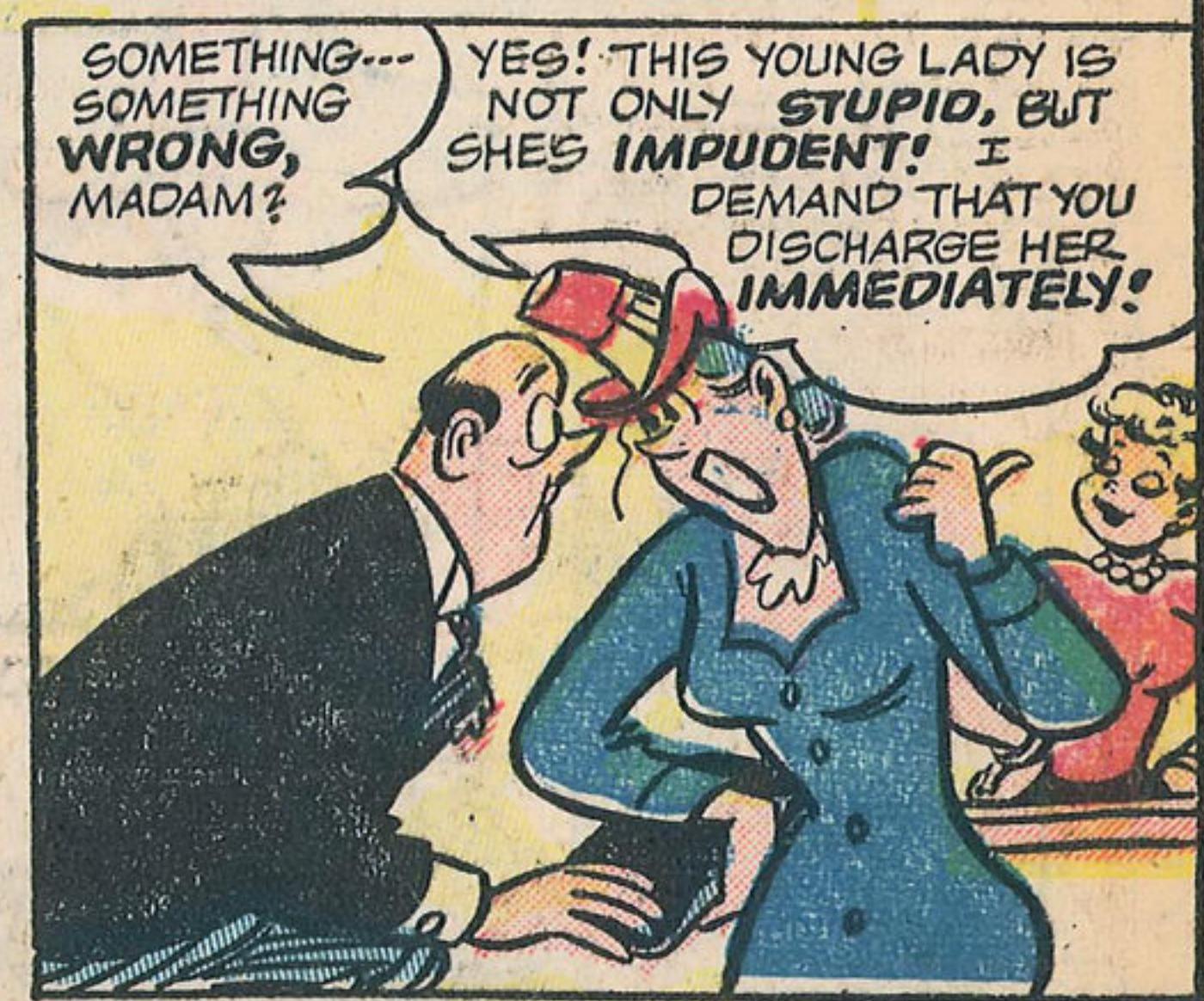
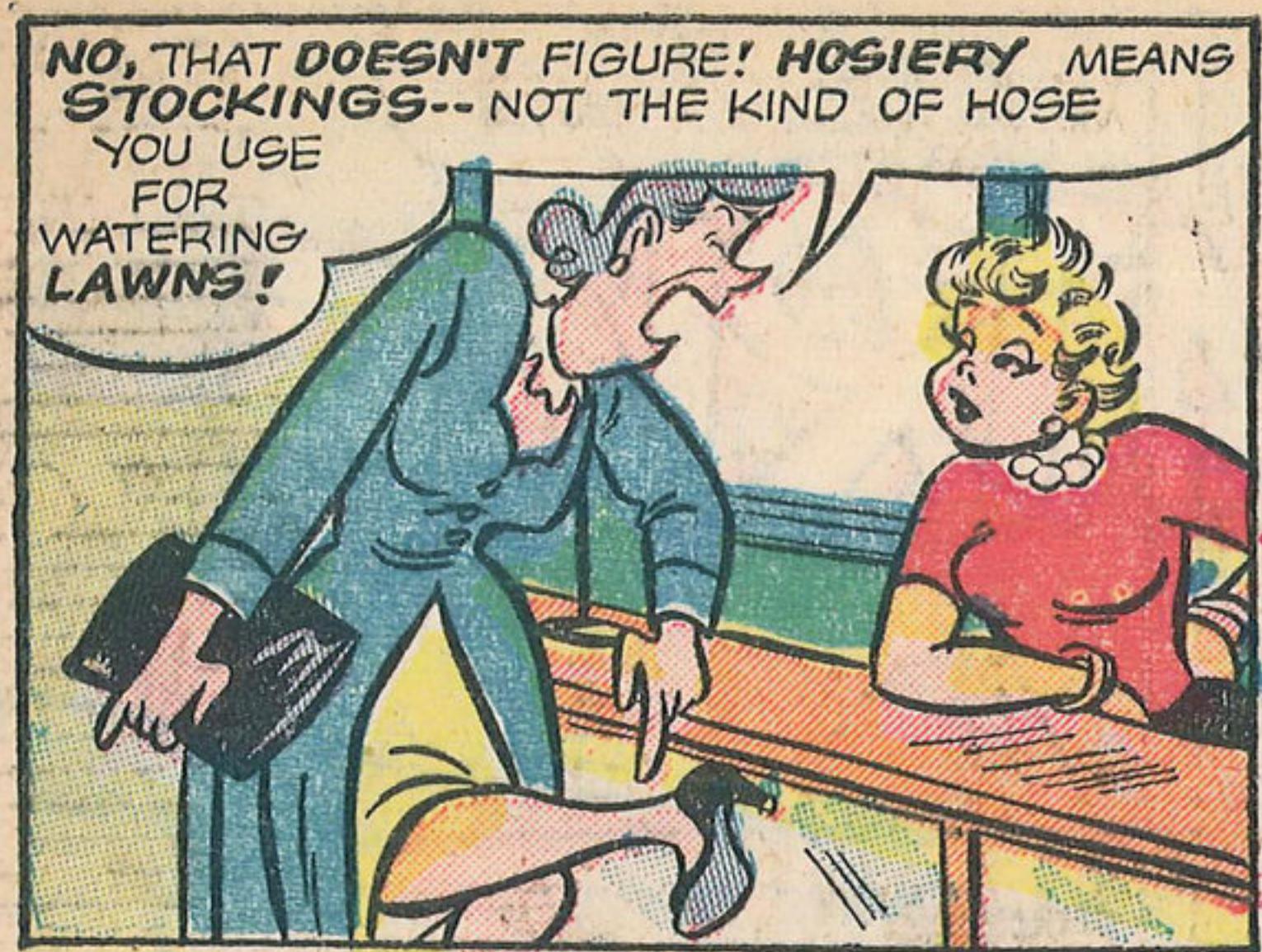


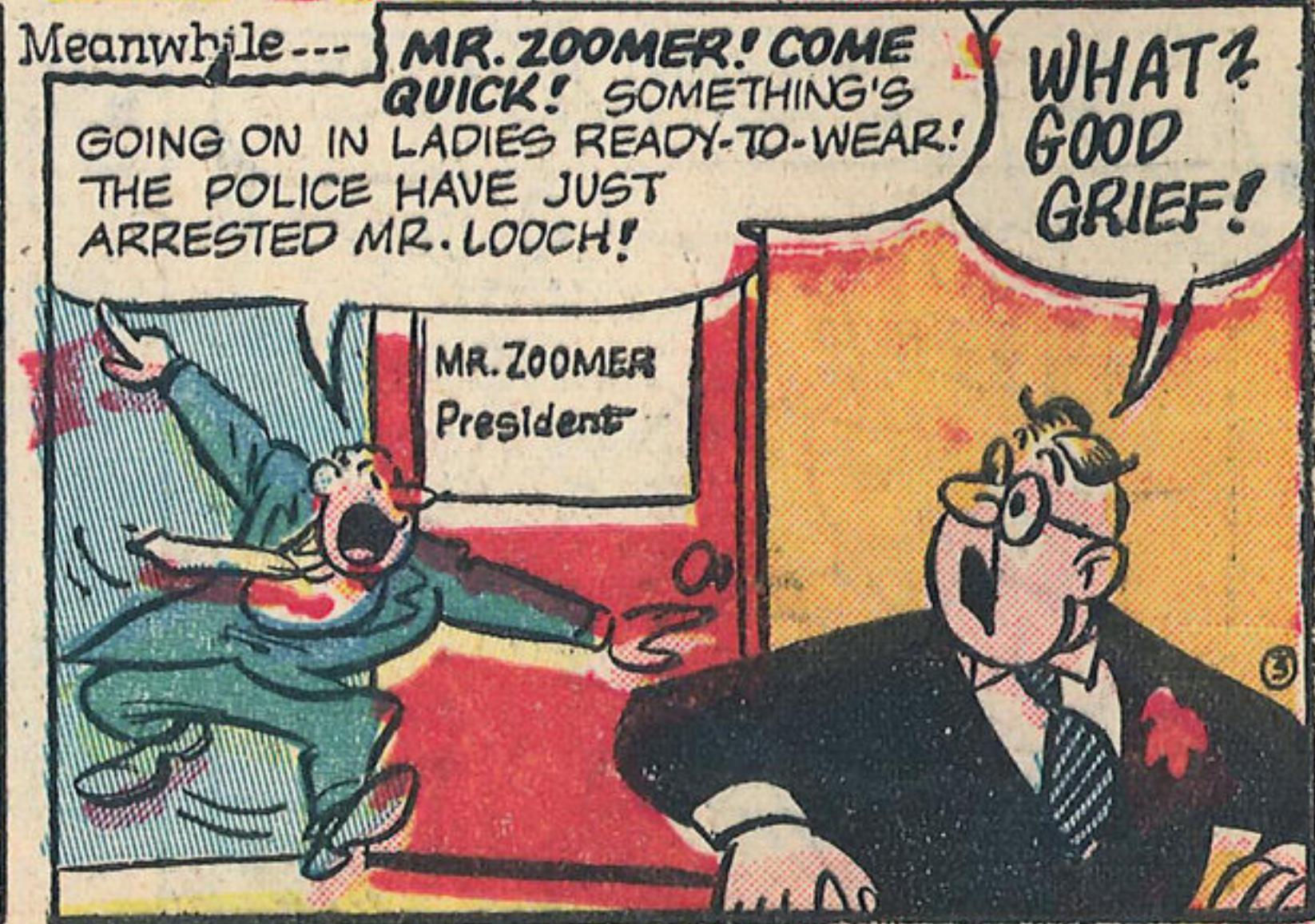
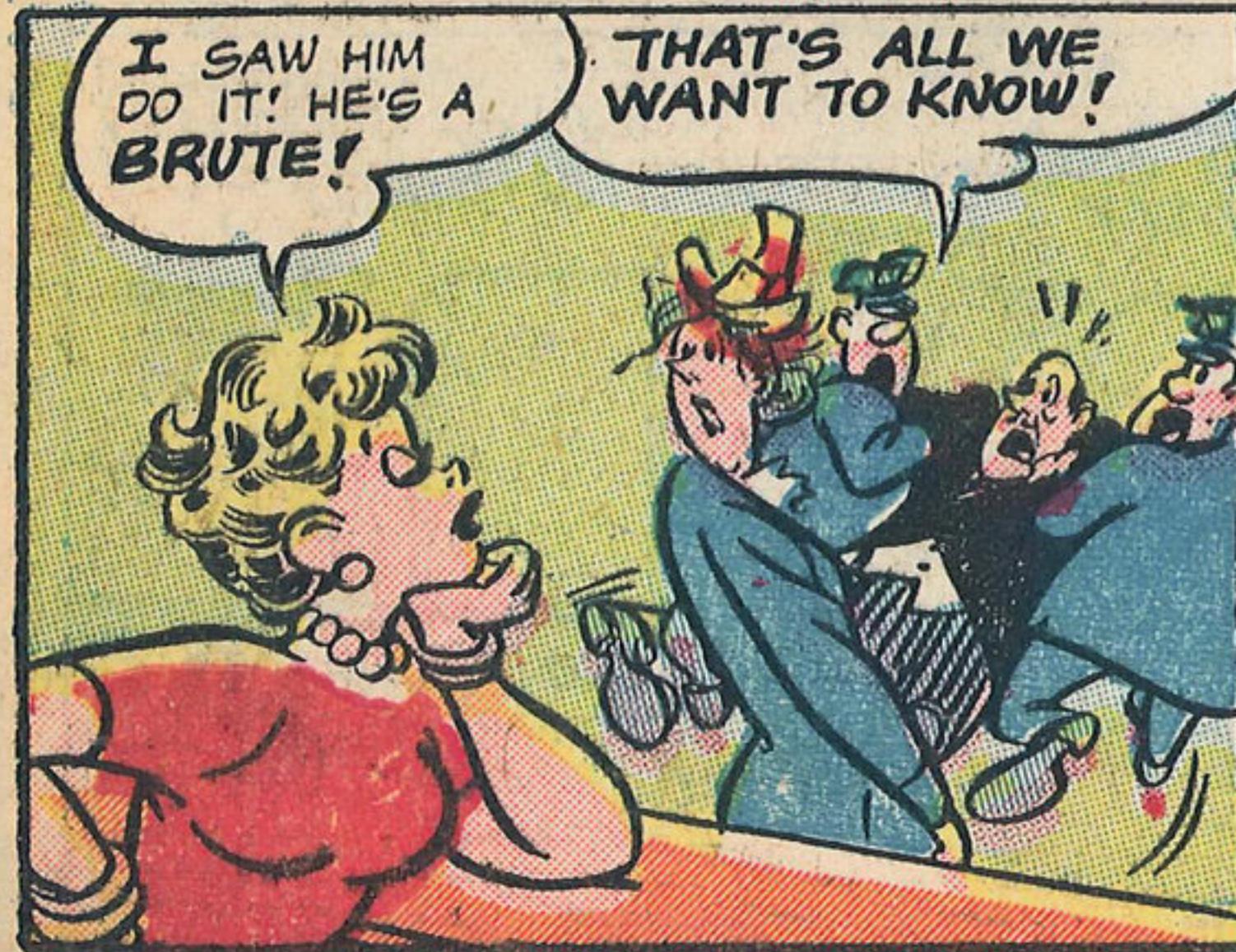
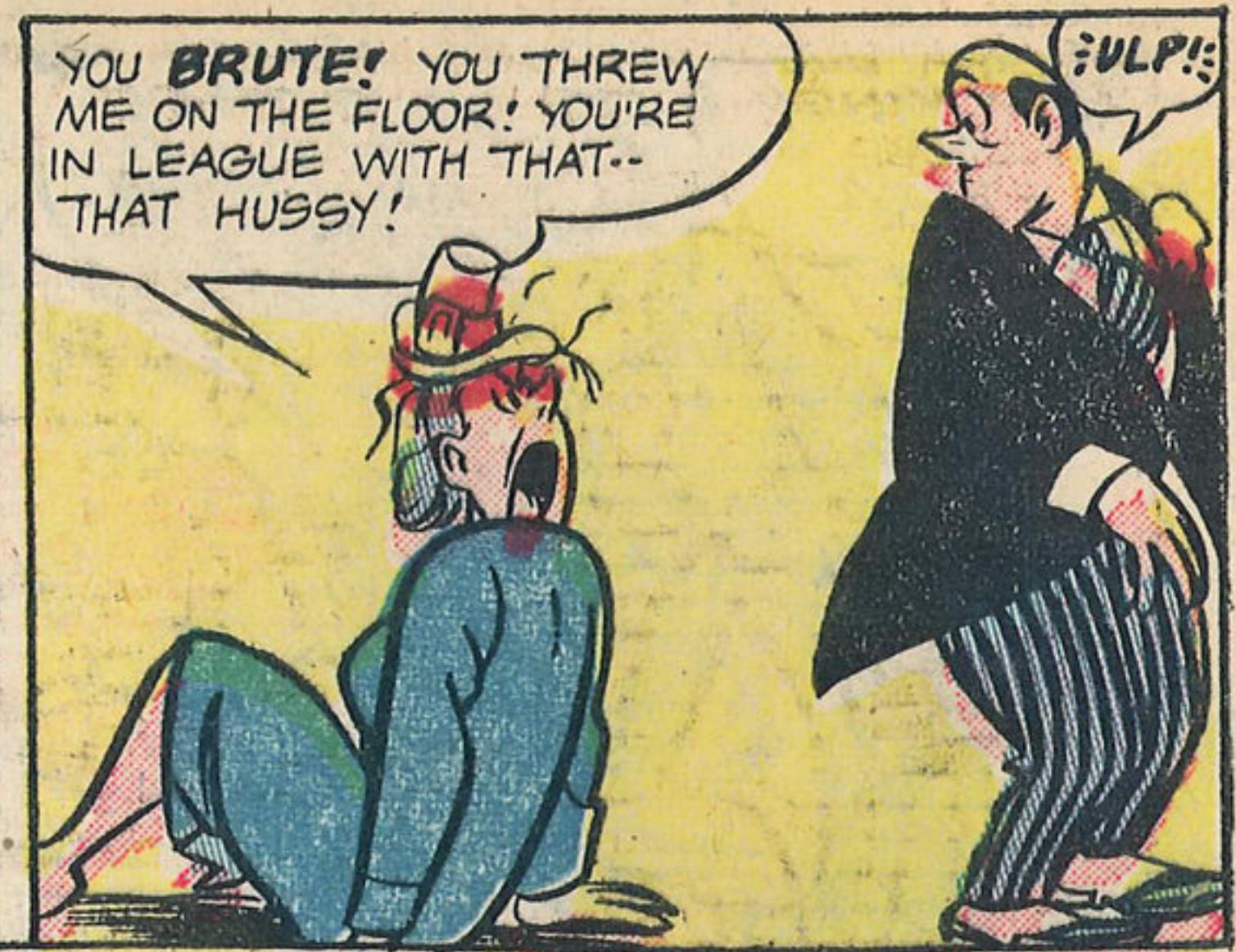
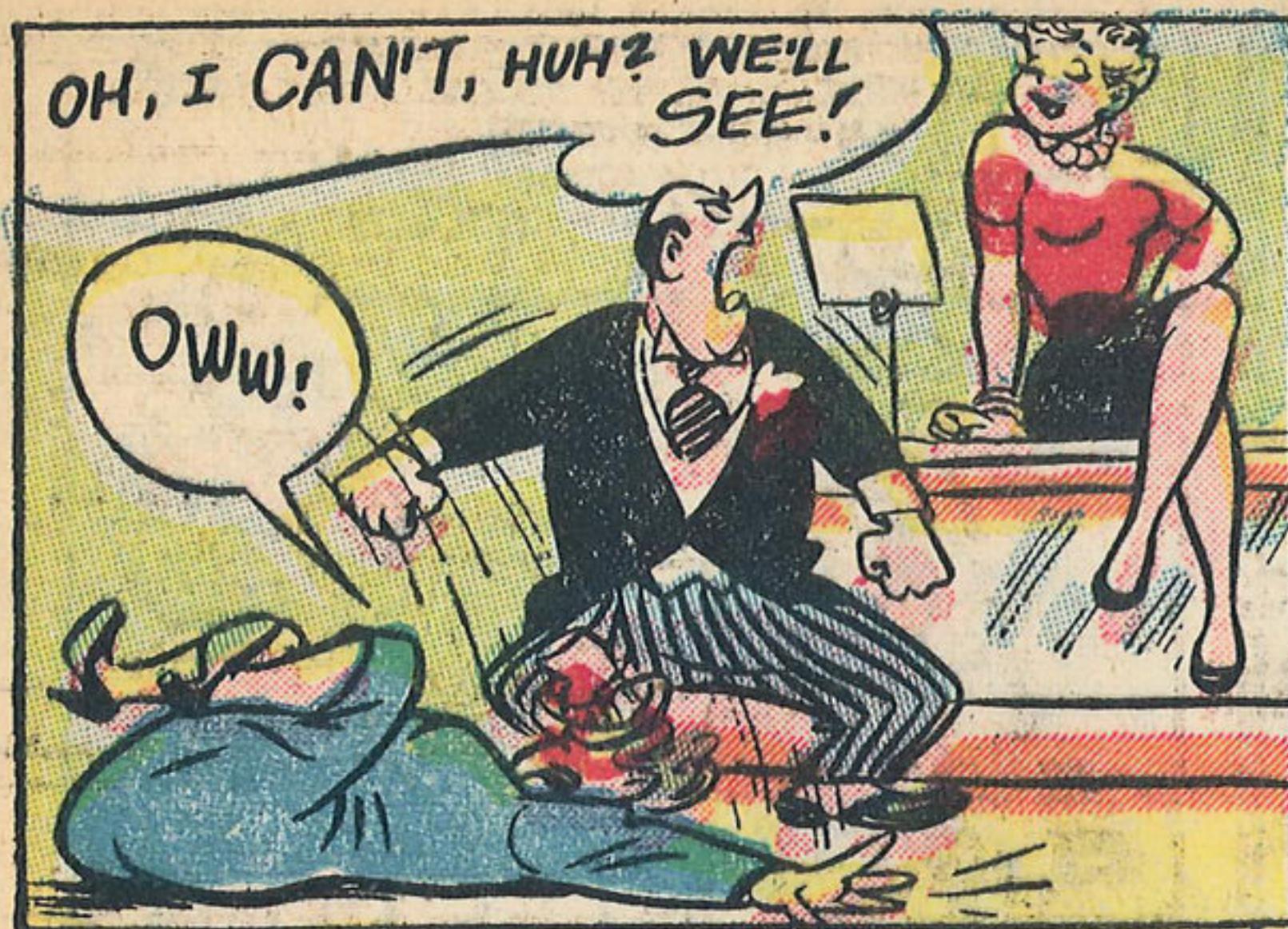
GARDEN SUPPLIES? WHAT IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN IS HOSIERY DOING IN THAT DEPARTMENT?

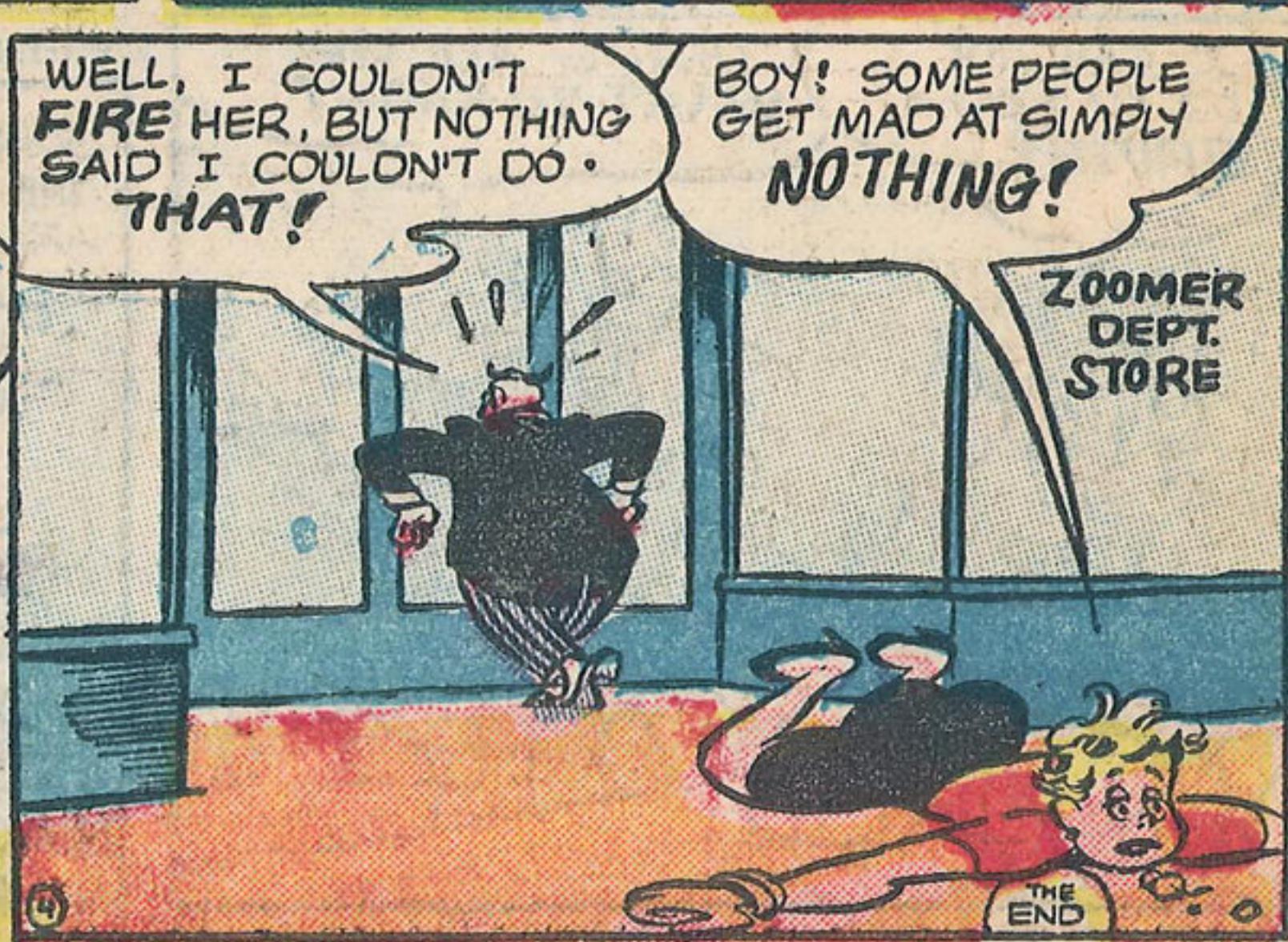
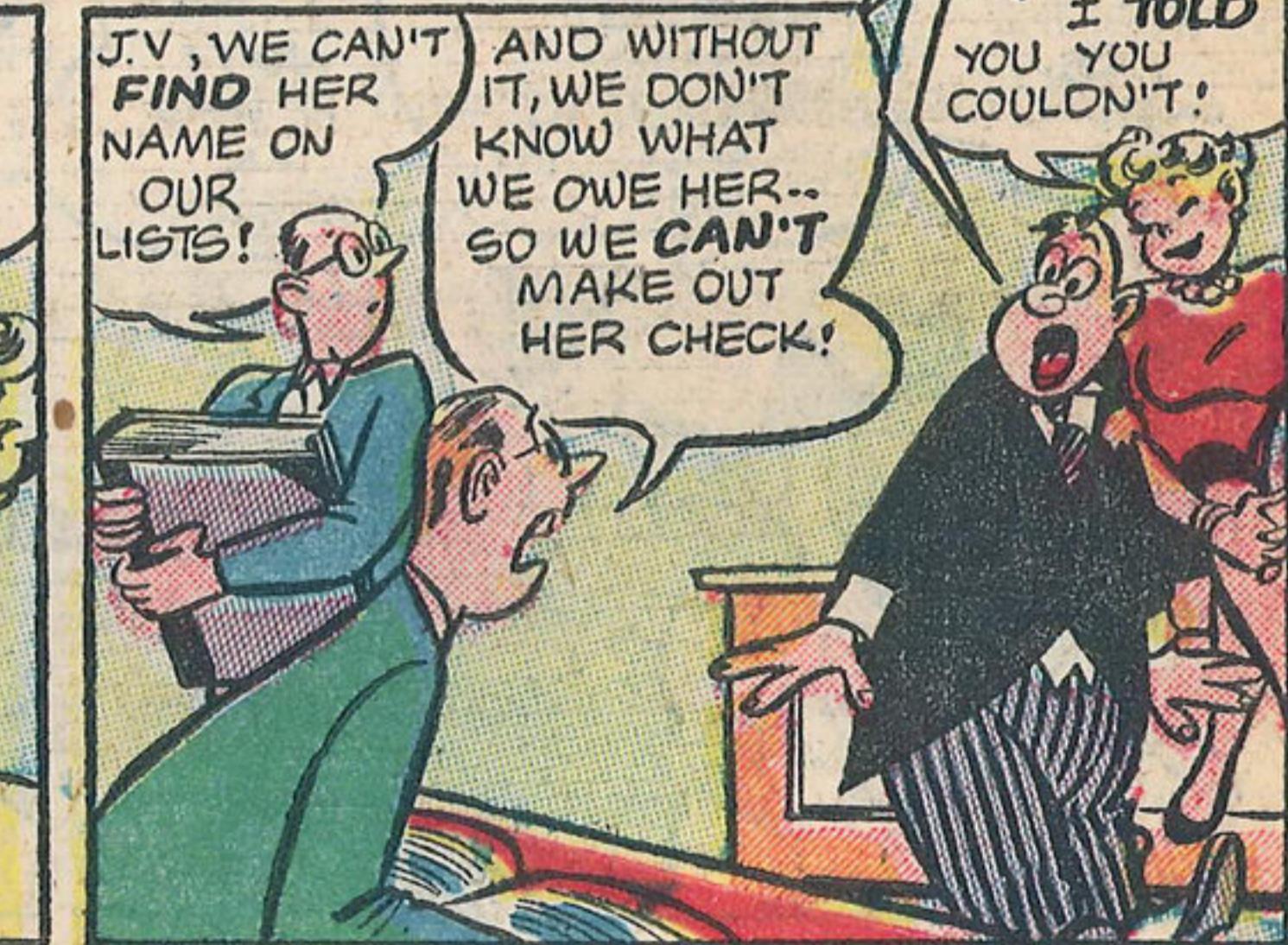
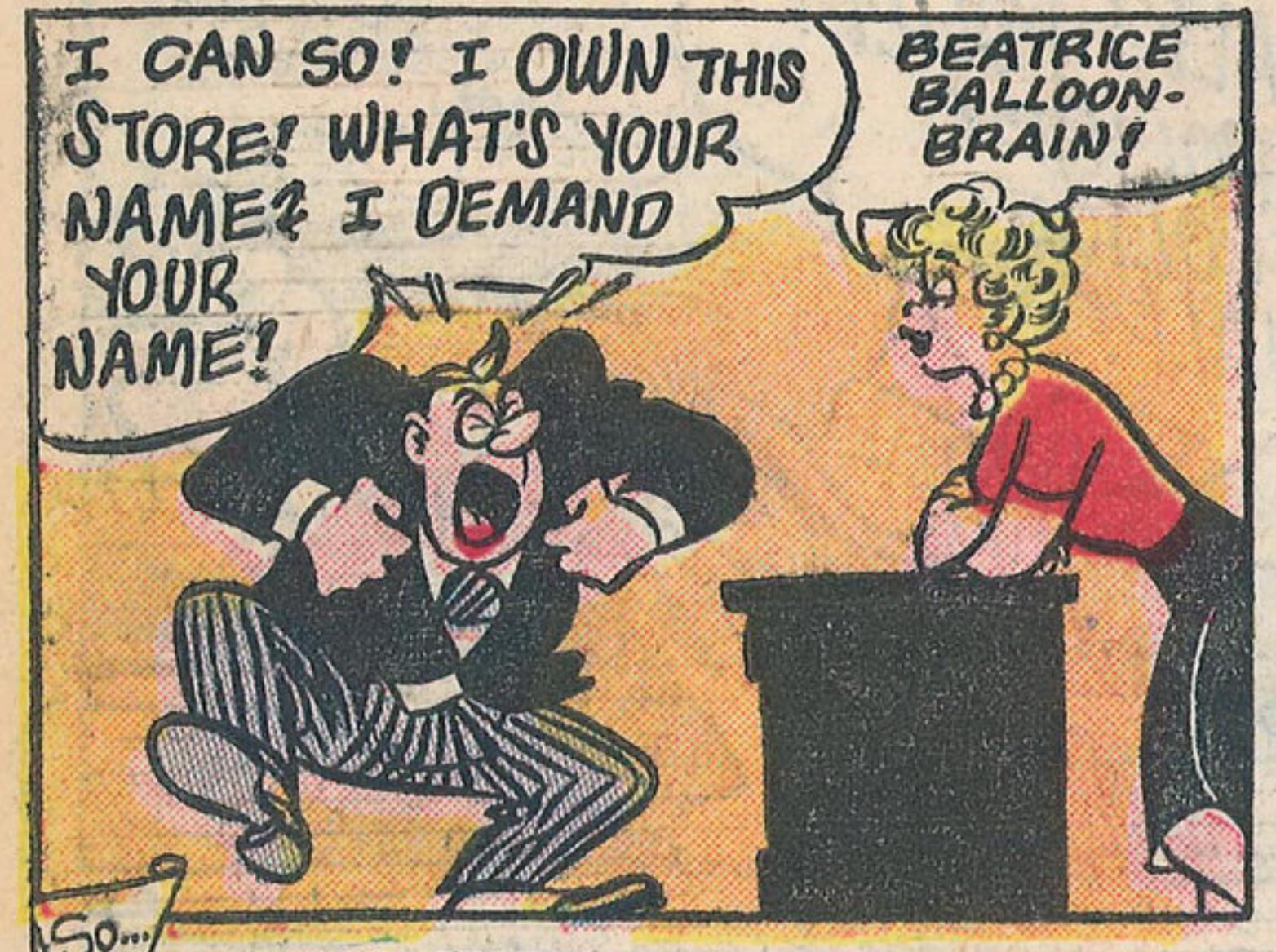
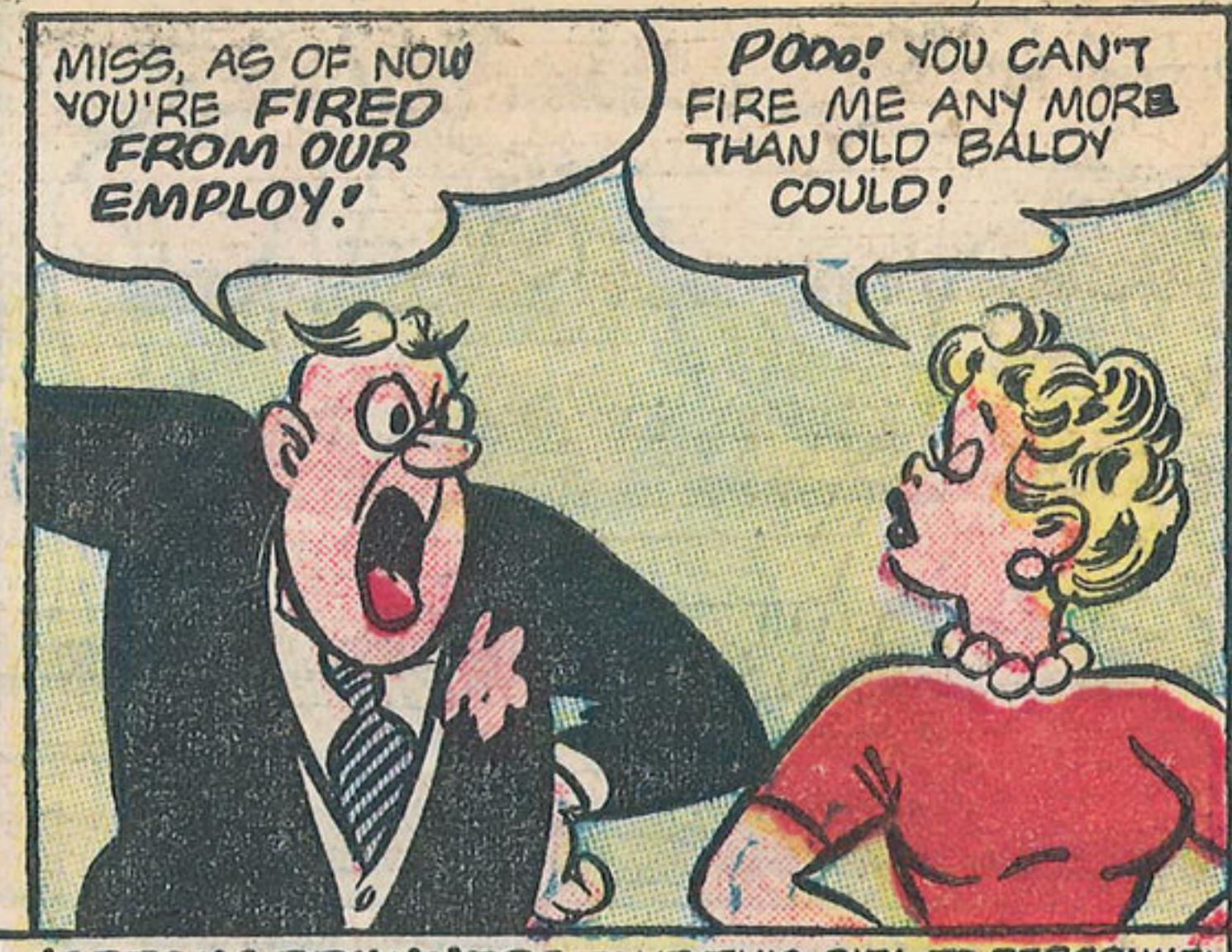
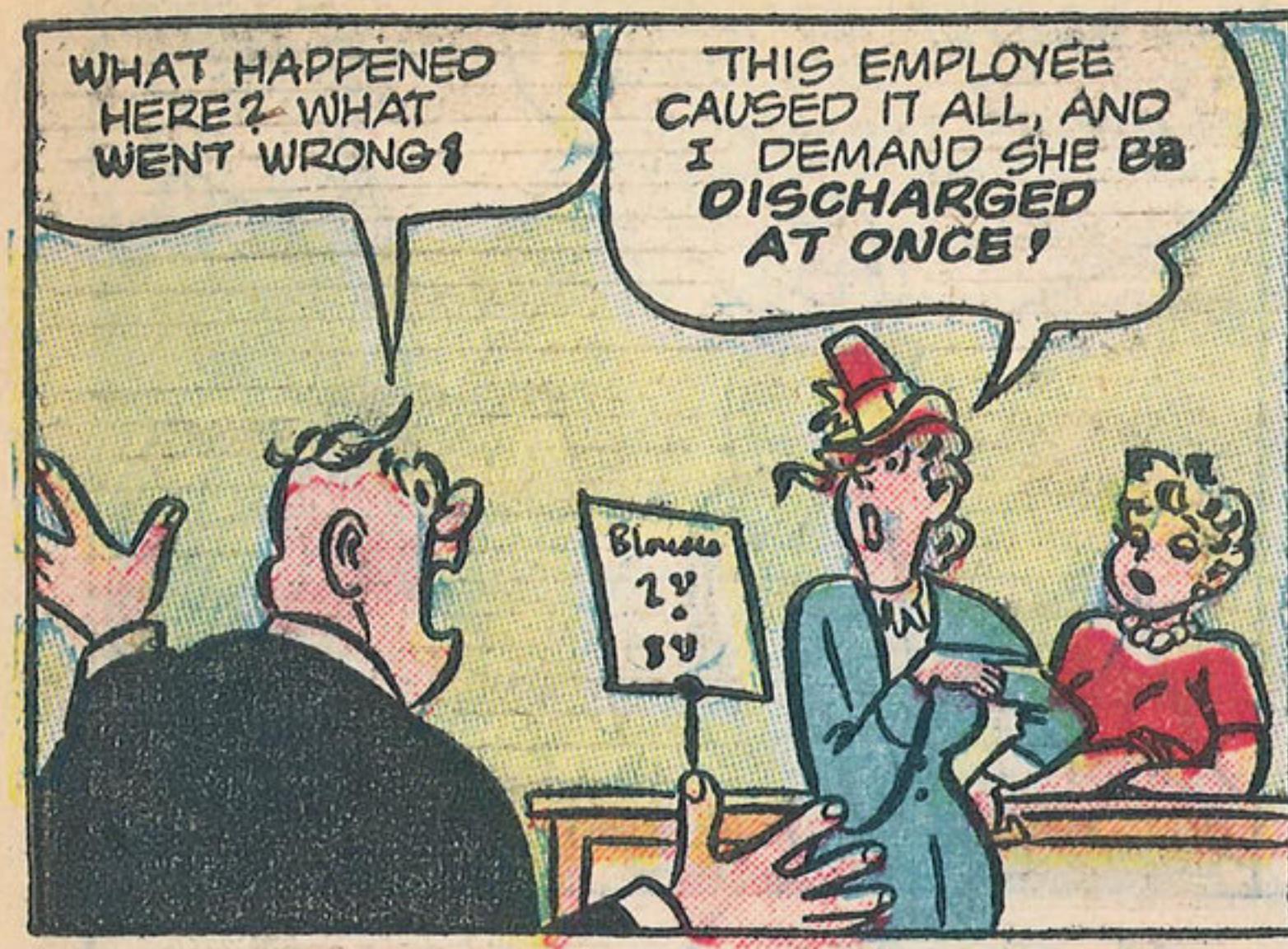
WHERE ELSE WOULD YOU EXPECT TO FIND IT?

YOU WANT FURNITURE, YOU GO TO THE FURNITURE DEPARTMENT--YOU WANT HOSIERY, YOU GO TO THE HOSE DEPARTMENT! THAT FIGURES, DOESN'T IT?





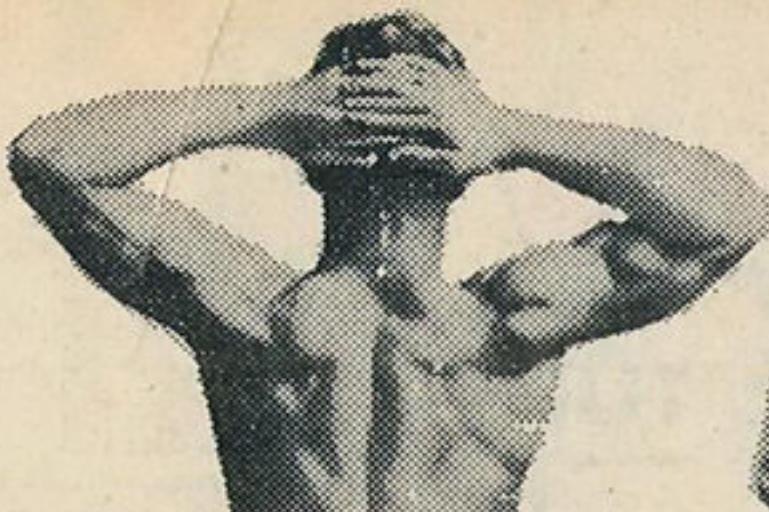




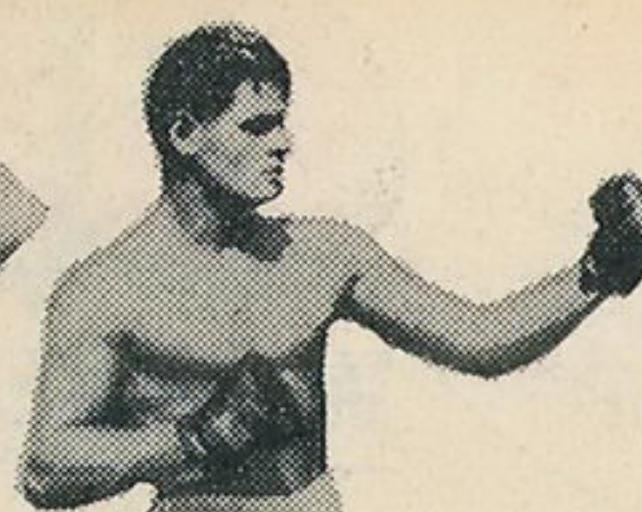


"This photo proves I have gained unusual physical development through your methods."

—R. F., South Africa

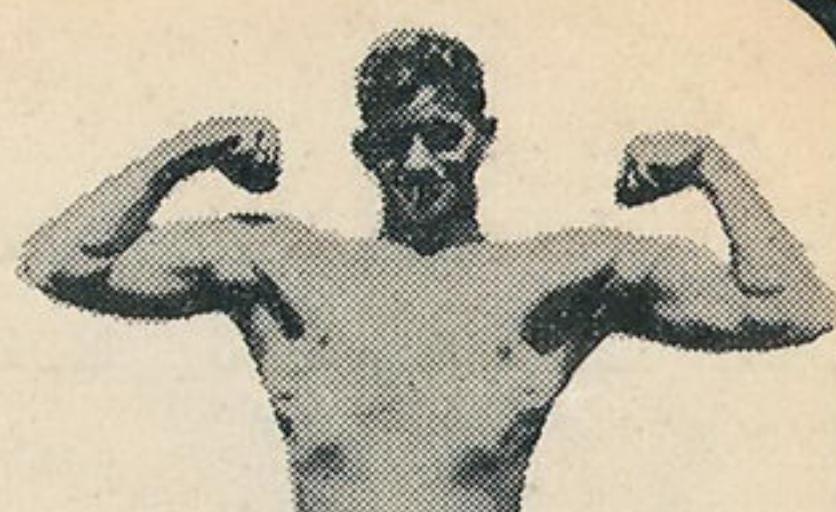


"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded." —F. S., New York



"I am sending you this snapshot showing my wonderful progress."

—W. G., New Jersey



"Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed 141. Now weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

I've turned thousands of fellows into

REAL HE-MEN

Let me prove I can do it for you!

All I Ask is 15 Minutes a Day

— "Dynamic Tension" Will Do The Rest

From Weakling to a
Real He-Man

You have changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle from head to foot. Friends and doctors I have met have noticed a great change and some have even failed to recognize me!"

—J. W., Montana

Gains 40 Lbs.

"Worth 100 times what I paid. You not only made me a man but you added at least 20 years to my life. I feel now as if I had been born again! My weight was 130 lbs. and I got myself to 170 through your wonderful course."

—J. N. H.,
British West Indies

Makes Track Team—
Called "Perfect Build"

"Am in the pink of condition and on the school Track Team. As I was getting into my gym suit the other day I heard a couple of men say, 'Look at that fellow. He has a perfect build.'"

—E. M., Conn.

Health 100% Better
Through Dynamic Tension
"The benefits are wonderful! The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches, and my health is 100% better. Dynamic Tension is the best in the world."

—W. E., Ohio

I could fill page after page of this magazine with enthusiastic reports from men all over the entire world! But what you want to know is—"What can Atlas do for ME?"

Just give me 15 minutes a day of your spare time—right in the privacy of your own home. That's all I ask. Even in that short time I'll start giving RESULTS. The kind of results that you can SEE, FEEL, and MEASURE with a tape! And there's no cost to you if I fail!

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system, INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle! And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition — prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique!

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you NO gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your Strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid MUSCLE.

My Illustrated Book is Yours—Not for \$1.00 or 10¢—But FREE!

Send NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." It has 48 pages, and is packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. It shows what "Dynamic Tension" can do, answers many vital questions that may be puzzling you. Page by page it shows what I can do YOU.

Yes, this book is a real prize for

any fellow who wants a better build. Yet it doesn't cost you a penny—I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it will open your eyes. In fact, it may be the turning point in your whole life! So don't put it off another minute. Send the coupon to me personally:

Charles Atlas, Dept. 23, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 23,
115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with actual photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice to every man who wants a better build. I understand this book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name Age
(Please print or write plainly)

Address
Zone No.

City (if any) ... State

If you are under 14 years of age, please check here for Booklet A.

The SECRET of
TREASURE CAVE-

How Gray Shadow Tracked
Down the Mystery of
Spike's Sudden Wealth.

GIVEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!

BOYS! GIRLS!
LADIES!
MEN!



I'LL BUY 2 BOXES OF WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE, SPIKE! IT'S WONDERFUL... AND THESE ART PICTURES YOU GIVE ARE LOVELY!

THANKS, MRS. JONES! THAT MAKES 10 BOXES I'VE SOLD THIS MORNING. IT'S EASY!

UGH! PALE SQUAW GIVE-UM WAMPUM!



I CONFESS, KIDS - I GOT ALL THESE PREMIUMS JUST FOR SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE... NEXT WEEK I'M GETTING A CAMERA. IT'S A CINCH!

BOY! I'M SENDING IN THAT COUPON RIGHT AWAY!



MAIL COUPON!

YOU GET BIG CATALOG

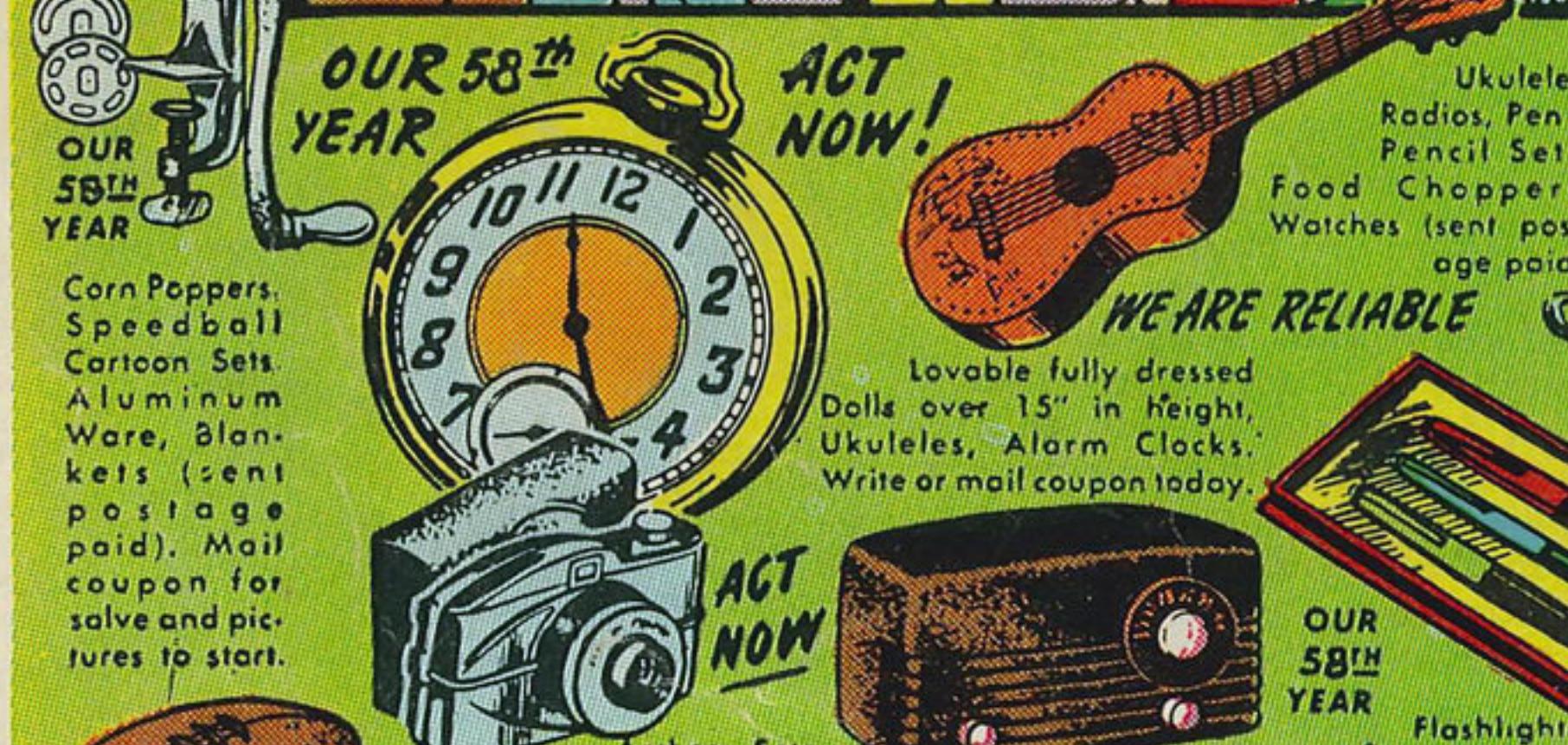
Candid Cameras with carrying case, Telescopes, Watches (sent postage paid). SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25¢ a box (with picture).

Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware, Record Players, Movie Machines (sent postage paid).

Rush coupon to start!



ACT NOW!



MAIL

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. 27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....

Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25¢ a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ST. _____ R. D. _____ BOX _____

TOWN _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____

PRINT LAST NAME HERE _____

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

OUR 58th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE!